

The 25 Cents *December - 1926*
A **AMERICAN**
L **LEGION** *Monthly*



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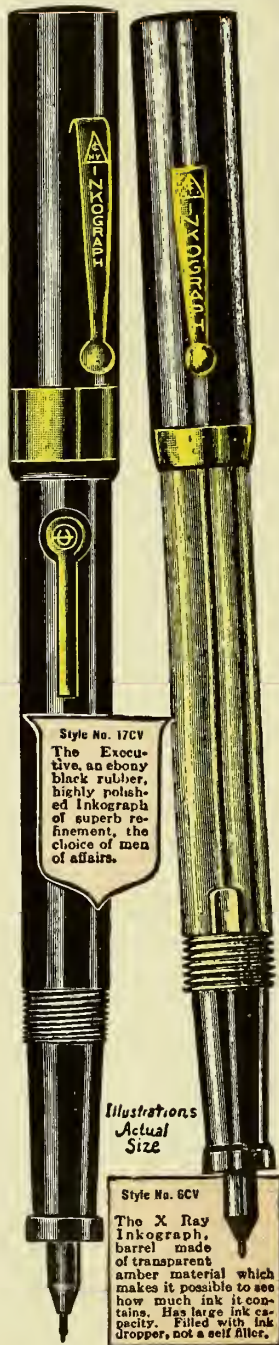
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The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



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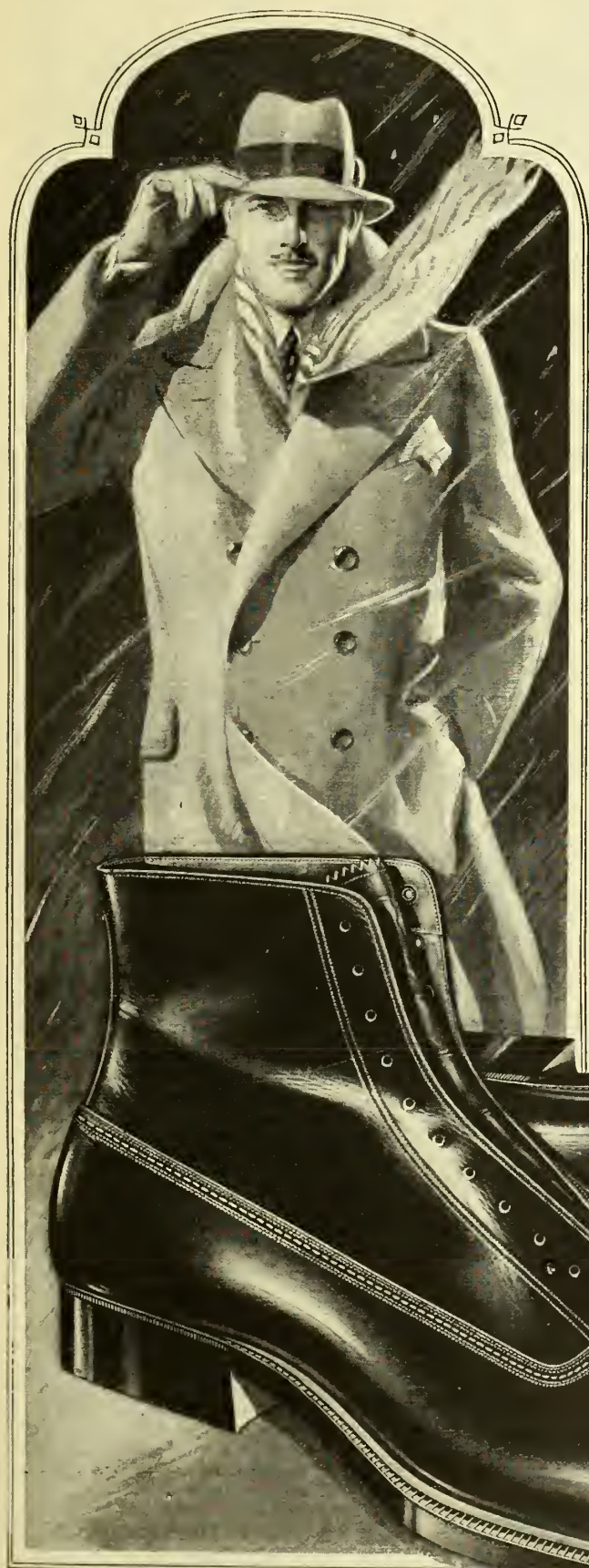
by The Company Clerk 56

A PATRIOTIC CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER

1st: First street lights installed in U. S., Baltimore, 1818—2d: Monroe Doctrine announced, 1823—3d: President Wilson leaves for Peace Conference, 1918—4th: Washington bids his army farewell—5th: Armistice Day force of A. E. F. 2,053,347, Pershing reports, 1918—6th: New York abolishes imprisonment for debt, 1818—7th: United States declares war on Austria-Hungary, 1917—8th: Jefferson sends first written message to Congress, 1801—9th: St. Louis, founded as French trading post, incorporated as American city, 1822—10th: Spain cedes Philippines, Guam and Porto Rico to U. S., 1898—11th: Indiana admitted to the Union, 1816—12th: First wireless signal across Atlantic, 1901—13th: American troops cross Rhine, 1919—14th: Washington died, 1799—15th: Hartford Convention, 1814—16th: Boston Tea Party, 1773—17th: Wrights' first airplane flight, 1903—18th: Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, effective, 1865—19th: First English settlers left London for Virginia, 1606—20th: South Carolina secedes, 1860—21st: Americans repulsed by British at Quebec, 1775—22d: Congress votes Lafayette \$200,000 and 24,000 acres of Florida land, 1825—23d: Americans attack British below New Orleans, 1814—24th: Peace of Ghent ends war with England, 1814—25th: Washington crosses the Delaware, 1776—26th: Battle of Trenton, 1776—27th: Calhoun resigns Vice-presidency, 1832—28th: Henry Clay proposes sending Negroes back to Africa, 1817—29th: U. S. S. Constitution destroys H. M. S. Java, 1812—30th: Gadsden Purchase, 1853—31st: Twelve-month immigration at 18,875 total, 1827.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

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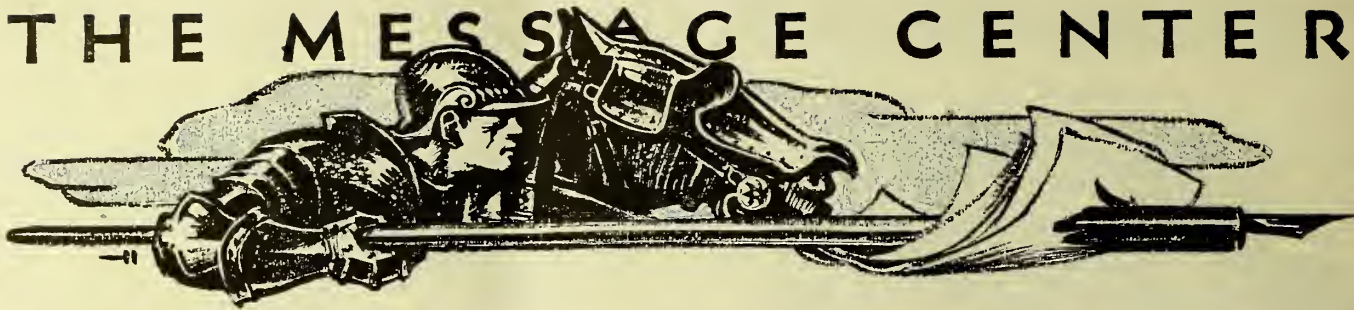
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THE MESSAGE CENTER



THE verse used as part of Mr. Tenggren's cover design for this issue is from an old English carol whose origin, like that of many others, is shrouded in mystery. The use of three ships in this connection is believed by some scholars to have reference to the Trinity. The most familiar of the several versions of the carol is this:

*I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*Pray, whither sailed those ships all three
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
I pray, whither sailed those ships all three
On Christmas Day in the morning?*

*O, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
O, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*And all the angels in Heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

*And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

WE ARE going to stand aside for a few minutes in favor of Legionnaire Leonard B. Radtke of Mescalero (New Mexico) Post. Mr. Radtke's letter was inspired by reading Henry W. Daly's account of the untamed West, "The Powder-Stained 70's," which appeared in the October number.

HE WRITES: "I am an employee of the Mescalero Indian Reservation and yesterday morning while in the store of Mr. Prude, the Indian trader, met Harold Dick, an old warrior of Geronimo. Dick speaks no English, but through an interpreter I related the Geronimo incident in Mr. Daly's article. Dick said that he had heard the story during the surrender, and that he knew Dutchy, but that the statement about an Apache never shooting a man in the back was not at all times correct. I showed Dick the pictures, but as his eyes are getting weak, he could not recog-

nize the characters. At this stage, Paul Geydelkon, an old Indian scout, entered. Paul speaks no English, but upon being shown the peace conference picture, he said through an interpreter that the third man from the left was General Crook. The article says Crook is the second man from the right. Paul further said that he knew Mr. Daly very well, as he was attached to the pack train for a while. He immediately recognized Mr. Daly's picture taken forty years ago, but said he did not know the other gentleman, meaning the present-day picture."

PAUL GEYDELKON is wrong—General Crook is the second man from the right, as the article stated, and not the third from the left. But the events with which the picture is concerned happened a generation and a half ago, so Paul's mistake is nothing against Paul.

Let Mr. Radtke continue: "Jim Miller, another Indian scout, now entered. Jim speaks very good English. We told him of our discussions. He saw Mr. Daly's picture and said, 'Why, that is the man who had charge of the pack train.' Jim knew the story about Mr. Daly keeping his back to Geronimo. He knew Dutchy very well, and said Dutchy was killed by an American soldier in Alabama while both were drunk and quarrelling. He further said that Captain Crawford was not killed by Indians, but by Mexican soldiers. When Geronimo crossed into Mexico, a detachment of Mexican soldiers was sent to capture him. The Mexicans came suddenly upon Crawford's command, and seeing the Indian scouts, believed them to be Geronimo's band. They opened fire, and did not realize their mistake until Crawford had fallen. Both Geydelkon and Miller insist that the Indians shown in the picture are not scouts, but followers of Geronimo. The second Indian to the left, of the row which is standing, they say is a son of Geronimo who has since died. They claim the Indian scouts were on the side of the mountain, and were watching the conference from this point of vantage. Of course these scouts went under their Indian names at that time, the names herein given being those by which they are now being carried on the rolls of the Indian Bureau."

AND that, ladies and gentlemen, is what you might call history at first hand. There is something of a thrill in the fact that Major Daly himself was twice wounded by arrows; there is another

thrill in the fact that some of his country's old adversaries are still alive to remember the stirring events of which Major Daly wrote. Eyes right to a little band of red veterans!

RAY LONG, Hoosier born, is editor of the *Cosmopolitan*. But that's not his whole job. He is also editor-in-chief of all the International Magazine Company's publications, including (besides *Cosmopolitan*) *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Motor*, and *Motor Boating*. Mr. Long's early editorial career was as a newspaper man in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Cleveland. Josephus Daniels is another distinguished graduate of a newspaper office, except that he has not yet graduated. He began his journalistic career at the age of eighteen as editor of the Wilson (North Carolina) *Advance*. Since 1894 he has been editor of the Raleigh (North Carolina) *News and Observer*. He was Secretary of the Navy through the two terms of President Wilson's administration. Herbert Ravenel Sass lives at Charleston in the other Carolina—which governor was it that issued that famous invitation, anyway? He has written two books, "The Way of the Wild" and "Adventures in Green Places." His article on the American eagle appeared in The American Legion Monthly for October. Charles Brackett, a native and still a resident of Saratoga Springs, New York (where he practises law in addition to writing), was vice-consul at St. Nazaire in 1917 and stepped over into the A. E. F. as a second lieutenant. He acted as assistant liaison officer on the staff of General Contanceau of the French Army. He is graduate of Williams College and Harvard Law School and is the author of three books, "The Counsel of the Ungodly," "Week-End," and "That Last Infirmary," which has just appeared.

JANUARY will inaugurate Volume II of The American Legion Monthly. The occasion will be fittingly celebrated with an issue including the most imposing array of contributors which the magazine has yet assembled. Here they are: Leonard H. Nason, Chauncey M. Depew, Harry Emerson Fosdick, R. F. Foster, Will Irwin, Marquis James, Charles Hanson Towne, Frederick Palmer, Meredith Nicholson, Peter B. Kyne, and Howard Chandler Christy.

The Editor

THE AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



Over \$10,000 a Year

C. V. Champion of Illinois counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." He says "It enabled me to learn more, earn more, and BE MORE!" Today he is president of his company and his earnings exceed \$10,000 a year!



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This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship" contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

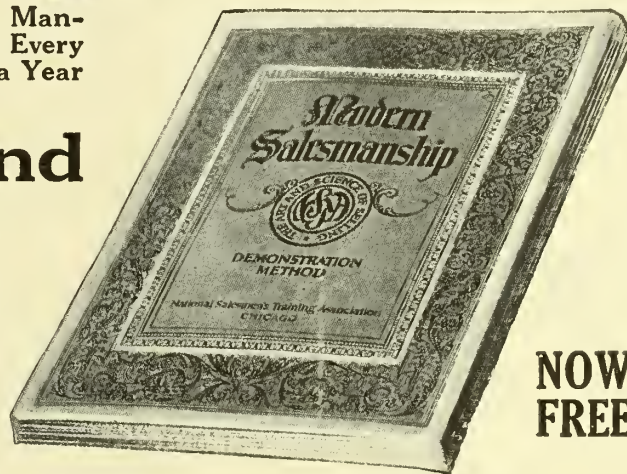
The achievements of this remarkable book have already won worldwide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning \$10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from \$75 to \$500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City commenced making as high as \$850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at \$6,000 a year. O. H. Malfroot of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of over \$10,000 a year!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience *proves* that salesmen are *made*—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

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—C. W. Birmingham, Ohio

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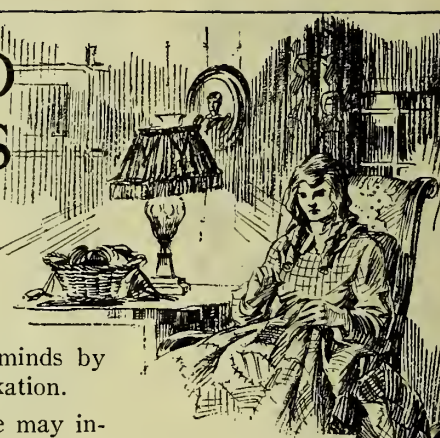
Age _____ Occupation _____



THE GOOD NEW DAYS

By Ray Long

Decoration by William Heaslip



WE APPROACH a new year in what some folks call the "Jazz Age," folks who look upon today as a time of flappers and bandits, of haste that takes the joy out of life; insincerity, money-grabbing.

They think we are going to the dogs in a hurry. I can't share their pessimism. I can't see the good old days through rose-colored glasses.

When I was a boy in Indiana, the average man had to work from sunrise to sunset to feed, clothe, house and educate his family. My father and mother saved for years to buy an organ so that my sister might learn to play. They could not save from surplus, so they saved from necessities. Both my sisters and myself wore clothing made from the worn-out garments of our parents. I remember vividly the humiliation of my sisters because they must wear copper toes on their shoes to prevent scuffing.

Compare that with today. The family of the average workman has a car, a radio, a victrola, a piano. Thanks to quantity production in clothing, they dress practically as well as a person of wealth.

The daughter of the family may wear her skirts to her knees and thereby endanger her morals (though I very gravely doubt that); but she certainly doesn't endanger her health as my sisters did by wearing skirts that dragged the ground and picked up dust and microbes.

She may bob her hair, but I prefer bobbed hair to the "rats" that prevailed in the 90's. She may not wear corsets, but it seems to me that she shows better sense than did the young women of the 90's, who constricted their waists to an extent which must have been injurious to health.

We rush a lot in our work today, but by rushing we accomplish in a few hours what used to take many hours and, thereby, earn time for leisure. Time to get out in the open,

to recharge our minds by exercise and relaxation.

The automobile may increase crime, but think how greatly it has increased pleasure. Consider the people who, in my boyhood, never saw anything beyond their own town or county. Those people today think nothing of a vacation in which they cover two or three thousand miles. No one can tell me that that doesn't make for broader, happier, better citizens.

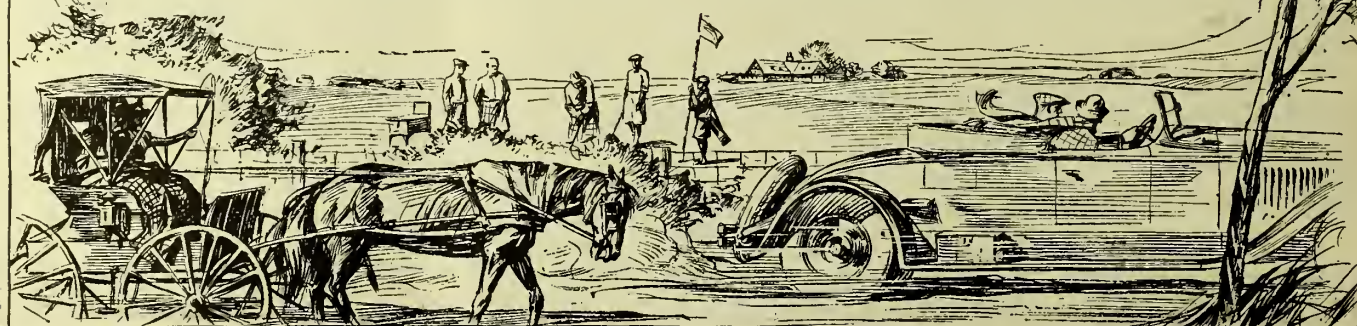
I happened to be in Los Angeles at the time of the Dempsey-Tunney fight. I listened to it over the radio and visualized it almost as clearly as did some of my friends at the ring-side. Next morning I saw in a Los Angeles paper photographs of the fight transmitted across the continent over telephone wires and printed as clearly as the pictures in the Philadelphia papers. By virtue of the air-mail I kept in touch with my office in New York almost as easily and as quickly as if I had been no farther away than Chicago.

After all, the most important thing in this adventure we call life is time. Each factor which enables us more intelligently and more enjoyably to use the time allotted to us adds that much to life.

In my father's day a man of forty-five was old. Today the man of forty-five has reached the point where he expects to do his best work. A man of sixty isn't old. The two most energetic men of my acquaintance—William Randolph Hearst and Arthur Brisbane—both are past sixty.

How can anyone be pessimistic today? I don't envy my father having lived in the good old days. The only person I envy is my son, because he will see more of *tomorrow* than I will.

And one of my strongest New Year's resolutions will be that never shall I tell him that things were better in my day than in his.





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These staggering facts have started a great national fire-protection movement that is sweeping the country. Everywhere, public safety officials, insurance companies, newspapers, magazines and farm publications are spending time and untold thousands of dollars to urge people to guard against fire.

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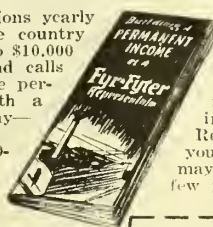
There are Fyr-Fyters of every size and type—approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. Your home and family should have this approved protection. Your business should be guarded against loss of records, time, and good will that insurance can never repay. If there is no Fyr-Fyter Representative in your territory write direct for catalog and full information about Fire Protection—this service is free.

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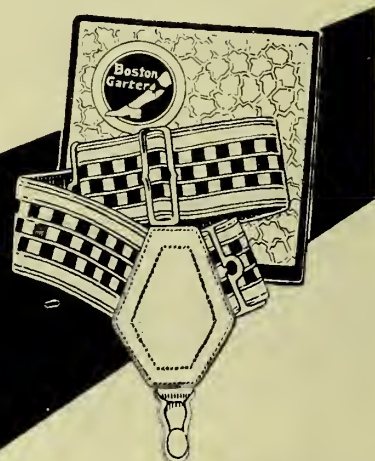


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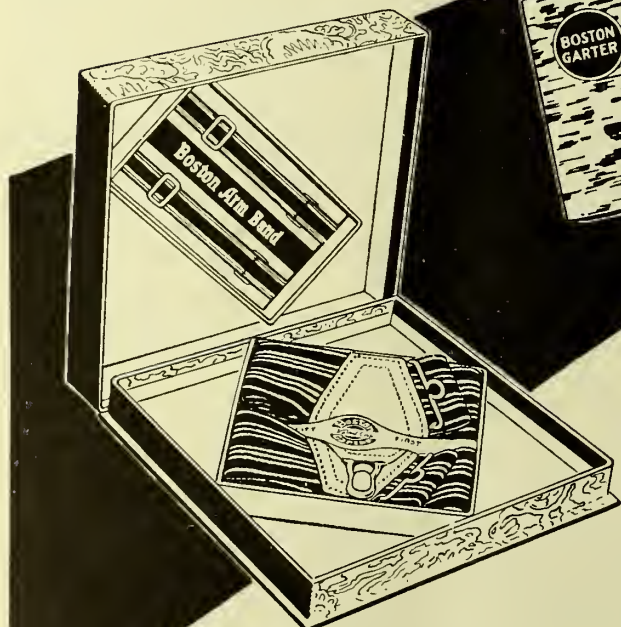
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WAX

Illustrations by
W. Emerton Heitland

By
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Brackett

THE incontrovertible reason why Henri de la Brettoniere was leaving Paris was that he was afraid of Big Bertha. Valentine Daubigny told him so at luncheon in their dining room with the porcelain parrots. She said it with no animosity, nor did she reproach him with the fact. There was no reason why a middle-aged and respectable Parisian should not be afraid. She merely made the statement, and added that she was not so affected and did not intend to accompany him.

Henri de la Brettoniere did not relish this frankness in the lady of his heart. He drew her attention to his ill health which dated from a ferocious current of air blown upon him long before anyone but the abominable Boches had thought of Big Bertha. He coughed pitifully to demonstrate his precarious condition, cited his physician's indisputable orders: Valentine merely restated the fact, and when Henri cried a little and threatened to cut off her allowance, left the room with the pert assurance her prettiness warranted.

Henri departed for Nice. Valentine's allowance was not stopped: she was to join him when she wished.

Valentine had taken up her profession when she was seventeen. Her accounts of having done so varied: there was the Great Love Affair, and the story of Unhappiness at Home. As a matter of fact it had been the sensible thing to do. She liked nice things, and she hadn't liked work; not that she was lazy, but she didn't care for the people who worked. Also she liked men as comrades; men of a class higher than her own, who went shooting in Scotland and had yachts.

Her career had been successful. She was extremely pretty. Had her nose been a shade less retrouse she would have been a real beauty. She once went to a specialist to see about having it taught a more dignified angle—he had assured her it could be done without danger. She was not afraid; it is hard to imagine Valentine as being really afraid of anything; but on mature consideration she decided that the good God had equipped her with that nose and it would be a more sporting proposition to go through life so handicapped.

She had already, at twenty-three, accumulated enough money to put herself beyond worry, a good string of pearls, and a motor for which, in spite of war restrictions, Henri managed to provide gasoline through some miracle of influence.

She walked, however, the day of his departure for Nice; being in a springtime mood for exercise. As she was not particularly



As he got his magazine a voice said in delicious English, "Go out and pass down the rue Castiglione; when I pass pretend you know me"

fond of Henri she felt a pleasant subconsciousness of freedom. She bought a hat in dark blue chip in which the steel helmet motif was apparent, and wore it from the shop. She was walking down the Rue de Rivoli to buy a novel called *Petite Cherie* for her friend Maude Vaudrin, when she saw Tom Henderson.

She did not know he was Tom Henderson; he was just an American officer, with silver wings on his coat, very young and very straight, his head tilted back like a well-bred puppy's, who looked at her appreciatively and showed very white teeth when he smiled.

She turned into Smith's bookshop and stood at the poetry counter trying to be waited on; suddenly there he was beside her.

The extraordinary thing is that Tom Henderson was there to buy a copy of *Town and Country*, which might contain an account of his cousin Dorothy's wedding (if it had happened), that that had been his intention in walking down the Rue de Rivoli, and that seeing a ravishingly pretty young woman in a straw hat on the steel helmet model had not altered his plans in the least.

He would no more have considered the possibility of speaking to her than he would have entertained the idea of nudging a nun. Had Valentine been a girl in his home city somewhere west of Buffalo, dressed as she was, with her delicate chic, she couldn't have been anything but one of the more conservative leaders of the young married set; possibly a two years' debutante unable to

make up her mind whom to marry. As for her "not being respectable" it never entered his mind.

There was a new *Femina* on the counter; Valentine bent over to look at the cover. Just then Tom Henderson saw the magazine he had come after. He got it. and as he straightened up he heard a voice saying in delicious English:

"Go out and walk slowly down the Rue Castiglione; when I pass pretend you know me."

His interest in Dorothy Grainger's wedding and in everything else abruptly lapsed. He felt as disintegrated as though he were to be decorated for bravery in the face of fire; and did as he was bade.

He'd hardly sauntered a block when he heard her footsteps behind him, turned and saluted, not quite sure that he shouldn't have raised his cap.

"How do you do?" she said prettily. "Are you in town for long?"

He began by trying to say bon jour but gave it up and answered, "Only two days."

"But you speak French!" she said, giving up pretense.

"Just a little, we'd better speak English if you don't mind."

"My English is wretched," she told him with a very British accent. One of Henri's predecessors had been a Lord Stratham, and she'd worked at English lessons besides; as she had at piano and singing.

He smiled his denial: "You are French, aren't you?"

"Of course, wouldn't you know? How nice of you."

He would have known but preferred being called nice to admitting it.

She went on: "I didn't want to talk to you in the shop because I'm known there. Do you think it silly of me?"

That was a flat lie: she hadn't talked there because her love of intrigue held so simple a meeting unalluring.

"I think this way is bully."

Tom waited for her to name the flaming task of deliverance she wished him to perform for her.

Valentine got an inkling of his thought: "You are wondering why I spoke at all, aren't you?"

He denied the charge, without conviction.

"I'll tell you, it's rather a terrible reason. I was just lonely, everyone I have is at the war," a faint smile rippled her lips at the thought of Henri, "and it's been so long, and you looked so young and jolly—" her voice trailed off.

"I know just how you feel, the girls back home are beginning to write that they feel that way, too. Will you come and have tea with me?"

"I'm so sorry, I've an engagement. Will you have tea with me tomorrow?"

"I'd love to."

She found a card and gave it to him, then held out her hand in good bye. On an impulse, she said, "Would you care to come to dinner tonight?"

"Lord, I'm sorry, I'm dining with a chap—. Say, could you find a chaperone or a friend and come with us, it would just save our lives; we don't know a soul here."

She hesitated. She didn't do this sort of thing. Never in her life had she spoken to a man without being presented; it was not the etiquette of her class; still there was no impertinence in the way he asked it.

"There's Maude Vaudrin," she suggested, "if you really mean it."

"We'll call at half past seven. Will you pick out a restaurant? I don't know Paris."

"I'll reserve a table," she said, and held out her hand again. "At half past seven. Au revoir."

He held up his cap and said au revoir with a great many syllables in it.

Big Bertha cracked like a broken tire. She smiled over her shoulder

at him as though it were the greatest little joke in the world.

"Gad, she's wonderful looking," he thought. "This war certainly makes people kind; you couldn't imagine a girl like that speaking to you in peacetime."

CHADBORN LUTHER, with whom Tom was dining, was waiting for him in the lobby of the Crillon. A ground aviation officer, he had been transferred with phenomenal and suspicious rapidity from one post to another, and finally placed in Paris, much to his satisfaction. Tom had sounded the real sincerity of Chadborn's friendship in college; his pose was sublime superficiality.

"Chad!" Tom said. "You old wop. Lord, I'm glad to see you."

"Thomas! How healthy you look, and how well preserved! It's the air, I suppose. Ah, you're in luck. This terrible office life is making me haggard and hard."

"The thought of you at a typewriter does just about break my heart." Tom laughed.

"It should. As far as I can find I'm suffering from this war more than anyone else. For a time I considered taking up flying, which is the really pleasant thing to do, but imagine me as a hero! It would entirely ruin my attitude toward life."

"Any news with you?"

"I'm having probably the most beautiful love affair of the century. I stay in Paris; she drives a truck at the front. Mary Browning, splendid girl! Don't you think the great adventure has aged me a little?"

"You've changed less than any one I know. Hasn't the war affected you at all?"

"My God, the war! Don't speak of it. It has broken my heart. Don Hamilton said it would. He's so comforting to have about at crises, he invariably finds something melodramatic to say. Just before I sailed he said, 'This war will make you strong, but it will break your heart.' You can't imagine how moved I was."

"What's happened to Don?"

"The draft, I'm afraid. Dear Don was essentially a pacifist. He had some skin trouble he hoped he could bring on by scratching when he was called. I don't know whether he succeeded."

Tom was disgusted: "What a hell of a thing! Don't you disapprove of anything?"

"I was shocked once I remember, but I don't recall what did it. I was a little drunk at the time. Do you relish the air?"

It was Chadborn's way of asking whether Tom was pleased with aviation.

"Crazy about it, Chad. I don't know anything I wouldn't give up for it."

"Well, don't be killed. You won't. You're slated for the nineties. I remember deciding that once when I was wondering which of our crowd would return from the wars. People don't die who have life by the seat of the pants."

"Come along, I want to go to the American Express and get my mail."

"How like you to plan to waste our time together. Fortunately the place closes at five, so you'd best be as agreeable as possible and sit down."

"Damn it. I haven't had one letter from the family and I've been over two months."

"If some home knitted socks would solace you—"

"Tell me about this Mary Browning. Are you engaged?"

"We were, but she decided it was a case of war hysteria. Charming, astute girl. I suspected there was a major."

Tom, however, was not listening. He'd said "Look" and dived for the street door and a doggy military figure striding down the sidewalk. It was Frank Macpherson, his other best friend. Chadborn watched their meeting, their thumping of each other's backs.



Maude had been playing leading roles for fifteen years at the Variétés



Headily lovely, she came back to a young adventurer who had been holding out his arms to life and love

"Just in the midst of my love story!" he commented to himself. "Frank Macpherson, Field Artillery! Nothing so bad for the conversation, absolutely nothing."

They stopped at Maxim's on their way to Valentine's; Chadborn insisted.

The yellow light streamed through the door into the violet evening as they pushed in.

There were women and officers; eyes made up with very blue circles; hair as Parisiennes do their hair; Chinese ornaments,

carved circles of jade and tortoise shell; brilliant jewels; curly lips varnished vermillion; chasseurs berets, giving a more audacious line to heedless profiles; Australians, their hats pinned up at the side; midinettes in flowery bonnets; the scarlet and black of French artillery; quiet Englishmen with a gleam in their eyes; the perfumes of successful harlotry; and a jazz band sobbing and swaying the cheap, heady music from home.

"What do you think of it?" Chadborn demanded. He always expected articulate reactions from others.

Tom couldn't find any words, his eyes feeding on it all. Mac, fine animal that he was, snorted a "bully."

"Rome," Chadborn said, with a Corinthian gesture. "Something before Rome, camp followers, legionaries drunk. What will you have?"

They took cocktails, more for the familiar word than the exotic mixture it conjured.

"Paris in danger," Chadborn went on, over his drink. "It's like one of those beautiful, bad women who are so brave."

"The smell of it," Mac said. "And that music! Damn it. Damn it." He was filling his senses with deep draughts: "I've been in mud for months. Gone from one mudhill camp to another; no woman to look at."

Tom said, "We're alive again! What luck to find both of you!"

"I wonder what this sausage grinder of a war will make us," Chadborn mused. "Something entirely different from what we started out, anyway. It changes everybody. Remember Perce Blaine? Awful snob. He met me in the street the other day and began talking like Harold Bell Wright about what his men meant to him. And Cupid Turner actually horrified me. Secret service! He told me a story about a girl who sold aviators German cocaine. The first night he got her drunk; the second, as he put it, he 'loved her up'; the third she showed him where she kept the stuff. She was court martialed and he went back and caught her friend by playing for sympathy. When I asked what had happened to them he said, 'Oh, they were shot, I guess.' I was horrified. Just imagine it! That little baby faced boy. I cultivated him for days hoping he'd do it again but of course he just bored me."

"Ugh," Mac commented.

"Let's go," Tom said. "We're going to be late."

"I want to watch the girl with the mauve hat and the major," Chadborn protested. "Isn't she adroit?"

"The old men make bigger fools of themselves than the youngsters," Mac rumbled.

"One learns the value of the present at forty-five," Chadborn expatiated. "I had the most extraordinary conversation with an army doctor the other day about sex. He says there's a remarkable number of male virgins in the American Army, though they're all anxious to hide it, naturally."

"Did that surprise you so much?" Mac asked.

"I was a little shocked, I admit. But we artists must have all the experiences. Of course, if one can be a young Galahad like our Tom—"

Tom blushed nicely.

"Never mind about 'Our Tom,'" he tried to silence Chadborn.

"Dear boy, it's perfect as a pose for you, beautiful, really beautiful! How wonderful to be discussing male virtue at Maxim's! I must remember this. Once I talked about God at the races."

"Let's get on," Tom insisted.

"Out into the august new darkness of Paris," Chadborn said.

They pushed their way through the crowd around the bar. The jazz band sobbed and swayed: "They made a garden for the rose—ta da dum—and they called it Dixie Land. They put a summer breeze to—"

The door swung behind them.



The three stopped at Maxim's on the way to Valentine's. "I've been in mud for months," said Mac. "Gone from one mudhill camp to another; no woman to look at"

As they waited in Valentine's drawing room Tom explained how perfectly all right she was.

"She just wanted a lark. She's bored to death with everyone she knows away at the front, poor kid. Don't act as though you thought it queer."

Mac said they'd try not to disgrace him. Chadborn was studying some subtly and decoratively carnal Louis Quinze prints that Henri had given Valentine in one of his amorous moods. He said:

"You understand women so perfectly, Tom, particularly French women. Don't these prints seem a trifle quaint to you?"

"They're antiques," Tom returned indignantly.

"That of course settles the question."

"You make me sick. You'd suspect—the seven virgins."

Chadborn waived the charge with "Such plain girls!"

Valentine came in. Her gray frock was just décolleté enough to give it an air of festivity; an aquamarine on a platinum chain hung at her throat, she wore another like it in a ring. As a setting for her radiant loveliness it was perfect.

"Have I kept you waiting?" she asked, curling up her sentence at the end in her British way. "I'm so sorry."

She shook hands with Tom's friends. "I am very pleased" for each one. Then: "I've asked my friend, Mademoiselle Vaudrin. She's such a dear. She doesn't speak much English; do you mind?"

That was putting it more than mildly. Mademoiselle Vaudrin spoke no English whatever. She emerged from Valentine's room.

Maude Vaudrin had been playing leading roles for fifteen years at the Variétés. She was a survival of that almost vanished type—the fine figure of a woman. Her triumphs had been architectural rather than histrionic. Her hair was like a palimpsest;



it was resolved into an autumnal coloring, dark brown, russet and pale gold meeting indiscriminately therein. Her eyelashes, built out separately, each one, gave her a curious look of Lulu and Leander in the Funny Papers of Tom's youth. She was an old war-horse and a good sort.

As Valentine presented each of the three Maude took the extended hand in hers, covered it with her other hand, murmured "Enchantée," then looking unutterable things, contraltoed a "Ça va?"

When Chadborn saw Maude he settled into that state of invisible grace accorded those whose worst suspicions are realized.

"How ingenuous dear Thomas is!" he said as soon as he could get Mac's ear.

Tom remembered some of the racier dowagers in his western city. He imagined Mlle. Vaudrin was a divorcee.

The restaurant where they went to dine was one to which Stevenson used to go, with an amber curtained private room. Chadborn ordered the food, Mac the wines; Mac had set himself to learn wines in France.

The dinner began sedately enough with consomme, poached eggs afloat in each plate to burst into culinary sunsets as one ate.

Maude talked a little to Valentine in French; too fast for comprehension. Valentine said, "Oh, shocking!" It was a little awkward.

Sole came next, with a sauce which Chadborn insisted must have been revealed in a vision; and chablis clear as a bell's note.

Finding his conversation ignored, Chadborn started grimacing in the mirror opposite where he sat. "My trench expression," he explained. "I'm so busy I have really no time to practice it."

Mademoiselle Vaudrin began to avail herself of substitutes for the English language.

"Vous Américain," she enunciated pointing at Mac's chest, "Moi Française. Vivent les Alliés!" They clinked glasses. "Vivent les Alliés; n'est-ce pas?" She shook hands with him again, one of her enveloping clasps, looked the unutterable things, and said "Ça va?"

Chadborn interrupted, "How about me? Moi Américain aussi."

"Mais oui, mais oui." It was his hand she was taking and his eyes she was searching with her black rayed eyes.

The tournedos came, with another sauce and Chateau Yquem. The hilarity was unequivocal.

Maude Vaudrin had been singing a soldier song in LesSaltimbanques for years. It popped into her head and she began it, "Vas Petit Soldat."

Chadborn was so moved by the martial air that he began marching around the table. Maude executed the manual of arms with a carving knife, giving loud commands to herself.

Something she said made Chadborn think she wanted champagne. He ordered it against Mac's protests.

"We must be American," he said. "I suppose we can't expect you line officers to have any of the higher patriotism."

When it came they all had to clink glasses; Maude sang her soldier song again, and got into the chorus which began with those perennial French words, "C'est l'amour!" Suddenly she shook down her parti-colored mane. Then she took Chadborn's hand and after an abnormally long gaze sent forth a great contralto "Embrasse-moi."

Somehow, Valentine and Tom weren't with the others. Valentine was speaking of when she was a child, and how ashamed she had

been of her tilted nose, and always walked with her head down to try and hide it. Tom was being very sorry for the dear little girl she must have been, very sorry indeed. He told how he'd hated his curls and bribed his sister to cut them. Valentine said, "They must have been such pretty curls!" and Tom felt warm at heart that she should think so.

"Embrasse-moi." Maude bubbled again through marshmallow. Chadborn, who had tittered at first, leaned across the table. Her kisses were as long as her glances.

"C'est mignon, ça?" she asked of Valentine. and it was in vain for Valentine to say "Maude! Maude!"

"Votre main," she demanded.

Chadborn thrust her his skinny claw, begging her not to be animal.

"What if I should fall in love with her?" he demanded. "It would be as terrible as a pure food fanatic's falling in love with Lucretia Borgia!"

She had already turned to Mac with her "Embrasse-moi."

Everything grew mixed. Tom was (Continued on page 61)

WILSON

Master Strategist

By Josephus Daniels

THE World War was the first great conflict which produced no military leader who emerged crowned with laurels and congratulated as victor and ready to be acclaimed as something of a superman by his soldiers and his countrymen.

Why the exception? It was not because there were not great soldiers in each of the allied nations. Better trained generals never led cohorts to battle. The answer is that the far-flung battle line from the North Sea to the Mediterranean and trench warfare made personal leadership impossible. Soldiers did not know their generals. There was no intimate touch. Without it the process of hero-making is absent and hero worship is impossible. The very magnitude of the struggle compelled civilian leaders to make decisions which had hitherto been made by generals on the field. Decisions as to co-operation between allied nations, most often made upon the advice of military leaders, depended more than ever on the mobilization of industries and finance as well as men. In these larger movements, necessarily dependent upon governmental authority, the civilian leaders came to the front and sometimes overshadowed the generals in the field in the popular imagination.

What military men emerged from the struggle with as much glory in 1919 as did Wilson and Lloyd George and Orlando and Clemenceau? The lamentable failures of civilian legislators in the aftermath of war to back up the policies of these men did not detract from their primacy. Wilson's peaceful penetration and his Fourteen Points had more to do with the signing of the Armistice than anything except the landing of 300,000 men monthly in France which insured the needed fresh strength to the unconquerable armies of the Allied nations. In fact Wilson's Fourteen Points was the basis upon which the war came to an end. It was more than statesmanship. It was masterly military strategy, the culmination, so to speak, of his strategy beginning with the arming of merchant ships before the United States entered the war. Upon the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of the birth of the commander-in-chief of the American Army and Navy during the World War, it may be fitting to touch upon a few of the high lights when he was military strategist as well as the Voice that made the war a Holy War—"a war in which a nation had dedicated itself to righteousness."

If a man is known to the world as a college professor, the average citizen fixes in his mind that he wears glasses and long hair, that he carries his head in the clouds, is absorbed in unworkable theories, alright for keeping boys out of mischief for a quadrennial, but as for being a practical executive, handling fiscal questions, or being a qualified military strategist—why, these things are deemed to be incompatible with what is expected of a professor.

In 1912 most of the professional politicians of his party looked askance at the candidacy of a professor and predicted government would be up in the clouds with a school teacher in the White House. Undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of people in the United States voted against Wilson in 1912 because "we don't want any school-teacher government." They thought "school-teacher government" would be impracticable, weak and wanting in robustness and direction. Many people still have an idea that a professor puts himself in the rack and puts his umbrella to bed. Those who in 1915 or 1916 wanted the United States to rush into the war were critical of "the Professor" and said he'd read Burke and Bagehot, while America's president was so much in the heavens he was "too proud to fight."

They little knew the real Wilson. I have never known a man who had such contempt and scorn for an unworkable theory as Mr. Wilson. He believed a theory was good only if it could be translated into an active agency to do something real: If a gun couldn't shoot, to him it was no gun if it had every other quality of a gun. "Yes, I see your idea," he would say to a man who

presented some plan he wished adopted. "But have you tested it out to see if it will work?" And if the proof of

workability was lacking, Wilson had no time to waste on any theory or idea or plan.

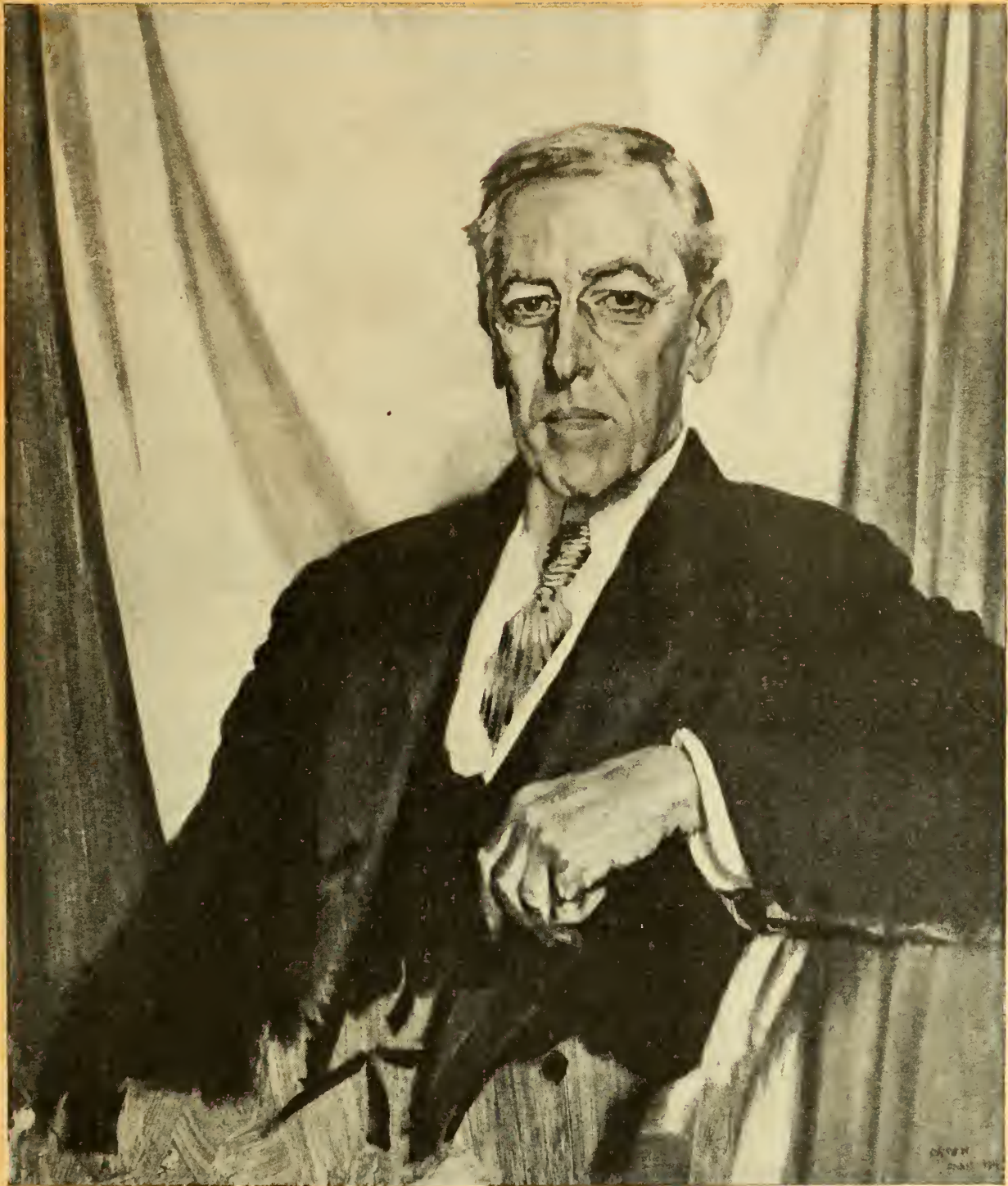
From the day the German army entered Belgium, President Wilson kept trace of all the army and naval movements of the forces at war, all that American military and naval attaches and observers could obtain and report and the newspapers could print. He read everything from the European front that was allowed to come through. He would point out to his official family the good and bad strategy as he saw it, and his studies had made him no mean strategist.

There were two plain courses, as he often pointed out to me, that should be followed by the British Navy, which he declared showed a strange lack of sound strategy. As the news would come of the increased and increasing sinkings of merchant ships by U-boats, he asked me more than once: "Why don't the British convoy their merchant ships and thus protect them from submarines?" Some months later, shortly before the United States entered the war, pointing out that their practice of sailing ships separately had proved a failure, he asked: "Why now, with their distressing experiences, do they hesitate about adopting the convoy system?" And I would point out the reasons presented by our naval attaches and by the British. The Admiralty said it took too many ships and there was more danger of injury to ships sailing close together without lights than sailing separately. I also told him that the captains of British merchant ships objected to the convoy, preferring to take their chances on their own. He scouted these reasons, which he called "timorous excuses," and when he learned that certain of our able naval officers took the same view, he felt that they had fallen under the spell of sticking to the doctrine of extreme prudence that was inexplicable to him.

It was so clear to him that for over a year upon every occasion when U-boats were sinking ships, he would recur to it and decry the failure to convoy the ships. When the United States entered the World War, even though a few influential admirals preferred the "sailing separately," the United States Navy put the convoy system in operation and the American naval representatives in London took strong grounds in advising the Admiralty to adopt the convoy system and pledged American destroyers and cruisers to aid in furnishing the force necessary to safe convoy. The British came to it only upon condition that the United States Navy could furnish ships to help in making it effective. The good results justified the policy which Wilson believed in for two years before naval statesmen saw its wisdom.

That proof of Wilson as strategist was but one of several. "Why don't the Allies shut up the hornets in their nests?" he asked me one day at a Cabinet meeting when Ambassador Page's confidential letters of larger sinkings by U-boats than had been published was read. Mr. Wilson said the British at the beginning of the war should have mined the English Channel so no submarine could pass through it and that steps should be taken to prevent them making their escape and getting into the Atlantic Ocean. Within a few days after the United States entered the World War, I reported to President Wilson that the Bureau of Ordnance was working on a plan to carry out his idea, shut up the submarines in their own waters. He was glad and wished every support and assistance given to the only practicable and effective plan to prevent U-boat sinkings.

When three months passed by and the British Admiralty had declined to permit the laying of mines in the English Channel, and in the North Sea, holding that it was impracticable, President Wilson was so astounded and had such a strong feeling that they were losing the war by a lack of boldness, he sent a wire to the naval representative in London, in which he said: "From the beginning of the war, I have been greatly surprised at the



Mrs. Wilson's favorite portrait of her husband is this painting by Sir William Orpen, distinguished English artist. It is now the property of Bernard M. Baruch, who was chairman of the War Industries Board in 1918 and 1919

failure of the British Admiralty to use Great Britain's great naval superiority in an effective way. In the presence of the present submarine emergency they are helpless to the point of panic. Every plan we suggest they reject for some reason of prudence. In my view this is not a time for prudence but for boldness, even at the cost of great losses." He went on to say: "The Admiralty was very slow to adopt the protection of the convoy and is not now, I judge, protecting convoys on adequate scale within the danger zone, seeming to keep small craft with the Grand Fleet. The absence of craft for convoy is even more apparent on the French coast than on the English coast and in the Channel. I do not see how the necessary military supplies and supplies of food and fuel oil are to be delivered at British

ports in any other way within the next few months than under adequate convoy."

Even then, the President was alone among civilian heads of allied governments in urging the convoy and mine barrage to keep submarines outside of the Atlantic Ocean. And from London came back the news that finally the convoy had been adopted and would be carried out if the United States could furnish necessary additional ships. This was done and the convoy justified President Wilson's foresighted naval strategy.

However, it required months for the British Admiralty and the naval representative in London to learn that President Wilson knew more about preventing a U-boat victory than the naval leaders of both countries, strange as that may seem. It was just nine



The President greeting a visitor aboard the historic old battleship Oregon in Puget Sound, September, 1919, shortly before he was stricken ill. Mrs. Wilson, with the arm bouquet, is directly behind him, followed by Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels

days after the United States entered the World War (April 15, 1917) that the Bureau of Ordnance submitted to me a memorandum urging that we "stop the submarines at their source," and suggesting that mine barriers be laid across the North Sea, the Adriatic and the Dardanelles: "The northern barrier," it stated, "would extend from the mid-eastern coast of Scotland to the Norwegian coast, a distance of about 250 miles," and the southern (that is, to close the Straits of Dover) would extend "from the southeast coast of England and to a point on the French coast near the Belgian frontier, a distance of about forty miles."

Knowing how thoroughly President Wilson believed that some such barrage was essential I took Admiral Earle's memorandum to the White House. He was happy that a practical plan, with expert methods, could carry out what he had long felt to be the chief essential naval service. The next day, with the President's hearty approval, I cabled to the Navy's representative in London asking: "Is it not practicable to blockade German coast effectively and completely, thus making practically impossible the egress and ingress of submarines? The steps attempted or accomplished in this direction are to be reported at once." Two days later the answer came: "To absolutely blockade the German and Belgian coast against the entrance of submarines has been found to be quite impossible."

On May 10th, the plans were outlined in detail by the head of the Bureau of Ordnance and I cabled the American naval representative: "Much opinion in favor of concerted action by the Allies to establish a complete barrier across the North Sea, Scotland to Norway, either direct or via Shetlands, to prevent the egress of German submarines." This disappointing answer came and President Wilson was irritated by it: "From all experience Admiralty considers project of attempting to close exit to North Sea to enemy submarines by the method suggested to be quite impracticable. Project has been previously considered and abandoned." It could not be done in British waters without British consent. That refusal only stimulated the Bureau of Ordnance to prove its practicability and made Mr. Wilson impatient at a refusal to co-operate in a great and practical and the only adventure that gave promise of victory. He backed the Navy and the Ordnance Bureau to the full.

A little more than a month after his telegram to London, expressing his disappointment at the Admiralty's failure to adopt methods to defeat the U-boats, the American fleet was assembled

in the York river, near the point where the French fleet in the War of the Revolution gave signal aid to the American patriots. I suggested, in fact requested, that President Wilson go to Yorktown and review it, since war was declared. I suggested that he go aboard the flagship (Admiral Mayo's ship, the *Pennsylvania*) and make a heart to heart talk to all the officers of the fleet assembled in York river. He would be glad to do so if his visit could be unheralded and no word of his speech should get into the press. I agreed to guarantee both, but with some misgivings, because it is almost impossible for a President to change his shirt or his mind without being snap-shotted or reported. It was arranged that he should go for a week-end trip on the *Mayflower* down the Chesapeake with his wife. I would go with my wife, sailing later, on the *Dolphin* for an inspection of the Navy Yard at Norfolk. A voyage on the *Mayflower* is the only way a President can get away from newspaper men and "camerians" (why can't I invent that word?). So he sailed out of Washington and all the press printed was that President and Mrs. Wilson had gone on a week-end trip on the *Mayflower*. They didn't even observe my departure.

It is the only time I recall in eight years that the vigilant Washington correspondents were in the dark. They had no inkling of the big event and did not hear of it until I gave out, with his permission, the President's most remarkable speech two years after it was delivered. Can you imagine all the alert editors printing as real news a two-year old speech by President Wilson? It was printed, too, in Europe and it created something of a sensation, for it contained criticisms of the British Admiralty's war policy which nobody else in authority had voiced.

When the letter appeared, one of the older Washington correspondents said: "I could have sworn that no such event as the review could have been pulled off and no such sensational speech made without my having even a hint of it until today [nearly two years after its delivery]. How did you manage it?"

Frankly, life-long journalist as I am, when the promise was given to President Wilson that it would not get into the papers, I hardly dared to believe it would not be published. But I knew if it leaked out, I could appeal to the press not to print it, for during the war it was the habit in the War and Navy Departments to keep reliable newspaper men informed of what was going on, relying upon their sense of patriotism in war-time not to print what might make friction with the Allies or give information to the enemy. They were as jealous of the carrying out



From the flying bridge of the Oregon, which made naval history with its voyage around Cape Horn during the Spanish-American War, the Commander-in-Chief, with his Secretary of the Navy, reviews the Pacific Fleet, gathered in Puget Sound

of this policy as the officials, and only two or three times did any newspaper man print news that embarrassed the administration, and with one exception, these publications were inconsequential.

Admiral Mayo had all the arrangements perfected for the review and the address. The next morning, August 11, the *Mayflower* and the *Dolphin* sailed up York River, and to the salute of guns for the President and half a hundred bands playing the national air, the President reviewed the fleet. It was a beautiful day and a sight never to be forgotten, with all the assembled officers and sailors in white manning the rails, as the commander-in-chief reviewed the great fighting ships—the embodiment of national power.

It was a fighting speech. His voice rang out: "We have got to throw tradition to the wind." He was talking to men with whom tradition was a kind of religion. He referred to the fact that every time "we have suggested anything to the British Admiralty" the reply had come back that virtually amounted to this, that "it has never been done that way." With fire in his eye Mr. Wilson went on: "I felt like saying, 'Well, nothing was ever done so systematically as nothing is being done now,'" and he issued the challenge: "I should like to see something unusual happen, something that was never done before." He had gripped his hearers, who were keen to win. He went on with his address, pleading to men who were pulling at the leash: "Please leave out of your vocabulary altogether the word 'prudent.' Do the thing that is audacious to the utmost point of risk and daring, because that is exactly the thing the other side does not understand, and you will win by the audacity of method when you cannot win by circumspection and prudence." He expressed the utmost confidence in them, closing his fighting talk with these challenging words: "I do expect things to happen when we begin. If they do not America will have changed its course; the

American Army and Navy will have changed their character."

If called on to appraise the Wilson legislation which, to quote Von Tirpitz, landed "these hordes of American troops on the continent, which turned the balance against us [Germans] on the Western front in 1918," I would unhesitatingly give the first place to obtaining the authority for the Selective Draft. When the war was at a critical stage, after the March drive, Lloyd George said the result was "a race between Wilson and Hindenburg"—that is, the Germans would win unless Wilson could land enough soldiers in France to give the

Allies the preponderance before Hindenburg was able to deal the expected crashing blow that would have defeated the Allies or forced a humiliating and costly and temporary treaty of peace. Any peace not conclusive would have been short-lived, for Germany's avid love of conquest could be satisfied only with complete domination of Europe, with England and its colonies at its mercy.

The Germans believed that when free to leave the eastern front they would win victory before America had time to come in. Maximilian Harden says the German commander "failed to conceive a proper estimate of America as a factor." Hindenburg has left no question as to what Germany thought of the United States at that time in these words: "Would she appear in time to snatch the victor's laurels from our brows? That and that only was the decisive question. I believed I could answer in the negative." And there, as in many other instances, German psychology was all wrong in estimating America's initiative, quickness and fighting quality.

If Wilson had waited till the moment of peril to prepare for the race, Hindenburg would have won. The day he won the race was the day, shortly after war was declared by Congress, when, throwing the whole weight of his great power into the scale, (Continued on page 86)



The scholar before he went into politics: Woodrow Wilson in 1898 as a Princeton professor

The LOST SANTA CLAUS

PLAUZAT is a village in Auvergne, conspicuous for nothing except its contribution of cannon fodder to the Great War. Of the thirty-two men who joined the colors during the four years of combat, but one returned to Plauzat and he had both legs amputated below the knees. This legless one was Marcel Villmont, whose father, too old for military service, was the local manufacturer of sabots. When one has lost one's legs and is unable to afford the luxury of expensive cork legs, one has few choices of occupation—pathetically few, indeed, in Plauzat where occupations are limited—so Marcel, the boy with the old man's face, sat on the floor in his father's shop and fashioned blocks of hardwood into wooden shoes.

No man attains the full measure of hero worship while still living, and in Plauzat where every family had lost a man there had gradually developed a feeling that, in contributing his legs instead of his life to La Patrie, Marcel Villmont had, in a way of speaking, short-changed posterity. The villagers referred to him as a lucky fellow. Marcel Villmont, however, did not agree with them. Better a quick, violent death in battle than a long lingering, lonely one in Plauzat, he told Mlle. Laurette Consigny, and Mlle. Consigny, whose brother slept in the Trench of the Bayonets at Verdun, agreed with him.

"I had dreams once of leaving Plauzat," the cripple told her one day, as he carved and scraped and tried to forget that the hand of the Lord had touched him. "Before the war Plauzat was all I knew. I had never been further than twenty kilometers from this shop, so I was content. But after I joined the colors I saw Plauzat in a different light. I have been in the large towns, I have fraternized with the men of other nations, in particular an American who enlisted in my company. He told me of his country and bred in my heart a wild desire to emigrate to America when the war should end. There, Mlle. Consigny, I expected to grow rich, but now—"

"I understand perfectly," Mlle. Consigny answered. "Nothing ever happens in Plauzat. Here life ticks along like a grandfather's clock. From 1870 until 1914 there was no local excitement in Plauzat. For twelve centuries these stone walls of



There was singing and dancing in the streets and Monsieur le Sergent Beel Brandon played the banjo and sang

Plauzat have gazed upon nothing new." She clenched her hands in passionate protest. "Ah, how I hate it, Marcel," she cried. "It was cruel of God to create me with an imagination, to cause me to be born into a social class that has retained only the memory of its so-called superior breeding without the money to support its position. Like you, my poor legless one, I am condemned to death in life."

He nodded. God had equipped Marcel Villmont with far more imagination than the average French peasant—sufficient, at least, to give him the gift of understanding, and from the bottom of his heart he pitied Mlle. Consigny. She was the last of her line, an ancient royalist family; the title of marquis had died with her brother. It had for the past hundred years been an impoverished family, but had lost none of its ancient pride of lineage; when the phylloxera appeared on the grape vines that grew on its broad acres, Laurette's father had lacked sufficient

By

Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by
H.T. FISK



funds to destroy his vines and replace them with resistant roots, wherefore the vineyards that had supported the Consignys for centuries dwindled to decay. Piece by piece the estate had been sold or foreclosed on mortgage, until nothing now remained save some fifty hectares of land surrounding the tumbling pile that was the Chateau Consigny, and here Laurette dwelt alone, with the exception of one servant who performed the offices of cook, housemaid and companion. Her sole revenue was derived from the rental of the land that still remained to her, and the interest from some bonds of the Suez Canal left her by her brother. With the strictest economy she managed to achieve a shabby genteel existence.

From the French viewpoint her future was a sorry one. Even had she possessed parents to arrange a suitable marriage for her, the situation was still hopeless, since it was well known that she could bring no dowry to her husband. Beautiful she was, charming, kind and gentle, and educated in the convent at Clermont-Ferrand, and under ordinary conditions she might have hoped that some eligible young man of her own social stratum would waive the dowry and propose marriage for love. But the war had destroyed that negligible chance and now, chained by her poverty to this quiet backwater of life, she was doomed to spinsterhood, loneliness and heart-ache. She was twenty years old now—already an old maid! With the exception of Marcel Villmont, whose pitiable condition had excited her sympathy and comradeship, she had not spoken to a young man in three

years; for she had not been outside the village in that period and all of the young men she had ever known were dead, wounded or still at the front.

The crippled cobbler thought: "How proud these Consignys used to be! Truly, the roots of democracy must reach down through misery to attain a healthy growth."

"How many pairs of sabots must you make," Mlle. Consigny queried, her mind still on the mutually helpless, hopeless state that had drawn her, an aristocrat, to friendliness with this peasant boy, "before you will have been enabled to save sufficient to purchase two fine cork legs and walk instead of crawl?"

The hopelessness of the ages was in the peasant lad's face. "I shall always crawl, Mademoiselle," he answered.

"But you can never again be quite so lonely as you used to be, Marcel," the girl assured him. "You saw a year of service before you lost your legs and you will remember."

"It was horrible. I would forget it," he interrupted.

"You will forget the horrible things," the girl admonished him, with that gift of instinctive insight into human nature which the man would always lack. "All war is an emotional adventure, and as the years pass they will tint the horrors with the colors of romance. You will live in your memories, you will always have your dreams. Old comrades, old, half-forgotten deeds of gallantry, of self-sacrifice, will be remembered. You will belong to an association of veterans and with other veterans you will fight again the old fights, thrill again to the old triumphs when you meet your comrades."

"I have seen the crippled veterans at the Hotel des Invalides," he replied pointedly. "I do not envy them. Hark! I hear music, Mademoiselle."

Borne on the cold, crisp December air there came to them from afar the faint strains of a band playing a march. "A military band," said the cobbler, and added after a moment, "an American band. I know that march they play. My American comrade used to whistle it," and he hummed "The Stars And Stripes Forever" and waved his wood chisel to keep time.

"They will be billeted in Plauzat," Mlle. Consigny cried excitedly. "It is late afternoon. They must have left the troop train at St. Martre de Vere and are marching to Plauzat or Champeaux. It is eight kilometers to Champeaux and they will not march that tonight. Clermont-Ferrand is the new training area for the artillery and the American regiments are to be billeted in the villages of the surrounding country."

"The music continues, but fainter," the ex-poilu commented. "The regiment is breaking up at the cross-roads yonder. Headquarters and the band and, perhaps, one battalion will go to Coude or Authezat. Please the good God one battalion comes to Plauzat to stir things up. They are gay fellows, these Americans. Every one of them is a devil, so I have heard, but good, friendly devils. They spend like fools."

"I too have heard that the Americans are all rich and great



The crippled cobbler looked at her, the last of an ancient line, doomed to spinsterhood, loneliness and heartache

spendthrifts," the girl said, in a voice that was touched with awe. "Their government pays these Yankee soldiers fabulous wages," Marcel Villmont declared. "I have been assured that the pay of the highest non-commissioned officer of a field battery—his rank is that of premier sergeant and corresponds to our *maréchal des logis*—is three hundred francs a month and that of the private soldiers a hundred and ninety francs. They buy liquor with it and gamble. Once from the hospital window in Poitiers I saw three of them rolling two dice on the sidewalk and the single bets ran as high as a hundred francs. I thought them mad men. As they say themselves, 'nobody in the house,' but quite filled with pepper, I assure *mademoiselle*."

"They are untried troops," the girl declared, with an instinct of aversion to strangers.

"Many Americans enlisted in our army, *Mademoiselle*. They

fight like devils and always make jokes when other men would weep." He reached for his old, faded, horizon-blue army tunic and struggled into it. On the left breast dangled the *Croix de Guerre* with palms and the *Medaille Militaire*. He stuck his two-cornered cap jauntily on his head and, with his hands on the floor he raised his body and in a series of frog-like advances scrambled out onto the narrow sidewalk that flanked the *Rue de Commerce*. The martial music had ceased, but Marcel laid his ear to the ground and listened.

"They come," he announced. "I hear the tread of marching men."

Presently, around a bend in the narrow winding street appeared the head of a khaki-clad column in full pack, marching at route step, singing in unison a lilting anthem more popular than proper. When the head of the column was some twenty feet from Marcel Villmont and *Mademoiselle Consigny* the commanding officer

brought his command to attention; the men caught step and closed up promptly to the proper interval between files, rifles sloped at the proper angle. A command rang out, "Eyes right!" and heads and eyes were turned sharply to the right as the men came abreast of the pair.

"They are good fellows," Marcel Villmont assured Mlle. Consigny in a choking voice. "They salute a retired comrade," and his grimy hand flew, palm outward, to his cap, returning the grave salutation, in kind, of the commanding officer, who immediately gave the command to halt. The rifles dropped lightly to the ground, but before the men could be put at ease a strange thing happened.

"Beel," shrieked Marcel Villmont, "mon vieux camarade, Beel!" In a series of grotesque hops the cripple was out in the middle of the Rue de Commerce, his arms up-raised appealingly to the first sergeant.

"Well, if it isn't my little old Frog buddy," the top yelled, forgetful of the fact that he was at attention. "And all in, down and out. Why, I thought he was pushing up the daisies—" and then he broke into French, stooped, picked the cripple up in his great arms and did something truly French. He kissed Marcel Villmont, and Marcel put his thin arms around the great Yankee neck and wept childishly.

"Rest!" the captain commanded. "Sergeant Brandon, you may fall out and visit with your French friend."

Sergeant Brandon carried Marcel across his shoulder, as one carries a child, to the bench outside the cobbler's shop, sat him down carefully and dropped to the bench alongside of him. Marcel Villmont clung to the sergeant's hand and exploded in conversation as only a Frenchman can under the spell of a great emotion.

"That must be one of the Frogs the top used to tell us about soldiering with in the French army," a private remarked.

"Say, lookit that dame, will yuh? Wouldn't she knock a man's eye out?"

"You've said somethin'," another private remarked.

"See that you don't make the mistake of trying to flirt with that young lady," the captain warned them both. "She's not a peasant girl. A fool could see she's the Lady of this village."

On the cobbler's bench the conversation in French continued for five minutes, then the captain spoke.

"Sergeant Brandon, I think we'd better be getting the men billeted and fed before dark. I don't see any town major to meet us here and show us our billets, so I suppose here we have another evidence of a man with a soft berth unable to attend to business. We'll have to dig up His Nibs, 'he mayor, and get busy."

"Yes, sir," the first sergeant replied and stood up. "While I was in the French service this little chap and I went through a few stormy passages together, sir. This is his village." He spoke again to Villmont, who immediately addressed Mlle. Consigny. The girl walked over to the two men and Villmont introduced her to the American as his friend and former comrade—nay, his comrade still—Monsieur Beel Brandon, adding that Beel was a contraction of William.

"At this hour," Villmont explained to Bill Brandon, "his excellency the mayor is quite drunk and useless. All his life as sober as any Frenchman, he has been drunk each night since his last son was killed. Owing to the loss of my legs I am unable to help you find billets and Mademoiselle Consigny is the only person in Plauzat capable of directing you intelligently.

Mademoiselle, will you be so kind as to aid our American comrades to find billets?"

"With much pleasure," the girl replied, with a shy appraisal of Sergeant Bill Brandon. "How tall he is," she thought. "These Yankees are strapping fellows, truly. He is very soldierly and his red head and brown eyes are charming. He is not very handsome, but his smile is very whimsical. Yes, he is full of pepper, as Marcel says. This man would be abashed at nothing and it is evident that his captain thinks highly of him. I think I shall like this American." Aloud she said: "If you will be good enough to follow me, Sergeant—" and started up the Rue de Commerce.

"The mayor's soused, sir," Bill Brandon reported to his captain, "so this young lady is going to take me around the billets. I'll be back in half an hour, sir."

The captain nodded, ordered the men to unswing packs and sit down on them for a rest, while Brandon followed Laurette Consigny up the street to interview householders. There were many vacant houses in Plauzat and in each house Brandon arranged to billet the number of men it would contain. On the door of the billets he wrote in chalk the name of the corporal or sergeant, with his squad or section, to be billeted there.

"Now, Mlle. Consigny," he announced when billets for the men had been found, "we must have billets for the officers. Perhaps mademoiselle could accommodate some of them at her own house. Our government pays a franc a day rental and a soldier will care for the rooms."

"I can accommodate none of them, Monsieur Brandon. I dwell alone."

"I understand perfectly. By the way, where do you dwell?"

The girl pointed to the crumbling chateau set in a grove of trees behind a high wall. "The carriage house just inside the gate yonder might be of use to you as a headquarters office," she suggested.

"Let's look at it," Brandon found a carriage house quite empty of carriages, with a vacant harness room adjoining. "I'll use the carriage room for my orderly office," he informed the girl. "I'll have a stove set up here and run

the stove pipe out that broken window pane. I'll use the harness room for my sleeping quarters. Here is a table I'll use for a desk, and I suppose I can rent a few chairs." He gazed out across the ruined little park to the field beyond, to the ancient, moss-grown chateau and thought of this girl living here alone. "I shall see to it, Mademoiselle, that your privacy remains undisturbed," he said gravely. "We will try to be as little of a nuisance as possible."

She thanked him and disappeared into the chateau, but from the shelter of a curtain she watched his business-like movement when, the men having been distributed among the billets, two soldiers arrived with typewriters and field desk and proceeded to make the carriage house habitable. She liked his air of command. To her lonely soul he seemed a heroic figure, standing quietly by, giving directions after the manner of one who knows what he wants and will have nothing else.

"He kissed our poor little Marcel," she told herself, "and it must be that the kiss between men is alien to these Americans, for I noticed a snicker run down the line of men who saw him do it. But he cared not. It must be that he has acquired

some of our Gaiety ways while serving in our army. Those Americans are a very peculiar people. But this is a brave man and tender, and his clean-shaved face (Continued on page 73)



"I love you," he
said buskily.
"Tell me I'm not
altogether out of luck"

The Lively COMMUNISTS

By Will Irwin

BEFORE the Armistice, the Russian Bolsheviks were so busy with immediate problems that they had no leisure to found or to consolidate their foreign policy. Not until 1919, while the other European nations were squabbling toward the Treaty of Versailles, did Russia get around to that. She had nailed to her masthead the principles of Karl Marx, had swallowed his doctrines whole. And Marx did not recognize national boundaries. Humanity, to him and his orthodox followers, was divided into two classes, the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, meaning the manual workers and other people. In logic, Bolshevik Russia could not do otherwise than try for a world-wide social revolution.

The small ring of Communists already in control of Russia had certain motives to be illogical in this crisis. They wanted recognition from the bourgeois governments of Europe and America. And they must have known that they might never gain this recognition so long as they were fomenting, in the countries whose friendship they asked, an internal revolution.

However, there were strong arguments for an aggressive policy. Now, as the Western European countries staggered out of the war, was the time, if ever, to strike. Much of Europe was hungry; men skilled in arms, inured to fighting, were streaming from factory to factory looking in vain for work—and industrial distress is the breeding ground of revolution. Again, the Allied governments were in spirit if not in fact at war with Red Russia. France was financing Poland, organizing the Polish army. France and Great Britain had furnished arms and money to those ill-fated royalist expeditions of Wrangel, Kolchak and Denikin which were beginning to peck at the borders of the Soviet state. A diversion, in the shape of popular uprisings throughout Western Europe, would help greatly to check that general war against Russia which then seemed always a possibility. Finally, a dictator or a set of dictators must always feed the boys strong meat—as witness the case of Mussolini. The Communist groups of Russia, non-commissioned officers in the army of revolution, had been lashed up by success to a white heat of fanaticism. A militant Christian sect which repudiated its missionary program and declared that salvation is for America alone would lose following. By the same token, Lenin, Trotsky and the rest of the central group saw that they could not deny the boys their world revolution.

So Red Moscow founded the Third International, which, under a directorate chosen from all the nations of the world, was to spring the universal Communist state. At once, Socialist parties and factions all over Europe divided into the sheep and the goats; or, as the conservative might say, the angoras and the back-yard nannies. The moderates, who did not believe in the whole Marxian program or in revolution as a means of getting control, stayed with the mild Second International. The extremists—henceforth to be called Communists—joined with the Third International and prepared to start the Social Revolution.

During 1919 and part of 1920, their attempts to raise up the working classes kept Europe in

ferment. I have no space to recite in detail the story of this venture. It is enough to say that it failed. The one best bet was Germany. She was hungry. She seemed to face a black and desperate future. Just as in Russia, her monarchy had been overthrown by a set of moderate Socialists; it seemed likely that, just as in Russia, the extremists might succeed to power. Perhaps the tide really turned when in March, 1919, Herbert Hoover banged the table before the food commissioners of the Allies and demanded that Germany be provisioned—for their own safety if for no finer motive. By the end of 1920 the Communists, only a small but noisy faction in Western Europe, were merely building for the future.

One episode of these times may illustrate how frightened established governments were in 1918 and 1919, and how secure they felt by 1920. Shortly after the Armistice, the Spartacists—then the German branch of the Communists—rose in arms and tried to imitate their Russian brethren. The new German government fought them with all its military force. Noske, Republican minister of war, herded his Spartacist captives into jail yards and turned machine guns on them until they ceased to struggle. In 1920, during the disturbances which followed Kapp's attempt to bring back the Kaiser, the Communists of the Ruhr valley rose in rebellion and attacked the Reichswehr—the government troops. I reported that "war," slipping back and forth between the Reichswehr forces and the embattled miners. I could not understand at the time why the government did not give more support to its own troops. I have been enlightened since. The Reichswehr were royalists at heart. The Ebert government, doing its best in the face of extreme reaction on one side and extreme radicalism on the other to found and maintain a republic, dreaded them much more than it did the Communists. So little, indeed, did it fear Communism that it could afford to pull the radical element in and out like an accordion.

Now to bring the matter home:

The Third International of course embraced America in its plans. There is evidence that the astute Lenin, genius of modern Communism, saw us at first in proper perspective. "America would be the last to go . . . Its prosperity had deadened the souls of the working class." Yet the Bolshevik leaders seem on second thought to have grasped at an illusion. Concerning that change of mind I have heard a story which fits so well into subsequent events that I am inclined to believe it. Moscow sent agents across the Atlantic to spy out the land. These men did not know America; they talked only with Revolutionists; and they had to make a good story in order to keep their jobs. They reported that the United States, for all its solid capitalist front, was rotten inside—ripe for the Social Revolution. Also, certain extreme American revolutionaries like Big Bill Haywood had filtered into Russia. They saw things through a red haze; and Haywood was always a giddy optimist. The Third International felt



John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers of America, who ordered a Communist delegate expelled from a miners' convention last winter. The union backed up Lewis in his action



The Communist idea of civilization everywhere but in Russia. This poster, widely distributed in America, is an adaptation of Marx's pyramid of society. The original is a vividly colored production, with red predominating

that it stood at least a sporting chance. And one argument of these American extremists had in it a shade of reason. Before the war, the Socialist party had risen steadily in power and influence. At the national election of 1912, it had cast nearly a million votes. It had sustained during the war an assault which radicals in general considered persecution. Its newspapers had been denied mailing privileges. Many of its leaders were serving prison sentences for opposing the draft—notably Eugene V. Debs, its perpetual candidate for President. Therefore the American Socialists should be disgruntled, inclined toward extreme measures. To capture a party with a million votes—that would be a beautiful start.

Into the Socialist convention of 1919 swept the Communists, for the greater part men of foreign birth. Victor Berger, long a Socialist member of Congress, was out on bail pending settle-

ment of his appeal against a sentence of twenty years. Morris Hillquit, the scholar of the movement in America, had escaped prosecution altogether. They remained consistent moderate Socialists. Shoulder to shoulder they fought the extremists, and they won. The Socialists as a party repudiated Moscow, endorsed purely political methods, affirmed loyalty to the Second International. The Communist leaders resigned and stormed out of the convention breathing revolution. The party retorted by expunging from its membership all known Communists, to the number of 45,000. Perhaps 5,000 had already drifted away. So about 50,000 committed zealots started the Communist movement in America, and proceeded to fan up the Social Revolution.

How many of these were even naturalized citizens, it is impossible to say. Probably the native-born and naturalized were

in the great minority. The characteristic Communist was an immigrant who brought to America the opinions in which he had been nourished. The "intellectuals," for the greater part, remained with the old party. There were some exceptions. John Reed, one of the most brilliant among the younger American authors, embraced Moscow heart and soul. During a typhus epidemic in southern Russia, he died for his cause. Max Eastman, poet, and until the war editor of that clever radical magazine *The Masses*, went to Russia and became Trotsky's biographer. Robert Miner, painter and cartoonist, is drawing for the Communist organ in Chicago. But as the party swung into action, the typical American Communist belonged to the working class.

Two years of confusion followed. The hard times of 1920 struck. Industrial depression, which breeds discontent, is the radical's opportunity. Night and day, the 50,000 dissenters of the 1919 convention preached revolution. The first object was to "rouse the working class"; gather such numbers as to make possible the revolution. American Socialists call this the "romantic period" of Communism. The members met and plotted secretly, addressed each other by code numbers, dreamed of battles behind barricades—did everything, in short, as their forerunners did in old Czarist Russia.

Then as now they took direction of strategy from Moscow. And the Moscow propagandists, like the German propagandists of the war, made the cardinal mistake of misunderstanding the Yankee mind. An American getting his bearings in eastern Europe is always amazed to see how far people over there will go on an abstract philosophical theory. Perhaps I can best illustrate the difference between them and us by telling about my valued Russian friend Alexis. He was a revolutionary who had been sentenced to Siberia for the crime of teaching the working class to read and write, and thence he had escaped to London. He could not go home without renewing his exile. And yet he served as war correspondent with the British army for one of the most conservative Petrograd newspapers! That always struck me as a deliciously typical Russian situation.

I made with Alexis a tour of the front. Just when I wanted to sleep, he would load himself up with tea, sit on the foot of my bunk, and in his big, resonant Slavic voice talk political philosophy until I bounced. One night he outlined to me the Society of the

Future as he beheld it. It made a perfectly alluring picture.

"That's all right, Alexis," I said, "but will it work?"

Alexis pretended to tear his hair.

"Work!" he boomed. "Oh, you western child! You American infant! Always asking if it will work! What does that matter so long as it is philosophically sound?"

The Communist propaganda in that period did not answer the eternal American question. And the news from Russia seemed to indicate that Communism was not working. We read of cities reduced to vast slums, of factories and systems rusting and paralyzed, of imprisonments and wholesale executions for opinion's sake. The Russian famine, while not the fault of the Bolshevik government alone, did the cause no good in America.

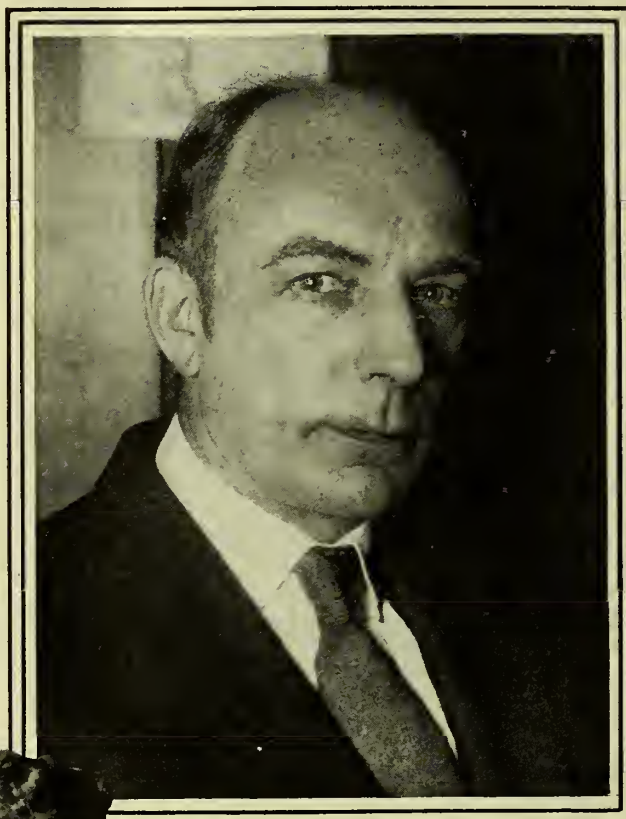
The Communists retorted that all this was an inevitable stage in a great social change, the confusion incident to tearing down and rebuilding—that the new heaven of justice and universal prosperity would come in time. The American mind remained skeptical. The American "bourgeoisie," unduly alarmed perhaps, bombarded American labor with counter-propaganda from popular magazine, newspaper, platform and pulpit. Publicity agents for special and conservative causes saw here an opening; they tagged the liberal cause which they were opposing with the label "Bolshevism" and joined in the hunt. The romantic Communists seemed rather to like all this; it advertised them, gave them importance. Nevertheless, it had the effect at which it aimed. Within two years or so, the dullest could see that Communist propaganda had bounced from the head of the native-born American like a rubber ball from a stone wall. Among the foreign born it had some effect, but not much. Then we restricted immigration. And the new law operated in such manner as greatly to reduce the influx from communistically inclined countries. After 1920, membership probably declined. In 1922 the movement took political form in the foundation of the Workers' party, henceforth the central organization of the Communist faction in America. This had its initial test of strength in the national election of 1924. And it polled in all the United States only 36,000 votes.

Leaders were emerging now; like Ben Gitlow and C. E. Ruthenberg, who came out of the old Socialist party, and William Z. Foster, who renounced Syndicalism after the steel strike of 1919. Ruthenberg and Foster sat as American delegates on the directory of the Third International. There followed between these two men some obscure difference in policy which amounted

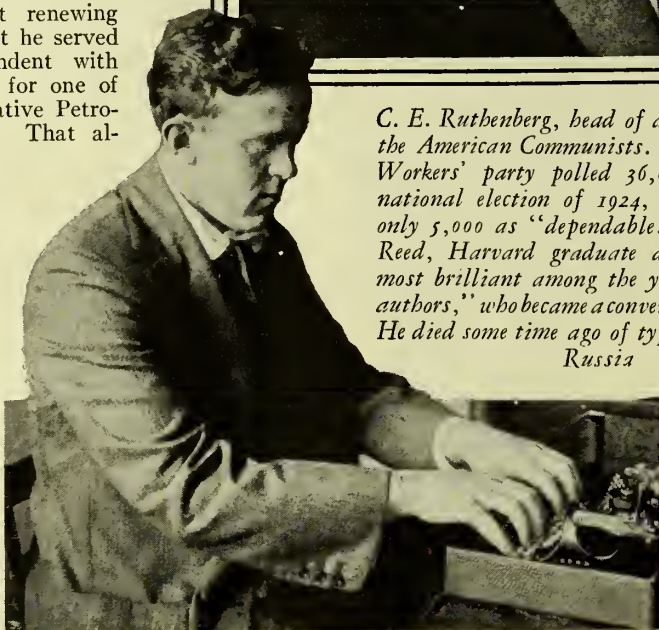
in the end to a struggle for leadership. Ruthenberg won, became accredited chief of the American Communists. In this matter, as generally in all important matters of policy, Moscow made the decision. Foster visited Russia to get judgment reversed, and failed.

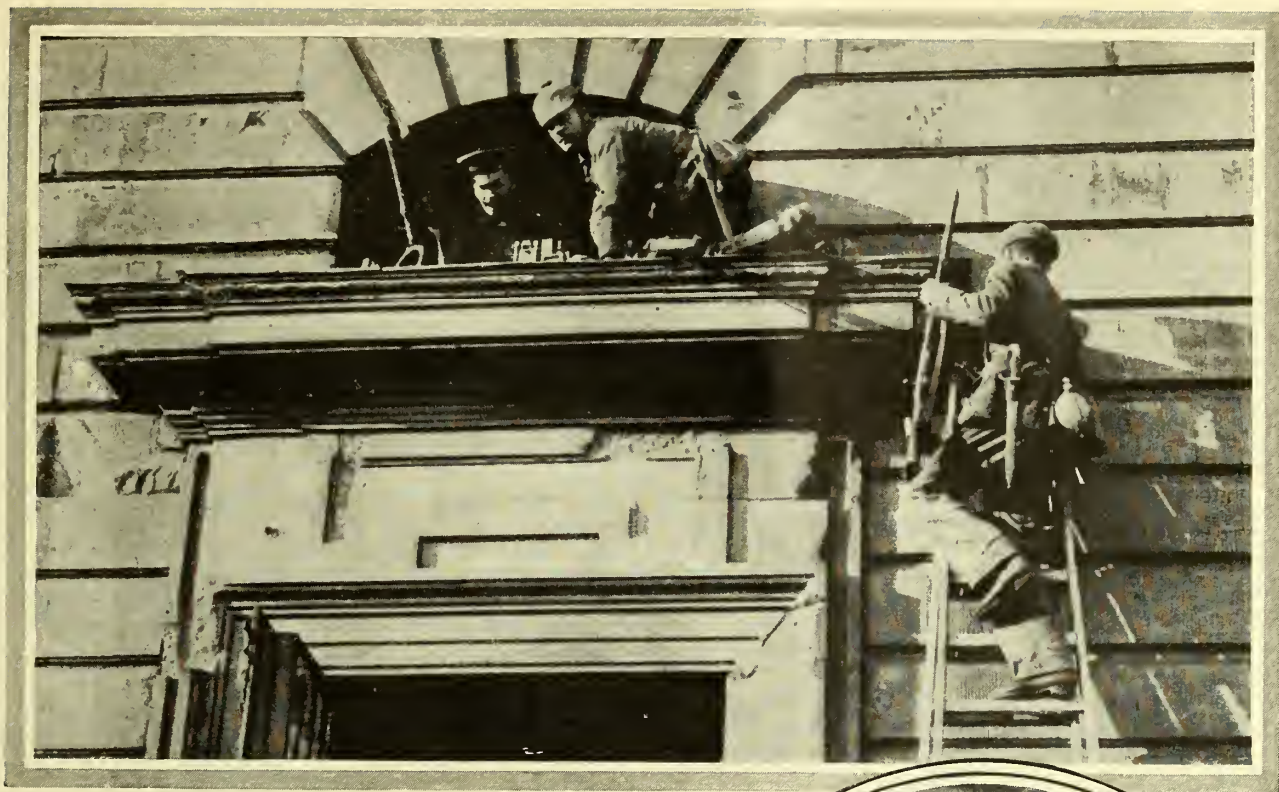
But in the course of this controversy, the Third International listened to the counsels of common sense. Only 36,000 adult Americans cared enough about Communism to vote for it. "Probably," wailed Zenovieff, head of

the Third International, "there are fewer than 5,000 Communists in America upon whom we can really depend." The chance of an immediate social revolution in the United States was not merely remote; it did not exist. Even preaching social revolution had become dangerous and bad policy; many of the States had passed laws forbidding expression of such a thought. For



C. E. Ruthenberg, head of all that is left of the American Communists. Although their Workers' party polled 36,000 votes in the national election of 1924, Moscow regards only 5,000 as "dependable." Below: John Reed, Harvard graduate and "one of the most brilliant among the younger American authors," who became a convert to Communism. He died some time ago of typhus in southern Russia





The serious uprising of the communistic Spartacists in Germany in 1919 centered largely in Berlin, where the above view of the government's defense activities was taken. Below: A Communist arrested by German soldiers in 1920 during the uprising in the Ruhr. The government, fearing a counter-uprising by the army, which was devoted to the old imperial cause, did not give the troops very enthusiastic support



alleged violation of that law, the secret service and the local police had raided the party convention of 1922 at Bridgman, Michigan, arrested the leading spirits, including Ruthenberg, secured indictments against them. The immigration law had begun to change the character of that element to which Communism most appeals. Henceforth America was going to be much more American. Until they got at the American mind, the cause was hopeless. To expect to capture our working class even in one whole generation would be foolishly optimistic. Probably it would take at least two generations.

Those leaders at Moscow are far from fools. They started off on the wrong foot, but when they faced the facts they had the brains to profit by their mistakes. Early in 1925 they laid out in detail a new policy to fit the situation. This the Workers' Party put into full application during the following summer.

In the first place, the party came out into the open; abandoned the old romantic method. In the second place, it dropped all talk, and for the present all idea, of the armed Social revolution. "That is looking too far ahead," said one of the leaders to me. "We can't foretell the future, of course. There will be surprises. The Communist commonwealth might come in the United States by political methods. The Workers' Party might elect a majority of Congress, for example. But that's unlikely. History shows that when a movement like this nears fruition, the forces of liberation find it necessary to take up arms. The capitalist classes of the United States are so well organized that the revolution will probably be violent. When it is won, the very habit of organization which the industrial barons have installed here will make the period of recovery much shorter than elsewhere. All this is speculation," he added. "There's twenty or thirty years of detail work ahead of us before we need begin thinking of the next stage."

In the third place, the party reorganized on a new plan. While its discipline had been very strict, its machinery, up to 1925, seemed rather loose. There had been "locals" in the various foreign settlements. There were among the foreign population a few free-lance labor unions which called themselves Communist. However, most members of the party were scattered over the

country without any grouping except under the central office.

At once, the directing powers of American Communism disbanded the foreign groups. "The movement must be Americanized"; henceforth national headquarters sanctioned no meeting in any language but English.

The basis of the new organization was the "factory nucleus," an idea borrowed from the soviet system. That is, the Communists in any industrial establishment—the Ford factory, say, the Packard company, or the mills of the United States Steel Corporation—formed themselves, under direction of the central office at Chicago, into tight little groups. Where only two or three members could be found in one factory or business, they figured under the new Communist organization as "fractions." Nucleus or fraction, the policy was the same.

Under direction of the Chicago office these little organizations were to serve as centers for propaganda and judiciously to disturb existing conditions. Nuclei were laid down at other points, especially among the unions of the conservative American Federation of Labor. According to the new rules, a Communist may, if it serves his purpose, keep his principles and his party membership a secret. Such policy is usually necessary to a nucleus or fraction planted in the A. F. of L. That organization—which is of course the dominating force with (Continued on page 80)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Christmas Card

THIS season of the year is like a fine-looking meal spread before a famished man. His mouth waters at the sight of dishes heaped and steaming. He seizes knife and fork and falls to, only to make a painful discovery. The steak has been broiled in axle grease, the cake is flavored with vinegar and there is salt in the coffee. One may fend off starvation on such a diet, but there is no pleasure in it.

This is the season of peace on earth and good will toward men. We have peace. The world is more peaceful than it has been at any Yuletide in fourteen years. But on the count of good will there is much to be desired. And good will is to peace as the seasoning is to the meat, the flavor to the cake, the sugar to the coffee.

This lack of good will is particularly the lot of us Americans. Within recent weeks Germany entered the League of Nations. French statesmen and German statesmen have spoken from the same tribunal and said nice things of one another. A German language newspaper has reappeared in Paris and the French are thinning out their troops on the Rhine. That makes for a good Christmas and a good Christmas spirit. America rejoices. We are glad that others, far hungrier than we, can sit down to a Christmas feast where the steak is all right, the cake tastes fine and the coffee is good to the last drop. Europe and other quarters of the world have waited longer than we have for the return of peace and good will. If it is a question of distributing these blessings in their order, of serving first those in most need, it is right that other peoples should come ahead of us.

This philosophy may comfort the spirit, but there are better means of disguising to the palate the unpleasant taste of axle grease and vinegar. In vain would we remonstrate that such a fate is undeserved. The war was undeserved.

In 1917 America went to war avowing as lofty purposes as ever led a people to battle. We went to support a cause which seemed right then—and time, which has performed some miracles in ten years, has not changed that in our view. In every field of endeavor we did more than was anticipated of us. We exceeded every expectation. In no particular did we, or have we, abandoned a single scruple which led us into the conflict. We have not broken a promise made to anyone, and we do not think that the critics of America who are making a great deal of noise in Europe just now are ready to deny us that much.

If we were the frank materialists which some of our late allies make us out to be, we should not have

gone to war at all—or, having gone, we should have played a safer game. Nor should we now be concerned with what anybody thinks. We are in a position, materially considered, to snap our fingers at anyone who does not like our way of doing. But we do not want to do that—and for this reason, and this reason solely, we do not do it. We want to promote good will among men and nations which we believed was to be one of the fruits of the victory we hoped to help obtain over a system of government that had become a menace to free institutions throughout the world. We regret that the season of good will finds so little good will for us, as yet. That detail of the ideals which took us to war is unrealized. But we believe it to be a transitory phase. It will pass.

Without bitterness for what has gone, The American Legion, at Christmastide, congratulates the veterans of the armies with whom it fought, or whom it fought against, upon their zeal for pleasanter relations and wishes them the season's greetings: Continued peace, and good will on earth.

Woodrow Wilson

IT COMES as something of a shock to realize that Woodrow Wilson, had he lived, would have been seventy years old on December 28th. Despite the length of his illness, extending from September, 1919, to his death on February 3, 1924, the picture of Wilson which flashes into the average American mind at mention of his name is of the vigorous figure that came out of the comparative obscurity of the presidency of a great university to crowd into ten years the governorship of a great State and two terms as President of the United States during which more changes were effected in the world than during any fifty years previous.

America knew Woodrow Wilson as a fighter. His record at Princeton, at Trenton and in the White House showed that when he was sure he was right he would let nothing stand in his way. He was at times during his career in Washington somewhat scornfully referred to as "a mere phrase-maker," and if the challenge implicit in that characterization be accepted today, the "Fourteen Points" and "to make the world safe for Democracy" are quite sufficient to stand for Woodrow Wilson as "Let us have peace" and "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country" immortalize Grant and Nathan Hale.

American veterans of the World War, however, will like best of all the words their Commander-in-Chief spoke to the naval officers at Yorktown, as reported by his Secretary of the Navy in an illuminating appraisal of the statesman in this issue: "Do the thing that is audacious to the utmost point



'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

of risk and daring, because that is exactly the thing the other side does not understand, and you will win by the audacity of method when you cannot win by circumspection and prudence."

Here are words in the finest tradition of the Army and Navy, words that breathe the spirit of Washington, Andrew Jackson, Grant, of John Paul Jones, Lawrence and Farragut. They quicken the pulse and stir the blood of every American.

All Swacked Up

WE HAVE had time, by now, to slip back to normal since the big thrill Gene Tunney gave his Legion buddies by winning the world's heavy-weight championship. But the flavor lasts. In The American Legion are railroad presidents and track

walkers, cabinet members and cabinet makers, senators and umbrella menders, generals and steeple-jacks. It is an inclusive fellowship. But the Legion wanted that championship. Gosh, how it wanted it! And now that Gene has gone and got it, everything is simply grand. Eleven hundred Legion posts telegraphed their congratulations and thousands of individual Legionnaires, many of whom had conveyed their good wishes to the challenger when he was in training for the bout, sent messages of gratification by wire and through the mails. Gene can do much for boxing, and much for the championship. The Legion expects it of him. His influence has been felt already. Regard Dempsey in defeat. He took his beating in the best possible grace. He had met a sportsman, and showed it. Someone else has said—and it is worth repeating here—that nothing in his championship career became him like the leaving it.



The barnyard variety of turkey, that pompous swaggerer who comes to no good end, can be distinguished from his wild cousin by the upper tail coverts, which are white. Those of the wild turkey are brown or chestnut

OUR NATIONAL

*By Herbert
Illustrations by*

WHEN Charles the Ninth of France sat down at his wedding banquet in the year 1570, he was probably entirely unaware that something was about to happen to him which had never happened to any other king of France. Perhaps his mother, Catherine of Medici, had knowledge of what was coming, for Catherine was a managing sort of woman and kept a watchful eye on everything that was done or planned in the royal palace. But chefs are an independent tribe, intolerant of interference with their affairs, and possibly only the palace chef and his underlings knew that a rare distinction was about to be conferred upon their exalted master.

History is silent as to these details. The important fact—vouched for by Charles Lucian Bonaparte, the French naturalist—is that Charles the Ninth at his wedding banquet consumed, doubtless with great gusto, liberal portions of a strange new fowl never before eaten in France—a large and extraordinary and very delicious bird known as a “Cock of the Indies.”

Thereby Charles the Ninth of France established a precedent. That “Cock of the Indies” was, as a matter of fact, a turkey. No other French king, probably no other European king, had ever dined on turkey, and certainly no African or Asiatic potentate had enjoyed that experience. Hence Charles the Ninth's wedding banquet may be set down as one of the turning points of history. Then and there the turkey, noblest of his royal race, came into his own as the king of all table birds, fit provender for monarchs and for Presidents.

Whether the various monarchs now occupying their several thrones still recognize the turkey as the bird par excellence for all notable gastronomic occasions is a question of minor importance. He is so recognized here in America and is the crowning glory of the White House table on the greatest of great feast days; and since the President of the United States, be he Republican or Democrat, is more powerful than any sceptered ruler, the turkey's claims to pre-eminence among the food birds of the world may be regarded as established.

He is not only the king of table birds. He is also, in his wild state, the king of game birds, certainly the noblest game bird of the Western Hemisphere and probably unexcelled anywhere on this planet. “It has been given to but a few hunters,” says Dr. William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, a great sportsman as well as a naturalist, “to seek this bird in its native forests,

witness its splendid flight, and afterward shoulder a splendid gobbler weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds for a ten-mile carry. He who has done this, however, will thereafter rank the bird as second to none on earth.” To the naturalist and nature-lover also, the turkey is the feathered monarch of the woods, just as the eagle is the winged lord of the air. He is one of the wildest and in many ways one of the wisest of all woods creatures, and a glimpse of him in his wilderness haunts is an event never to be forgotten. I have seen him many times in the woods, for I am fortunate enough to live in a region where the wild turkey still exists in considerable numbers; but I have never yet seen him without experiencing that thrill of delight which only the wildest of wild things can impart. And so it will be until my woods-roaming days are over.

The man who knows only the domestic turkey, and who has seen that pompous and rather foolish swaggerer often in the barnyard, may find it a little difficult to understand why the sight of a turkey in the woods always and invariably makes a red-letter day. Let him go hunting wild turkeys—either with or without a gun—and he will understand why. As a matter of fact, the tame turkey of our barnyard and the wild turkey of our woods are two entirely different birds, differing not only in plumage (though in this respect the difference is slight) but also in form, in bearing, in mentality and in personality.

In the wild gobbler, for all his size and weight, there is something of a gamecock's slimness. His form is powerful and stalwart, yet beautifully moulded. His bearing is proud and confident; yet one



other BIRD

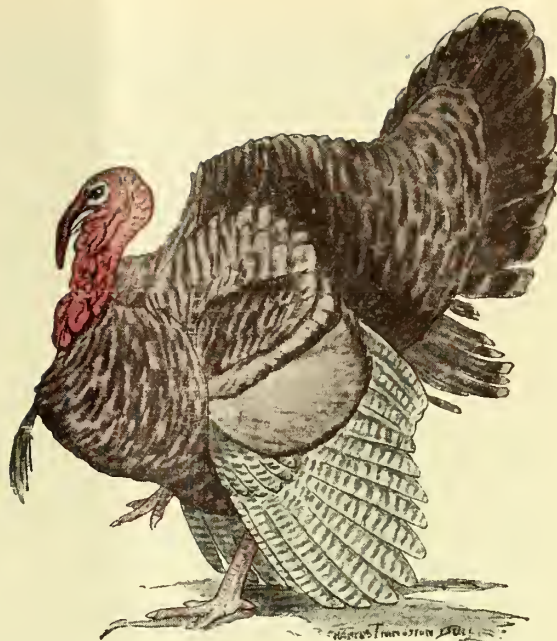
Ravenel Sass

Charles Livingston Bull

sees in him always a hair-trigger alertness which accentuates his wildness; and somehow that wildness is apparent in every line and curve of his body, in the poise of his head, in the glance of his eye, in the springiness of his stride. His rich coppery-bronze plumage glows and glints in the sun and in certain lights gleams like burnished gold; and when he is on guard (and it is no easy matter to catch a wild gobbler napping), he holds himself splendidly erect so that his tall form seems amazingly tall and that clean thoroughbred slimness which distinguishes him delights the eye of the beholder. There have been times when, fresh from a meeting in the woods with some superb bronze monarch of the sunlit glades, I have almost been ready to agree with old Ben Franklin that the wild turkey and not the bald eagle should have been chosen as our national symbol.

Almost, but not quite; for the wild turkey, with all his stalwart grace and stateliness and pride of bearing, cannot compete with the eagle in those supreme attributes which render the "Bird of Jove" the most impressive of all the denizens of the air. The turkey's name is against him, too. It lacks both majesty and beauty, and to many people it implies, naturally enough, a Moslem origin. Moreover, familiarity too often breeds contempt, and though the wild turkey is as far superior to the domestic turkey as a gamecock is to a dominicker rooster, it is the barnyard bird that generally comes to mind when the turkey is mentioned. The turkey, whether wild or domestic, belongs not with the martial birds but with the game birds, a much less dashing and aggressive group than the eagles and falcons; and though he is fairly strong and swift on the wing for short

The wild turkey can generally take care of himself against bay lynxes as well as against the wildcats, gray foxes, raccoons, opossums and minks that infest the woods where he dwells. But he needs adequate law enforcement to protect him from his human enemies



Not to be confused with the tame gobbler is the wild turkey, one of the wisest of wood creatures. It is this beautifully moulded bird that Benjamin Franklin wished to make our national symbol

distances, his power of flight is as nothing compared with that of the great eagle family. As for physical prowess, the largest turkey gobbler, though far outweighing the largest eagle, would have no chance in a combat with the latter bird. Not many miles from where this is being written such a combat once took place, though the eagle in this instance was not the bald eagle, our national bird, but a golden eagle. The turkey was already dead and the eagle was feasting on its body when a gunner shot the victor.

Nevertheless, though it is probably just as well that Franklin did not have his way, the wild turkey might be regarded as, in some respects at any rate, a logical second choice for the symbol of the United States; and lumping the wild and the domestic forms together for the moment, the popularity of the turkey as a table delicacy in America and the prominence which it assumes at Thanksgiving and Christmas might well entitle it to be called "Our Other National Bird." Hence the history and natural history of the turkey constitute a subject of particular interest, especially in view of the fact that most Americans know very little about this bird which plays a gala part in our gastronomic lives, while a good deal of what they do know about it is not true.

Perhaps the most widespread error concerning the bird is the vague idea shared by thousands of people that the turkey came originally from Turkey. This is an utterly false notion. The turkeys are a distinctively New World family and were entirely unknown until the first explorers crossed the Atlantic. Possibly the turkey owes its misleading name to the habit once prevalent in England of calling every strange and foreign object Turk, Indian, and so forth; or possibly the English of those times saw in the head-gear of this bird a resemblance to the head-gear

worn by the Turks. No one really knows how the name originated and most of the suggestions which have been offered are guess-work.

Another common error is the notion that the tame turkey is the descendant of the wild turkey of our woods. It is quite natural to assume that some person or persons in the early days caught some wild turkeys and tamed them and that from these our domestic turkeys are derived. Like a great many other plausible and widespread assumptions, however, this idea is incorrect.

Our domestic turkey and our wild turkey, though members of the same species, are different and



distinct races. Though in the early days the American forests from Florida to Canada were full of wild turkeys, our domestic turkey did not come to us out of our own forests. It came from southern Mexico, and it is derived from the southern Mexican wild turkey and not from our North American wild turkey. Moreover, it came to us by a very round-about route.

Early in the sixteenth century the Spanish conquerors of Mexico sent some Mexican wild turkeys to Spain, and from Spain these turkeys were introduced into England, probably about 1525. Subsequently these domesticated birds were introduced into other parts of Europe and into Asia and Africa; and finally some of them were brought back across the Atlantic to America by English colonists.

Thus, while our wild turkey is a true and native son of the United States, the domestic turkey, which is so familiar a sight in our barnyards, came neither from Turkey, as some suppose, nor from our own woods, as others assume. It is in reality a sort of Europeanized Mexican; and before it came to us it had traveled from Mexico to Spain, and from Spain to England, France, Italy, and probably Germany; and long before it graced the table of any American President, it had played a conspicuous part at the wedding banquet of Charles the Ninth of France.

So much for the history of the turkey. Now for its natural history.

It is hard to make most people believe that the turkey is really a pheasant, but many naturalists so regard it, while others place it in a family of its own between the pheasants and the grouse. If it is not a true pheasant, it is certainly closely related to the birds of that magnificent group. There are only two species of turkey known to science: the Yucatan or ocellated turkey and our wild turkey; but the latter species is divided into several varieties, including the southern Mexican turkey, the Rio Grande turkey, the Florida turkey, and the eastern wild turkey.

The differences between these varieties are comparatively slight but constant; and you may always tell a wild turkey from a domestic turkey (which, as already pointed out, is really the southern Mexican form) by examining the tips of the tail and of the upper tail coverts. In the domestic turkey these are white or whitish; in the wild turkey they are brown or chestnut, the tips of the tail feathers being little if at all paler than the tail itself.

On the table a still more notable difference is observed. The tenderest and most delicate of domestic turkeys cannot be compared for an instant with the wild turkey, "the most magnificent game bird in the world," as Dwight Huntingdon called it, "and one of the best, if not the best, of food birds."

In every region where wild turkeys exist they are among the most coveted of all kinds of game. Unfortunately, in most parts of the United States these splendid birds have been quite needlessly extirpated. They are still fairly abundant here in the Carolina plantation country; some still exist in the wilder parts of the Appalachians; Florida still has a good many turkeys, while turkey hunting may still be enjoyed in Alabama, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and perhaps in other States of the Southwest. Pennsylvania, with her far-sighted and splendidly successful game conservation policy, is an impressive proof of how easy it would be for many other States to bring the turkey back in large numbers. There the turkey has increased rapidly of recent years and its future seems assured; but "it is doubtful," to quote Dr. Hornaday again, "if even one flock exists in the North anywhere west of Pennsylvania"; while in New England, where the Pilgrim Fathers found the forests alive with turkeys, the bird was long ago completely destroyed.

It is a shame and a crime that this should be so. Not only the Pilgrim Fathers but the first settlers in New York, Virginia and Carolina found turkeys in incredible abundance. When De Soto's Spaniards reached the country of the Cherokees in upper South Carolina in 1540, one Indian town presented them, so says the old chronicler, with 700 wild turkeys. "Having rested

very well during the night," wrote William Bartram, the botanist, describing his travels in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida in 1773, "I was awakened in the morning early by the cheering converse of the wild turkey-cocks saluting each other from the sun-brightened tops of the lofty cypresses and magnolias. They begin at early dawn, and continue till sunrise, from March to the last of April. The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social sentinels; the watchword being caught and repeated from one to another for hundreds of miles around; insomuch that the whole country is, for an hour or more, in an universal shout."

In the West the wild turkey could be found in almost unbelievable numbers a comparatively few years ago. "While at this camp," says Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), "we had a lively turkey hunt. The trees along the banks of the stream were literally alive with wild turkeys, and, after unsaddling the horses, between two and three hundred soldiers surrounded a grove of timber and had a grand turkey round-up, killing four or five hundred of the birds with guns, clubs and stones."

Of course, the wild turkey could not survive that sort of thing very long. It was not the Indian, not the many four-footed foes of the turkey race that exterminated this noble bird over most of its range. It was the civilized white man; and while in some regions the turkey's extermination was doubtless due partly to the clearing of the forests and the disappearance of its food supply, there are vast wooded areas today completely devoid of turkeys where hundreds could exist if man would give them a fair opportunity.

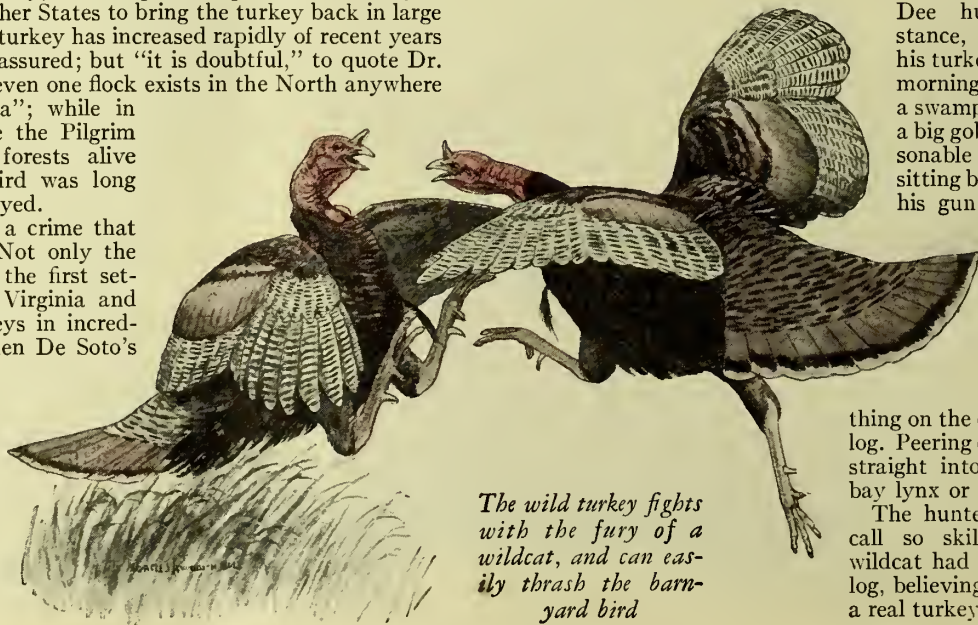
All that the turkey needs is a square deal. Give him half a chance and he will make good. It ought to be unlawful to hunt him by the method known as "roosting"—that is to say, shooting him by moonlight or just at dim dawn in the trees where the flocks spend the night. The "bait and blind" method should be outlawed also, since in this manner whole broods are destroyed, and until he has re-established himself firmly in a region, the open season should be short and the season bag-limit small.

As for the so-called "vermin" about which we hear so much—the predatory animals of the woods which prey on the game birds—the turkey will take care of himself against these. Here in lowland Carolina we have many wildcats or bay lynxes, many gray foxes, great numbers of raccoons, opossums and minks. Yet the wild turkey has survived all these foes, is still fairly abundant here, and would be vastly more abundant if there were adequate game laws and adequate law enforcement to protect him against his human enemies.

I could tell here many true turkey tales. Wherever the wild turkey is found in considerable numbers he plays a prominent part in the woods-lore of the neighborhood, for there is no other wild creature, not even the deer, which interests the woodsman more keenly. For my own part, I have had many adventures with wild turkeys—at least to me they were adventures, for every time I see a turkey in the woods the event is memorable; but my adventures with the bird have been less dramatic than those of various woodsmen of the plantation country who have told me or written me about their experiences.

There was the Pee Dee hunter, for instance, who was using his turkey call early one morning at the edge of a swamp, hoping to lure a big gobbler within reasonable range. He was sitting behind a log, with his gun leaning beside him. After he had called a number of times, imitating the note of a turkey hen, he heard something on the other side of the log. Peering over it, he gazed straight into the eyes of a bay lynx or wildcat.

The hunter had used his call so skilfully that the wildcat had crept up to the log, believing that there was a real turkey behind it. The



The wild turkey fights with the fury of a wildcat, and can easily thrash the barnyard bird



The turkey's power of flight is nothing compared with that of the eagle, which strikes terror into either the barnyard or wild variety by merely approaching it

cat did not discover its mistake until it was in the very act of leaping over the log, and by then the animal could not check its onset. The hunter by this time had seized his gun, and the leaping lynx passed between the man's face and his right hand holding the gun, its claws slashing his thumb and knuckles as it passed. He sent a load of turkey-shot after it as it fled, but it vanished like a tawny ghost in the shrubbery.

There was another hunter who, riding along a narrow woods

road, saw a wild turkey in the road ahead of him. Instantly setting spurs to his horse, he dashed at full speed toward the big bird. The turkey, of course, took flight at once; but it was unable immediately to gain sufficient momentum to rise above the trees and dense thickets hedging the road in on either side, and the hunter, rising in his stirrups, snatched it out of the air in mid-career and bore it triumphantly homeward.

Not long ago, on a plantation near (Continued on page 77)

ARMY

By Marquis



The Army mule

WHEN a spruce-looking old gentleman with a hint of a roll in his gait and a touch of gray in his carefully combed side-whiskers stepped up the gang plank it was obvious to the most untutored civilian present that a personage had come on board. But as the only civilians on hand were newspaper men, and as a professional acquaintance with personages is a detail of a reporter's calling, the identity of the newcomer was a mystery to no one. He was Admiral Stephen B. Luce, United States Navy. Stephen B. Luce—invariably the full name. Admiral Luce would have been as incomprehensible as Captain Jones for the imperishable John Paul.

Stephen B. Luce was the finest seaman in our navy, and one of the finest seamen in any navy of his day and time. He was on the retired list now—had reached the age limit for active duty a year ago, in 1889. That explained the civilian clothes he wore when he boarded the ferry at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. But at sixty-three his step was as light and his eye as bright as a man of forty. Retirement seemed only to add to the prestige of Stephen B. Luce and to the weight of his words when he spoke. He was as active as ever. He was here, there and everywhere, and nothing which related to seamanship or the equipment of vessels or the training of men for sea duty escaped his penetration. Generally speaking the old admiral was a conservative, but not a hard-shelled one by any manner of means. If he opposed some innovations which have come to pass, his influence usually was rather beneficial than not even then in preventing a too hasty release of the old forms for the new.

The old seaman boarded the ferry at Brooklyn as a measure of duty. He was received with deference by the assembly of Army and Navy officers on board. In a remote corner of the deck a detail of midshipmen from the Academy at Annapolis stood a little straighter, if possible, until the admiral's modesty put them at their ease. Stephen B. Luce was not one of those who proved

his superiority by scaring cadets. Down East River, and up the Hudson, steamed the Navy ferry. Some Brazilian men-of-war lay in the Hudson. Our naval officers looked them over. They thought them unkempt and dirty to be visiting a foreign port. Striking evidence of slouchy seamanship, said Stephen B. Luce. Decks like a lady's watch, nothing in order on board.

But an example, possibly, of the sort of thing we might expect in our own Navy unless we kept to sailor-like traditions. This football game they were going to—this experimental match between the teams of the Army and Navy—was an example of what the admiral had in mind. It was a departure from the salt traditions. Stephen B. Luce was for athletics. He was for a more liberal policy at the Naval Academy in that detail. But stick to a sailor's sports. Stick to the



The Military Academy's 1891 team, which won by a 32 to 16 score the second of what came to be an annual series of games between the teams, had five of the eleven that inaugurated the series under less auspicious circumstances the previous year

water, salt water. To boat sailing, rowing, swimming, diving. Leave shore games to shore men. Football might be fine at Harvard and Yale, or even West Point for that matter. The Admiral had never seen a game, but this much he knew: it was a landsman's sport and not a mariner's. The Admiral had said it all in his recent paper, which, as usual, had been received with respectful attention in naval circles everywhere.

In the Admiral's opinions there was no conceit. He was too amiable a gentleman for that. Against his wishes and his advice the Naval Academy had been playing football for several years. Now it had ribbed up a game with the Military Academy, where regular football had never been played before. The Admiral had consented to go up the river to see the match. He expected to get some first hand information with which to continue his opposition. It was Saturday, the 29th of November, 1890.

The ferry docked at West Point. Colonel Wilson, the superintendent, was on hand to welcome his distinguished visitor from the junior service. It was nearing two o'clock in the afternoon, and the game was to start at 2.30. The visiting midshipmen formed and marched up the steep hill which leads to the infantry plain, where the spectators were gathering. The Navy team had arrived the evening before, and slept, man for man,

vs. NAVY

James

in the little rooms in Barrack Square with the Army players. As the visiting rooters came upon the field they let loose a yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Hi! Ho! Ha!
U. S. N. A. *Boom! Siss! Bah! The Navy!*

There was only a handful of the boys in blue, who under some strange new rule at Annapolis had been permitted to come to West Point to cheer for their team, but they yelled like a battalion. Almost exactly ten times as many Army cadets faced them on the other side of the playing field, but this yell had caught them unprepared. Organized yelling was an undignified practise lately grown popular in barbarous civilian colleges, but never suggested, let alone authorized, at West Point. But if this was a part of a football game the Army was not going to be outdone by a bunch of deck swabbers from Crabtown. There were hurried con-



The Navy goat



You'd think this betoqued group of Naval Academy football players ought to be all smiles, in view of the fact that they had won the first game ever played with their West Point rivals. And why not "Navy 24, Army 0" chalked on the football?

sultations in the battalion of gray-coated Army cadets and then, after an ominous pause—

Rah! Rah! Rah!
U. S. M. A.
Army!

The cheer was given with a will. Everything else was wrong with it, but it was the work of a moment and a critical analysis would be little short of captiousness.

There was no ticket or seat problem at this Army and Navy game. There were no tickets and no seats except a few folding camp stools which officers carried out for the ladies. The playing field was chalked off on the hard turf of the infantry plain, the scene, then as now, of the inspiring ceremony of Retreat at West Point. The spectators were kept back by picket ropes inside of which sentries of the Regular Army detail at the Academy paced stiffly to and fro. Thirty naval cadets and about that many officers and a few civilian supporters gathered on one side. On the other was ranged the Army cadet corps, three hundred strong, army officers and some civilian rooters. On the Army side, especially, most of the spectators had never seen a football game before.

The post band played "Annie Laurie," the midshipmen displayed their yells for all they were worth and the cadets tried to answer, making up with spontaneous noise and banter what they lacked in trained cheering experience. A little after two o'clock a roar went up from the Navy side.

"Here they come!" The Navy team trotted on the field, and began to pass and kick the ball around. The kicks were greeted with the loudest exclamations because most of the spectators took football literally and refused to believe that a player's intentions were serious unless he was kicking the ball. The athletes appreciated the naivete of the audience and had a fine time showing off. They

looked battered and picturesque and knew it. Their uniforms were so muddy and dirty that their original color was indistinguishable. Their red and gold stockings gaped with holes and their stocking caps of the same colors gave further interesting testimony of hard campaigning. They chewed their gum with a touch of contempt for the ignorance of the spectators whom they mystified with all sorts of horse play, while the football-wise little group of Navy supporters nearly burst their buttons with pride and amusement. It was not often that mere cadets could have so much fun under the eye of so many commissioned officers.

But this event which was about to shatter the precedent of going on one hundred years at the hide-bound old military academy was a trifling commonplace to the jolly tars. Just another football game, and one which they could win with their right arms tied behind them. The Navy had broken with the past, which held that members of the profession of arms must live in a world of their own. The claims to liberalism which made the midshipmen feel so superior in 1890 seem a little deficient in the retrospect of thirty-six years. It seemed deficient at the time to those familiar with the athletic policies of Princeton and Yale. True, the Navy had football teams. But what kind? Physically,



A bit of action in a modern Army-Navy game, an attempted end run in the contest at the Polo Grounds, New York, in 1923, the only game in the long series which has ended in a scoreless tie

the men were almost perfect specimens, and they played like demons. Johns Hopkins University used to put its team through a two months' course of special training to meet the Navy eleven, because the Navy boys were so intent upon their game. Johns Hopkins usually won, through excess of science, however, and not of zeal. The Navy had no coaches and its playing equipment would have brought looks of scorn from a grade school boy of today. All the practice it got was between two and five on Saturday afternoons and a half hour before supper on other days, excepting Sunday, of course. It could play only on its own grounds. For all its cockiness, the game with West Point was to be the first the team had ever played more than five hundred yards from high tide. Their opponents generally were the same old standbys each season—second to fifth rate teams like those of Johns Hopkins, Lehigh University, St. John College and the Deaf Mutes College of Baltimore. The high point in the Navy's career had come in 1887 when it trounced the celebrated University of Pennsylvania eleven 47 to 0.

The Navy had fought an uphill fight for athletics for more than ten years, with serious opposition from influential quarters. But when Captain Pythian became the superintendent at Annapolis he brought a new order. Captain Pythian believed in athletics and began wielding a pick on his sector of the Chinese wall which separated the personnel of the Army and Navy from the rest of society. Without relieving them of a hand's turn of their regular duties at the academy, he nevertheless found ways of making it easier for the members of the football squad to find equipment and time to learn more about using it. He had a valuable collaborator in Professor Paul Dashiell, an instructor in chemistry.

These glimmerings of the new day did not pass without notice at the other Academy among the Highlands of the Hudson. The gold-braided generals and colonels pulled

their grenadier moustaches and shook their heads. There was no figuring the Navy, but the country need experience no tremors of alarm on that account. The Army, the senior service, had not gone batty as yet. The Army would adhere to its glorious precedents. The archives of the Academy were at hand to refresh the memories of those who may have been in doubt as to just what those precedents were. In 1857 Cadet George W. Custer's name had gone on the fearsome delinquency, or "skin" list, for kicking a football on the parade ground. A generation before that, in 1825, Cadet S. P. Heintzelman, of a celebrated army family, noted in his unpublished diary some of the incidents of a near mutiny at the Point. "The greater part of the second class refused to go to artillery drill today. The cadets played football . . . The cadets were fired at for running after the Baker girls . . . Three cadets were arrested . . ."

In 1885 Hermann J. Koehler went to West Point as master of the sword, replacing an old Frenchman who had been appointed by Lincoln. He and his great personal friend, Professor Dashiell of Annapolis are, so far as is known, the only persons who have witnessed every Army and Navy football game that has been played. Koehler came from Wisconsin. He had held the national all-round athletic championship of the United States for eight consecutive years. Competitive sports meant so much to him that he was stunned by the conditions he found at the Military Academy. The confined life of a monastery. No vacations except after the second year. Christmas off, but back to work on December 26th. New Year's day off, but back at the grind at reveille the next morning.

"I do not see how those boys lived," Colonel Koehler remarked to this writer thirty-five years later.

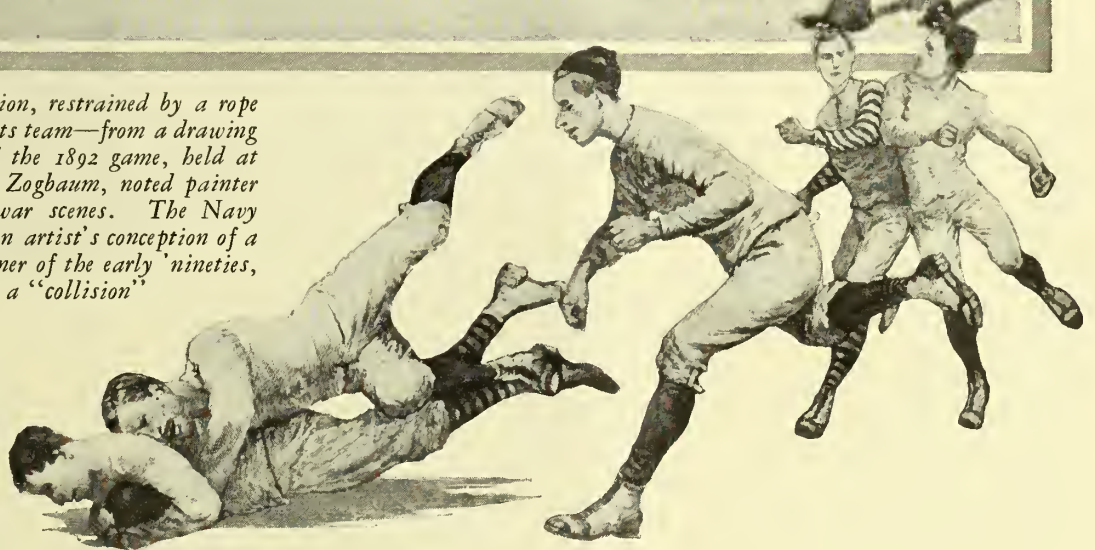
But the Father of Athletics at West Point had arrived. Mr. Koehler—he was a civilian



The fashions displayed by the ladies prove this cadet greeting his friends was at West Point just about twenty-five years ago



The Army cheering section, restrained by a rope and Regulars, cheering its team—from a drawing for Harper's Weekly of the 1892 game, held at West Point, by R. F. Zogbaum, noted painter of Spanish-American war scenes. The Navy won, 12 to 4. Below: An artist's conception of a flying tackle in the manner of the early 'nineties, which called it a "collision"



then—began the risky business of experimenting with Army traditions. He rustled some baseball bats and gloves and had a few cadets on the parade ground between classes batting up flies. A couple of teams were organized, and a few

almost furtive games were played. The authorities frowned upon the heretical activities of the civilian. Colonel John M. Wilson, the superintendent, was a fine soldier of the old school. He was six times cited for gallantry in action during the Civil War and on a seventh citation awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor. He was the embodiment of military conservatism. He interdicted baseball uniforms and ordered that "clean white shirts" and the regulation tight fitting tailored service trousers should comprise the regalia of the players. Games with outside teams were unthought of, of course.

It was a hard grind. The first appearance of a runner in a track suit outside the gymnasium walls was a memorable one. As fast as an orderly could fly came an order from the Superintendent for Mr. Koehler to get that man indoors again and not let him out until he was "presentably" dressed. "Suppose ladies should come on the post!" exclaimed the shocked head of the Academy.

One day Mr. Koehler asked for permission to buy sweaters for some of his hopefuls. "Sweaters?" said an officer of the Academy. "Sweaters, Mr. Koehler? Can't you call them perspirers?" Koehler was willing to call the sun a Japanese lantern if it would help his campaign for athletics any, but somehow the name "perspirers" died out after a while.

Official opposition seemed almost insurmountable. Koehler's prestige in the athletic world was so high that none dared question his authority in that domain, so his adversaries shifted to the contention that athletics impaired scholarship. It was up to Koehler to prove that athletics did not impair scholarship, but helped it by putting a keener edge on the athlete's thinking

apparatus. Out of this situation came a new West Point tradition—that of scholarship among its athletes.

The scholarship requirements at West Point are the highest in the world. Every West Point cadet recites every day in every subject he studies. He is examined every week. To play on a team he must be proficient in every subject at every examination during the playing or tryout season. One slip knocks him out. This is the requirement at Annapolis also, but examinations there are held monthly. At civilian colleges there are large loopholes on the score of scholarship. When Koehler went to West Point college athletics were nearly all loophole. Most schools played ringers and snap courses for athletes achieved heights in burlesque worthy of recognition by the late Tony Pastor.

Professor Edgar Bass, an instructor in mathematics, was particularly tenacious in his belief that athletes could not keep up in their studies. He endeavored to prove this point by asking Cadet Charles G. Treat, who played baseball, to work out a difficult problem on the blackboard. Cadet Treat, who was Major General Treat, commanding the American forces in Italy in 1918, did the problem in a jiffy, but the doubtful professor kept him at the blackboard for two days trying to pick flaws in the solution. Eventually, however, Professor Bass was won over and he became the first president of the athletic association of the Military Academy.

In 1880 a little sawed-off cadet named Denis Michie suggested to Mr. Koehler that the Army should have a football team. Michie came from a prep school in New Jersey where he had played football. His father was a graduate of West Point and a member of the faculty. It looked like (Continued on page 66)

DANGEROUS

By
Arthur
Somers
Roche

CHAPTER XVI

I WISH," said Mike, "that God would meet a feller half way."

There was no irreligious intent in his words. And his woe-begone expression so ill contrasted with the gay bravado in which his countenance was cast that I burst into laughter.

"Go on, Jack, chuckle," said Mike. "Wait till old John Law nicks you by the collar and tosses you into the hoose-gow. You ain't so familiar with 'stir' as I am. Me, I've got a liking for the wide-open spaces."

"Well," I told him, "I never knew anyone to have a better chance to indulge in a fancy than you have right this minute."

The sun had fairly risen now. Eastward was nothing but the open sea. Behind us was the key on which so many tragic events had occurred in the last forty-eight hours. To north and south were low-lying islands, but these might as well not have existed for all the shelter they were likely to afford us.

"Aw, you know what I mean," protested Mike. "We're just as much inside-looking-out right here as we would be in the New York Tombs. We can't go nowhere. Next time I feel a wave of reform wetting my shoes, I'll dance right up the beach away from it. I get a feeling sometimes that God takes a look at me and grins and says to himself, 'That feller, Mike Daly, would burn better than pitch pine. I mustn't let that lad become too good, or I'll lose the makings of a fine bonfire.'"

Rose looked at him pityingly. "You mustn't talk that way, Mike," she ordered. "God isn't like that."

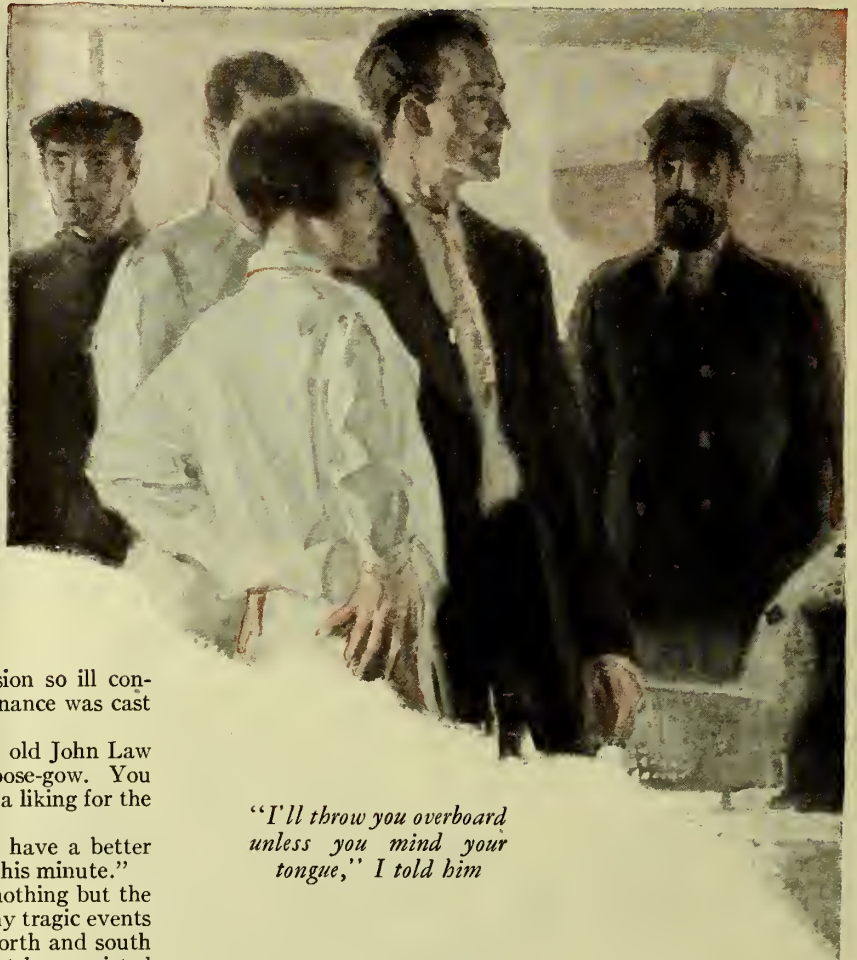
Mike shook his head dubiously. "I dunno. Every time I get an idea that I'll cut out the rough stuff, and get away from bad company, something seems to butt right in and gum the game."

"Much obliged," I told him.

"Aw, I don't mean nothing personal," he explained. "There never was a gamer guy than you are, Jack. And as for Miss Blaney—they don't make 'em any finer. I can't, for the life of me, figure how people like you draw cards in a game like this. I wasn't meaning you two were bad company. You know I couldn't get any idea like that in my nut. I mean—oh, what's the use of gassing? I thought we could beat it to Florida and forget the whole business. But life ain't like that. Life's like a piece of string. Any baby can take a piece of string, and in five minutes fill it so full of tangles and knots that a grown man can spend the rest of his life straightening out that string. Every time a man thinks he's got it untangled, he finds he's simply made it worse. I guess a guy is a sucker to think he can ever step clear once he's made a snarl of his life."

"You mustn't feel that way, Mike," said Rose. "You know, one can always get a new piece of string."

The shadow left Mike's face; his blue eyes twinkled. "A fine



"I'll throw you overboard unless you mind your tongue," I told him

lot of murderers we are to be worrying about what Sunday School we'll join. I guess it will be one run by old Deacon Shark, with Mr. and Mrs. Barracuda running the choir."

For the moment, diverted by Mike's philosophy, I'd forgotten the straits in which we found ourselves. Now I looked the situation in the face and found that it wore a menacing expression. Behind us, dwindled by distance to pygmies, I could see Merino and Alston and Dick upon the beach. They had ceased firing at us, but an occasional yell of rage floated faintly to our ears. We had escaped violence at their hands, but we might be in for something much worse. I began to feel that I was unfitted for leadership. And Mike seemed to read my thoughts.

"The trouble with us three is that we ain't able to play the other feller's game. We ought to have blotted those three out the same as they'd have done to us. If we had we'd be sitting pretty now."

"Too late to think about that now," I replied.

I felt about as he did. Five murderers had plotted and schemed and stepped into open assault against us three, a girl and two men. It had been almost suicidal for us to have shown them any more compunction than would have been fittingly granted to as many rattlesnakes. However, it was too late to repine now. The past was over; we had concern enough with the present.

I noticed that we were drifting along rather rapidly, and getting a bit too close inshore. So I told Mike to come forward with me and help me get the anchor overboard.

The discovery that the boat had no anchor was the first of several dismaying finds, if the discovery of nothing can be termed a find. For the decked-in forward part of the boat contained neither water nor food, nor was there any extra store of gasoline. However, this last did not bother me, for we had no way of

WAYS

*Illustrations by
Grattan Condon*



plugging the hole caused by one of the stray bullets in the main tank.

We were, I judged, only half a mile from shore, so rapid was our inward drift, and Mike whispered to me that we might be better off if we swam for it. I shook my head. I'd heard too many tales of the ferocity of the barracuda in these tepid waters. Moreover, the three on shore would note any such action of ours, and we would be completely at their mercy as we swam ashore.

Rose, aware of our colloquy, demanded to know what we discussed. There could be no mitigation of the harsh facts, and she deserved better of us than evasion. So I told her just how hopeless our predicament was, and mentioned Mike's suggestion.

She vetoed it as definitely as I had done, advancing similar reasons. But she was more hopeful than I. "We're in waters that are much frequented by yachts and fishermen. We'll be picked up before the day is over."

I agreed with her. I didn't remind her that the Florida newspapers had, a fortnight ago, carried accounts of the experiences of two men who drifted five days before, half-dead from priva-

tion, they had been picked up. And they had endured this experience in waters adjacent to Miami.

But if the prospect of drifting aimlessly through these tropical seas was terrifying, it was at least faintly tinged with hope, whereas the only alternative meant certain death.

Normally healthy people frequently go hours on end without food or a drop of water. Their minds aren't on the subject. They know, if they bother to think about it, that they can procure solid or liquid sustenance at a moment's notice. But we, who knew that only great good fortune could bring us food or drink, were hungry and thirsty before the sun was high.

The cabin forward contained two berths and I urged Rose to lie down in one of these. But she came out in a quarter of an hour, announcing that the quarters were stifling.

So Mike and I managed to rig a tarpaulin, which we found in a locker, awning-wise. Beneath this shelter the three of us crawled, avoiding the direct rays of the sun.

I had had ample evidence of the courage of this girl. But the courage that had made her charge Kinsella, shaming Mike and myself into action, was a courage that, desperation-born, might come to any woman. This was a different matter. Here was no opportunity to ease strained nerves by violence of deed. This took the sort of courage it used to take

back in No Man's Land, in the hours when we waited for the word to advance.

I knew that I loved her. But ever and again the shades of long dead Dorrances had come to my shoulder and whispered icily into my ears, reminding me of the decent stock whence I had sprung, and warning me against my own emotions.

But I exorcised these ghosts now. It didn't matter that my first acquaintance with her—that early acquaintance of Pine Island and Firport which she did not suspect—had been under the bloody auspices of murder. It didn't matter that she was indubitably of that malignant class which the world terms criminal. It didn't matter that the *Lark* had been a craft of murder, and the *Alida* had been a boat of wholesale slaughter. It didn't matter that old Dragel and Manigault, back home in Firport, were certain that hers was the hand that had struck Saragon. It didn't matter that her relation to the swarthy Congress might be of the sort that would cause decent people to look the other way.

I called a halt to my speculations here. Whatever else she might be—and God knew there was evidence enough to justify

the harshest belief—her relation to Congress was not susceptible to low interpretation. She might kill, but she wouldn't lie. She might love, but in no fugitive, furtive fashion. The grey eyes of her were proof enough of that.

And the other things didn't count. Despite myself, despite the traditions of the decent Dorrances behind me, I loved her as never before and never again could I love any woman.

And so it was that the suffering which my body endured during the next few hours was as nothing compared to the agony I underwent as I witnessed her unwhimpering torment.

At first, lying there beneath the tarpaulin, we cheered each other with assurances that we would soon find ourselves out of this predicament. Mike even tried to sing, but parched lips and a dry throat made him mercifully abandon this shortly.

Some poet once stated that the coward dies a thousand deaths whilst the brave man dies but once. I know exactly what he meant, and understand now that imagination sharpens every sword and mushrooms the nose of every bullet. For we three actually suffered terrific tortures from thirst, and yet we were picked up at five o'clock that afternoon.

It was Mike who, puffing at a cigarette, and doing so outside the shelter of the tarpaulin, lest the smoke add to Rose's discomfort, saw our rescuer first. He thrust his freckled, grinning face beneath our shelter.

"First call for afternoon tea, folks," he announced.

I'm afraid that in my excitement I did not show a commendable courtesy toward the woman who so unconventionally lay beside me. I think I even elbowed her aside. But if I did so it was because the sudden relief I felt was for her more than for myself, and so I wished instantly to verify the obvious interpretation of Mike's remark.

There she was, a sharp-nosed yacht with funnel and masts slanted rakishly back, less than two miles away. Mike, already stripped to the waist, was waving his shirt in frantic signal. The yacht was changing her course, coming directly toward us, and I'd never seen anything more beautiful than the curl of foam at her bow.

I spoke a moment ago of conventions. What silly things they are when the artificialities of social living, that have brought them into existence, are suddenly vanished. For Mike, without a thought, climbed into his shirt again. I'm positive that Rose never knew he had removed it. Matters that are vital in the drawing-room are reduced to their proper proportions when one is cast away at sea.

I slapped Mike on the back. I turned to face the beaming countenance of Rose. I don't know how it happened, but my arms went around her, and I kissed her. She didn't flinch from my embrace, and her lips clung to mine. It was Mike who brought us back to realization.

"Far be it from me to think I'm a referee and holler for a break," he said, "but if those babies on that hooker are pointing a glass this way and see what I see, it'll be pretty hard to pretend we're all perfect strangers. Snap out of it, and plan the alibi."

Rose was blushing deeply as I released her. I could feel my own cheeks burn. I felt an unreasoning anger at Mike's intrusive presence and a great resentment at the approaching yacht. Rose's eyes had spoken volumes, and her lips, though mute, had told me more than days of speech could have done. But I wanted the spoken word.

But this mood lasted only a second. Once again Mike had proved himself a king of common sense, and I acted upon his lead.

Back in Sile Keenan's real estate office in West Palm Beach was the letter which my buddy, Tom Relland, had written, and

which was not to be opened by our deserted employer until he heard that we were in a predicament that required explanation. So I was perfectly safe. The worst that could be said about me would be that I had been amazingly indiscreet. Even the killing of Schulz would cause me no trouble, only the inconvenience of explanation.

But it was very different with my two companions. Mike was frankly a practitioner of crime, with prison terms to his discredit, and Rose—well, though in wild moments I felt that she must have some explanation of her conduct, in my saner intervals I knew that there could be none.

So, on behalf of Mike and Rose, it behooved us to agree upon a story that would pass muster.

"We're from Fort Lauderdale," I said. "We rented this boat there and went for a cruise."

"Do we live in Fort Lauderdale?" asked Mike.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Because you talk like a New England Yank, and Miss Blaney like a New York lady, and me like the middle-westerner I am. Make the tale stronger, Jack," Mike advised. "And what are we all doing together? Am I your father or what? Hell, anyone can tell you've never been up before a judge! Yet you told Alf, back on the *Alida*, that cracking post offices was your specialty. Times I get to thinking, for all the tough manners you put on, you're a phoney crook. I notice that when you aren't trying to bull Merino, or something like that, you talk like a swell. And Miss Blaney ain't ever going to fool anyone into thinking she's a tin-can tourist out for a day's sail."

Rose nodded comprehendingly. "What do you suggest, Mike?" she asked.

"You two are Mr. and Mrs.—use your own name, Jack. I'm a mechanic employed by the boat garage you rented this water bus from. Mike's my name and we'll let it go at that."

I shook my head, warned by blushes that I could feel, rather than see, on the face of Rose. The Mr. and Mrs. might lead to complications unguessed at by Mike.

I turned to the girl. "You're Rose Dorrance, and I'm your brother, Jack," I said.

"Dorrance?" said Mike. "I thought your name was Meador."

I shrugged impatiently and went on. "Like yourself, Mike, I've more than one moniker."

"And perhaps more than one home address?" interjected Rose.

I looked at her and beheld a wondering recognition in her eyes.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I've heard the name Dorrance before," she said. "In Firport, Maine."

Her eyes looked me over searchingly. It is strange how oddly we

humans react. Because it seemed to me that she was beginning to suspect I was not the murderous thug she had every reason to believe me to be, I actually blushed beneath her gaze.

"Firport?"

I said.

And now complete recognition was in her expression. "I didn't

In the steward's brief absences I would tell her that I loved her

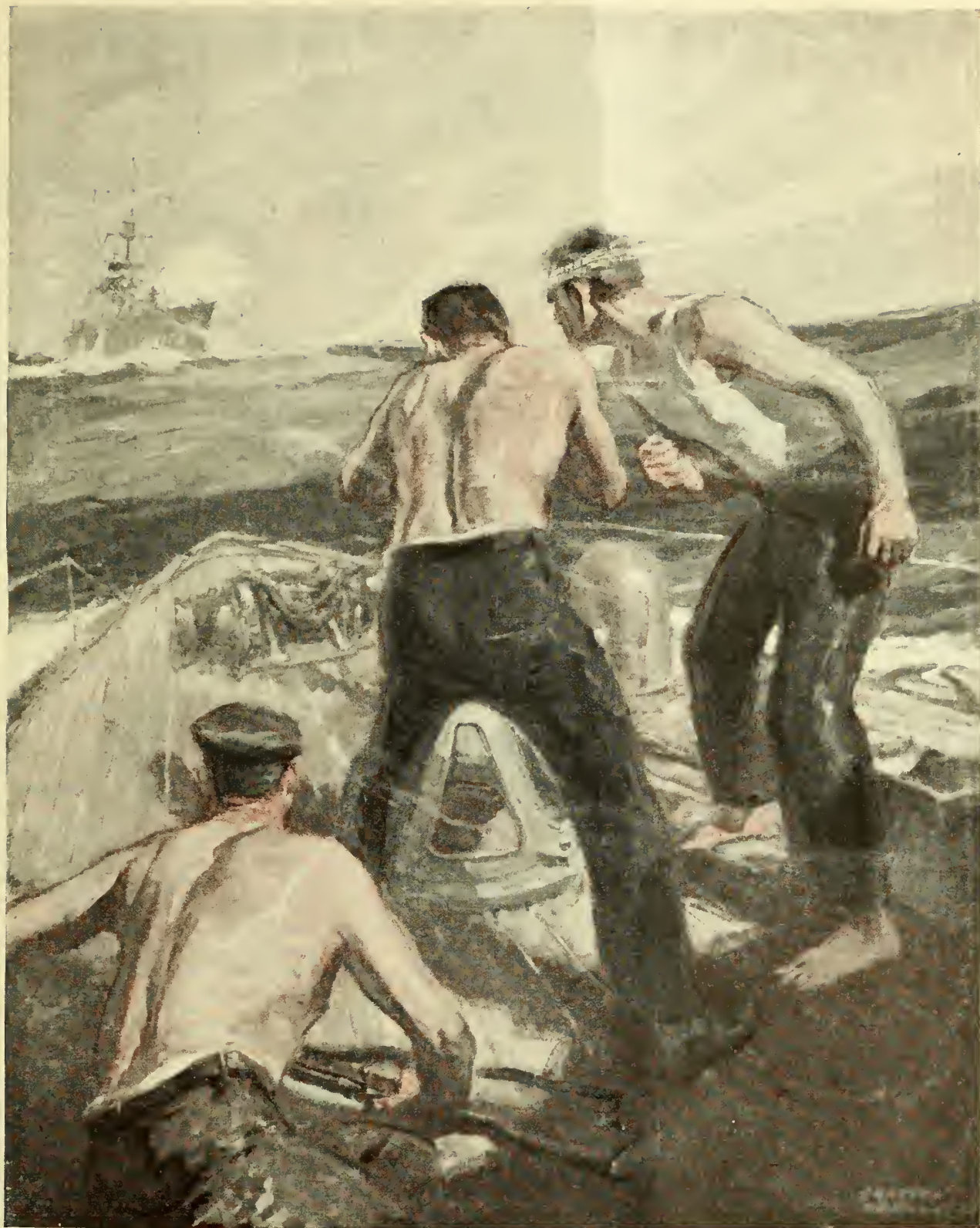
know—didn't dream until a moment ago. But on that island—"

"What is this, anyway? An old home week reunion?" demanded Mike.

"I've just found out that I know Jack," said the girl. Her voice was halting, puzzled.

"You don't say," jeered Mike. "It must be wonderful, just after you've been kissing a man, like a mother never kisses her baby, to find out that you know each other. I guess it's always





Here were rapid-firers going into action as if war existed on the high seas

upsetting to untie yourself from a perfect stranger. Know him? Holy cats, ain't we all three of us been running a private war together?"

"You don't understand, Mike," I told him.

"Don't understand what?" he asked.

I am afraid that I would have blurted out everything if Rose had not intervened and assumed command of the situation. Indeed, as I look back upon those dangerous days and dangerous ways, it seems to me that always someone was taking away leadership from me and reducing me to the ranks. It seems to me that what I have set down in these pages is the record of a man of many blunders and of only one wise action. I might

flatter myself by claiming that an innate honesty prevented me from being a competent liar, but I'm afraid that not high ethical sensibilities but plain dunder-headedness prevented me always from rising to an emergency.

It was, of course, dangerous for Mike even to suspect that I was not the criminal I professed to be. Mike and I had stood side by side against the dead Kinsella and his still living followers. Mike had proved that in the great matters he was a man of honor. When it came to espousing the cause of a girl Mike had done the decent thing. A few minutes ago Mike had dared to venture a hint that we would all be better off if we reformed. But none of these things meant that Mike would (Continued on page 90)

THE CONVENTIONAL PEDESTRIAN

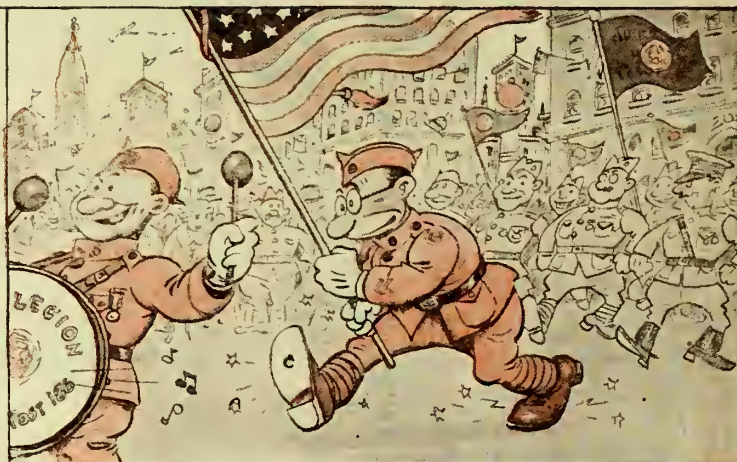
By Wallgren

That Philadelphia Footwork Was Only Practice



"S'matter now, Buddy? Bunions, or fallen arches, or wot?"

"Yeab! All o' that! If they's ever another guerre I'll have to join the navy. I bin flatsfooted ever since the Philadelphia Convention."



"I don't know how many parades I was in altogether—official, nocturnal and otherwise; but I'll never forget the 350 kilometers I hiked around that village; and carrying the banner most o' th' time."



"Nor the 967 miles we covered trying to see just a part of the Sesqui; nor the 5893 acres traversed at the various Legion balls and dances every evening. Hot dogs? Woof!!!"



"Aw shux! That was weeks ago. You ought to be t'ree beans now. Your hiking days are over for another year anyway."



"Is THAT SO? Well, you don't know the half of it, Buddy!! My hiking days are just starting. The Convention was only a preliminary to wot's coming—!!!"



"My wife wants to get her Christmas shopping started early—and I got a whole month to go yet!!!"

Bursts and Duds

"AND NOBODY SEEMED TO CARE"

"That's a fairly good account of the reception," nodded the editor, "but who was the hostess?"

"Oh," sighed the new reporter, "nobody seemed to know."

THE YOUNGWEDS AT THE GAME

"No, dear, I know little Oswald doesn't understand football, but he loves to see all the people. Now he's listening to the referee's whistle. Isn't that fun? . . .

"No, really, dear, I don't see how I can ask the man to blow his whistle unless . . . well, there are fifty thousand people here . . . I'll try to get a whistle just like the one he's using . . . dear, I—I haven't the nerve to go down there on the twenty-yard line and stop the game to get the referee to blow his whistle again . . . well, if you insist . . ."

OR A COUPLE OF OTHER FELLOWS

A fair film star of national reputation was haled before a judge.

"Do you mean to say," queried His Honor, "that you weren't speeding on Hollywood Boulevard?"

"Yes, Your Honor, it wasn't me," replied the million-a-week beauty. "It must have been my double."

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE BENCH

McGuinness had been posted to keep guard over the entrance to a road which led to an old and unsafe bridge. Presently a car came along and he held up his hand.

"What's the matter?" growled the driver.

At that moment McGuinness recognized him as the county magistrate.

"Oh, it's yerself, Yer Honor," he said genially.

"Yes, it is!" was the snappy answer.

"'Tis all right, then," said Mac, as he stepped politely out of the way. "I got orders to let no traffic through because of the rotten bridge, but seein' it's you, Yer Honor, 'tis a pleasure—go right ahead, sir!"

LOST BY A CAT'S MEOW

"Whatever became of that portable garage of yours?"

"Oh, I tied the bulldog to it the other night and a cat ran by him."

THE HELPING HANDOUT

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At de movies."

PROPHECY FULFILLED

"I shall die," throbbed the suitor, "unless you marry me."

"I'm sorry," said the maiden kindly but firmly, "but I will not marry you."

So the fellow went out West and after sixty-two years, three months and a day became suddenly ill and died.

TOO MUCH

A fair swimmer had just successfully negotiated the Channel. This was in those days before everybody was doing it. Filled with pride, but deadly tired, she staggered into the hotel.

"I want a room for the night, please," she said.

"Certainly," replied the clerk. "With or without bath?"

DECLINED WITH REGRET

A stern policeman grasped an intoxicated gentleman by the shoulder.

"Here, you, come along with me," he commanded.

"Nope," retorted the inebriated one with decision. "I'm sup'stitious 'bout takin' walks with cops. Ever' time I ever took a walk with cop I got locked up. But . . . hic . . . thank you jush shame."

WHAT STOCK COMPANY?

"I've just seen 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'" remarked a realtor.

"Whose subdivision is that?" inquired his partner.

ALWAYS A LOOPHOLE

The young husband had read many of the wise cracks about married life and had determined to assert himself from the first.

"I'll have you understand my word is law in this house," he proclaimed.

"Certainly, dear," assented his bride, "but I'll make any amendments that I think necessary."

AUTO SUGGESTION

"Oh," sighed Miss Blink, "I made a terrible mistake when I accepted Tom last night!"

"Why, dear?" inquired Miss Blank.

"Well, the minute I said 'yes' to him he stopped the taxi and paid the fare and I had to walk back with him."

SCATTER-BRAINED YOUTH

"John, dear," said the young wife fearfully, "I know it's unpleasant to have to rake up the past, but—"

"Oh, Lord, what's happened now?" demanded her husband.

"The baby's been playing with 'The Outline of History' on the lawn."

IT'S EXPERIENCE THAT COUNTS

A pacifistic gentleman stopped to try to settle a juvenile row.

"My boy," he said to one of the combatants, "do you know what the Good Book says about fighting?"

"Aw!" snorted the youth, "fightin' ain't one of them things you kin get out of a book, mister."

A CLEAN SLATE

"Here's dat fi' bucks I owe ya, Spike," volunteered Second Story Steve.

"T'anks, Steve, but dere was no hurry," replied his friend.

"Nah, but it's like dis. I gotta dangerous job on ternaigh. I gotta contrack ta bump off a bloke, an' I wanta go inta de job wit' a clear conscience."

CES NOUVEAUX SOLDATS!

"How long do you want to enlist for?" asked the recruiting sarge.

"Duration," replied the applicant.

"Duration? They ain't no war."

"War, hell! Duration of peace!"



The Ascension of Little Eva

FEMININE VERSION

The obedient husband handed his wife his first pay after their marriage.

"Here's the week's roll, dear," he said.

"Hmpf!" she snorted, after counting the bills. "This isn't anything like the rolls that father used to make!"

A PERSONAL VIEW

by

Frederick Palmer

NO TWO THOUGHTS as to the big human moment of the Philadelphia Convention. Again it was shown that the unit

A Supreme Human Moment of humanity is the human being. He sounds the depths when each of us thinks of himself as in his place and all that is human in us responds to the pathos of his situation. War, the terrible mother of drama, never carried over into a peaceful scene a more dramatic appeal than when "Jerry Tarbot," who had lost his memory through war, stood before those who knew war to learn if any one of them knew who he was.

ONLY ONE OF the conventions was held in the Auditorium. There were too many others to count. No parliamentary rules of order applied in the reunions

Not Under the Big Tent of men who had served together. Two was enough for a quorum. The most thrilling that came to my notice was composed of two. They had been two of eight men in a shell hole under heavy bombardment. A shell-burst killed six. The survivors met for the first time since the war in Philadelphia.

THE LEGION MAINTAINED its democracy. Opinion had free swing in committee meetings and on the floor. No

The Way Savage Won caucus, no inner ring of king-makers, had it all cut and dried as to who should lead the Legion next year.

There were enough good men to choose from—better too many than not enough—and the voting lasted in hot and healthy competition until one was chosen. Then the end of contest. All Johnson, Williams and Lee men had become Savage men. Solidarity.

WE NEVER HAD such a setting for a parade. We never had a parade of such brilliant coloring. It was not just a march

And They Kept Coming past but a tour around the arena of the Stadium under the sloping carpet of spectators bright with the colors of women's gowns on a perfect

American October day.

While waiting for the marchers of the late war to appear we had a parade in the air in expression of national power if another war should come. Their silver envelopes gleaming in the brilliant sunshine, blimps wheeled and rose and dipped in stately, buoyant dignity. Airplanes manouvered in formation. If George Washington and the signers of the Declaration had been present I think that they would have been somewhat surprised at what had come to pass in a hundred and fifty years.

The air was cleared, the arena cleared. Silence until the gates of the Stadium opened and the variegated carpet rippled and rose for the sight of the head of the parade, and

in place of the late roar of the propellers in the air was the roar of cheers.

All was gripping and stirring—it seems more so every year—in present sight and swelling memory, from little Delaware, in the lead, to the history of the flag personified in New Jersey's front ranks and the flags of a hundred and thirty-six posts at the head of host Pennsylvania's long column. And the marchers kept coming, coming, coming until darkness fell.

Those two men from far-off Utah deserved the hand they got. That old French taxicab harked back to the days of the Battle of the Marne in '14, when I knew Paris silent in mortal suspense, and when the Indians of the Arizona contingent never thought of our being in the war. Those Indians from Prescott fooled me at first from where I sat. I thought that they were real Indians. They had the real Indian walk. And bands, and bands, and bands! They play better every year.

A great parade. Philadelphia never saw anything like it, and all Philadelphia seemed to be out to see it.

"This is what I came for," said a merry old lady from Texas who sat next to me. "My feet are sore and eyes sore from sightseeing, but my heart is glad." To judge by his smile, the heart of John J. Pershing was glad too.

"WHO ARE THOSE soldierly looking women having that big dinner in our club?" I was asked. The veteran nurses, dear sir. I could also tell him why the

They Knew We Were There women of the Auxiliary marched as well as the men and ran their convention just as smoothly. Some people

thought that Philadelphia, being such a large city, would swallow the Convention. But Philadelphia certainly knew the Convention was there. If anyone had tried to see all that was going on he would have had to be in nine parts and have nine lives, too. However, one advantage of meeting in a smaller city is that everything is in a smaller area. It was a long way out to the Auditorium; and looking up your friends was more trouble.

A CHICAGOAN WANTS to know if the world would not get just as much out of a five as a six-day working week. We

Why Not a Five-Day Week? take it for granted that the time is not yet in sight when the farmer may lay off on Saturday if he wants to get the

crop in before it rains or when stores and theatres will be closed on Saturday. We know that the world gets more out of one hour's labor than out of a day's a hundred years ago, when life was supposed to be so simple and was actually so hard. Even since 1921 American output has increased sixty-two percent while employment has increased only fourteen percent. Invention, machinery, intelligence, organization,

(Continued on page 72)

The AMERICAN LEGION Month'y

William Penn, WE ARE HERE!

By Philip Von Blon
and Marquis James

HOW does it look from up there, buddy?" "It looks," said Harry Gardiner, "very much as if we were going to have a rattling good time."

Legionnaire Gardiner's words had weight, because their author had taken some pains to satisfy himself concerning the outlook for the Eighth National Convention of The American Legion. Like nearly everyone else who came, he had arrived in town on Monday, October 11th—all the distance from Hollywood, California. Like nearly everyone else he decided that the thing to do under the circumstances would be to have a preliminary look around.

The tallest structure from which to look in Philadelphia is the tower of the City Hall, where 548 feet above the sidewalks of Broad Street a bronze figure of William Penn gazes benevolently upon his own town. There is an elevator in the tower. It makes a round trip every fifteen minutes, and it is quite the thing for Philadelphia visitors to go up and meet William Penn and see how Philadelphia appears to the effigy of its founder.

But when Mr. Gardiner arrived the elevator had just left, and a quarter of an hour is a long time to wait around doing nothing at a Legion convention. So Gardiner started to climb the City Hall. It did not seem very hard at first because every other stone in the masonry is set out a few inches and the effect is like a picket fence on end. Gardiner went up like a squirrel and someone shouted, "Atta boy!" But after the first fifty feet a crowd began to gather and get interested. At a hundred feet the policemen had their hands full keeping lanes of traffic open in Broad Street. It was hard to see what Gardiner was holding on to now, but he was holding and going up—now over a jutting ledge of granite, now around a massive column, zig-zagging this way and that to find the easiest path. Four or five thousand people in Broad Street looking up, but not saying very much. The big green buses bound for the Sesqui grounds tooted for right-of-way. They have horns like tug boat whistles.

Gardiner was abreast the great hands on the clock in the tower which saves a good deal of wear and tear on a watch chain in Philadelphia. He was just a speck. The speck hesitated for a moment. Spectators got a tingling feeling in their toes and finger tips. Simply resting to get his wind, Gardiner said afterwards. Then up and up to the perch of William Penn. Then up the trouser's leg of Mr. Penn to the brim of his Quaker hat.

From this eminence Mr. Gardiner glanced upon Broad Street and satisfied himself that the makings of a great convention were on hand.

Harry Gardiner, late Air Service, is an average Legionnaire. He is a steeple-jack by occupation, which accounts for the fact that he is handier at climbing than most of us—but

otherwise simply a rank-and-file Legionnaire who came to Philadelphia along with one hundred thousand others and contributed his particle to making a national convention of The American Legion what it has definitely come to be—a great and

glamorous institution, peculiar to the genius of our race—a reflection of the spirit and aspirations of the men and women who fought for America in the war.

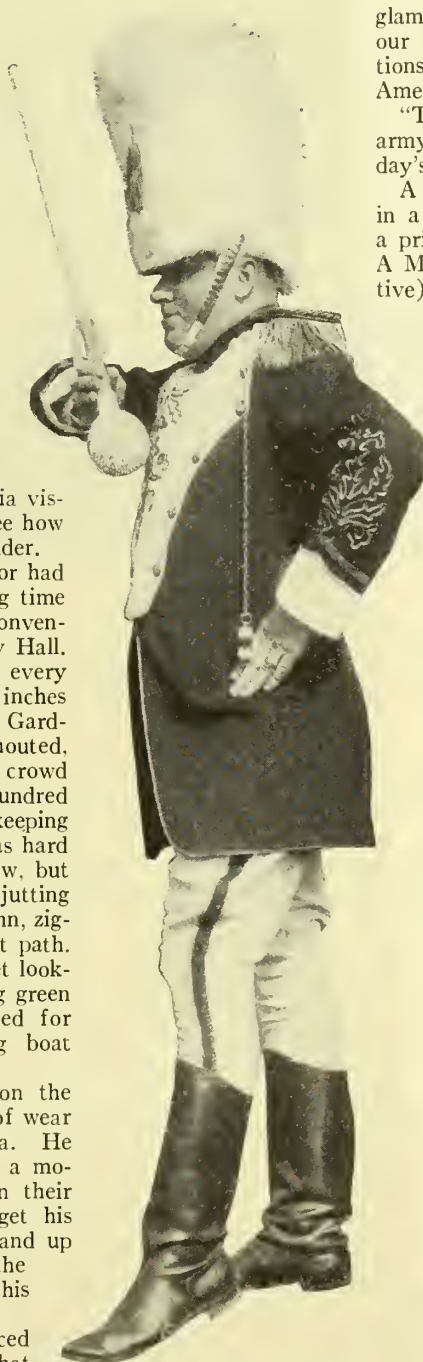
"The American Legion is what the American army was," wrote a Philadelphia editor after a day's survey of the panorama.

A Cabinet officer and a United States Senator in a file of midnight snake dancers celebrating a prize winning by the home state bugle corps. A Major General (active) and an Admiral (active) pushing through a confetti blizzard arm in arm with an impromptu formation of ex-bucks and ex-gobs. A man with twenty millions borrowing a light from a buddy who might not have come if the railroad fare had been more than twenty dollars. An officer of a powerful banking house and an official of the American Federation of Labor in a quiet corner of the Bellevue-Stratford lobby discussing—and agreeing upon—a policy of military and industrial preparedness.

The theory upon which we fought the war was the essence of democracy. One for all and all for one. The high and the low, the rich and the poor sharing alike the common obligation. It is an inspiring theory. But more remarkable is the fact—and The American Legion is a fact and not a theory and not a memory.

The Legion has caught and held what was finest in the association of five million men- and women-at-arms who fought for pure idealism—an important circumstance which now sometimes is obscured, if not forgotten. The Legion has caught and held the serious and the light aspects of that comradeship. No more flawless demonstration of that fact could be found than in this convention at Philadelphia. Philadelphia itself was convinced—which is proof of the pudding.

Philadelphia is unlike the other cities which have witnessed the progressive evolution of the institution of the National Convention of The American Legion. Philadelphia is not Omaha, St. Paul, San Francisco and so on, of cherished memory. Philadelphia is—Philadelphia. There is only one. It is the largest city the Legion has visited—very much the largest—and it is the oldest and most reserved. The apprehension had been expressed that the Legion's way of conventioning might prove a shade robust for the quiet Quaker dignity of Rittenhouse Square. Besides that it was said that in such a big place we should not be a drop in the bucket. But Philadelphia invited us, and made



Just one actor in America's greatest pageant—Carl J. Schroeder, drum major of Fond du Lac (Wisconsin) Post's drum and bugle corps, doing his stuff in the parade

it an invitation that was too pressing to be declined, and we came.

Well, the customary advance guard began filtering in a week before the convention opened. For all the notice these precursors attracted they might have been a couple of honeymooners at Niagara Falls. Which was without precedent. Previously, as the deadline drew near, there had been a good deal of fuss in Legion convention towns. A bustle of preparation, last minute arrangements, and all that goes with the somewhat breathless anticipation of an extraordinary occasion.

But nothing like this in Philadelphia. The pre-convention arrangements were perfect — almost too perfect. A few slip-ups and last minute emergencies would have been a relief. The newspapers said hardly a word of the great doings which were to come—at least we believe they are great doings,

hotels. Special trains. From California, with uniforms galore, a battalion led by Happy Wintz, by acclamation the premier comedian of The American Legion. Florida in a blaze of color. Iowa, six hundred strong, with a crop of corn and Hanford MacNider and Senator Steck. Half the population, it seemed, of Illinois, telling the world that Savage is a good fellow. Texas in five-gallon hats, Oklahoma in feathers and with the old gray mare, late Texan, by right of conquest. Nebraska in force, making strange noises—the “hog call,” we learned. Next door neighbors from Jersey. New York and New England.



The vanguard of Harvey Seeds Post's Drum and Bugle Corps of Miami, Florida, snapped as it marched along Broad Street. Below, Legionnaire Ralph Stoughton of Prescott (Arizona) Post disguised as a member of the Smoke Eye people. His "tribe," painted to represent genuine Indians, deceived thousands in the crowd watching the Legion parade



and want other people to agree with us. On top of this we perceived the unruffled calm with which Philadelphia accepted its own Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. “A good show,” they said, “but really I haven’t seen it yet myself.” Furthermore we learned that since the Exposition opened last spring there have been more than two hundred conventions in Philadelphia. Would we be, in Philadelphia’s eyes, simply Convention No. 201, or whatever the literal tabulation?

Our convention opened on Monday. It was as usual, a day of arrivals, mostly. The seven a. m. serenity of Broad Street was broken by the crash of twenty bands and the rattety-tat of twenty drum corps as the delegations began to tramp in and take possession of the

This lasted until midnight. Seventy-five thousand checked in the first day, the official estimators said, and Philadelphia, which had seen two hundred conventions come and go in less than that many days, began to rub its eyes. Seventy-five thousand. A great many people. But Philadelphia is not a town to be impressed by numbers solely.

After dark there was carnival on Broad Street. The policemen were very helpful. They shooed as much traffic as possible into the byways, so no preoccupied celebrant might get himself bumped by a balloon tire. This is something Philadelphia is unaccustomed to. Those who ride and drive need their Broad Street, for the other downtown thoroughfares were not built for Mack trucks and Dan Sowers to pass in comfort. But it was a jolly evening by way of saying how-do-you-do.

On Tuesday they had the parade. A great many Legionnaires timed their arrival so as to get in on parade day. Legionnaire Pershing and Legionnaire Dawes, fresh from a duck hunting trip together in Nebraska, arrived on Tuesday. In the forenoon they went out to the great auditorium in the Sesqui-Centennial grounds, where the business sessions of the convention were held. Mr. Dawes brought the greetings of the United States Government, in addition to his own. But General Pershing had just come to look on. That, however, was not the way things turned out. A band leader in the back of the hall saw him come in. He started a smashing tune and somebody yelled “Pershing!” Then everyone stood on his feet, or on his chair, as the general was escorted down the aisle and to the stage. The cheering lasted for ten minutes, after which the general did something he very seldom does. He made an extemporaneous speech, and later in the week accepted from

the convention the title of Honorary National Commander for life. The same title was conferred upon Ferdinand Foch.

The parade started at one o'clock in the afternoon. John R. McQuigg and Pershing led it—out Broad Street to the Sesqui grounds, thence circling the amphitheatre of the great stadium where three weeks before Legionnaire Tunney rose to the top of his profession. Hundreds of thousands lined the avenue of march and thousands more sat in the stadium. General Pershing, Mr. Dawes and other Legionnaires stood with Commander McQuigg and from a ring-side box watched the pageant go by.

leading Tennessee. The sergeant is growing stout. . . Massachusetts singing with a swing—

“ . . . colors on high,
“ . . . tell all creation that
“Massachusetts passes by!”

Dusk, then darkness enveloped the great stadium. The floodlights playing upon the arena gleamed upon the uniforms of the marchers, the burnished instruments of the bandsmen and the fluttering folds of the massed colors. This was the most exhilarating part of the parade, and the issue of accident rather than design because no one had figured on the parade ending after nightfall. But a year's planning could not have produced a finer effect.

Not all the color and drama was out-of-doors, though. The auditorium where the business of the convention was transacted had its share. Watson B. Miller, walked upon the stage and held up his hand for silence.

“Does anyone know this man?” asked Mr. Miller.

The per-



Delaware Legionnaires, doggy in the uniforms of George Washington's doughboys, headed the convention parade, an honor their department won by its 1926 membership record. Among those present, in 1926 as in 1918, was John H. Cruise (below), of John Coleman Prince Post of New London, Connecticut. Every convention has its quota of kilties

This took seven hours. Color. Movement. Mirth. Splendor. Dignity. Pathos. Drama. Thrills. Every emotion was reached.

“Unforgettable,” said Colonel Yves Picot, member of the French Chamber of Deputies. “You must have something like this at Paris. It tells the whole story of your Legion—a story which will impress France. Ah, this—”

The float of a Pennsylvania post was passing. Two little children—war orphans—sheltered by an emblematic figure of the Legion. “They Shall Not Stand Alone,” said the legend.

“This,” pursued Colonel Picot, “you must have this one—”

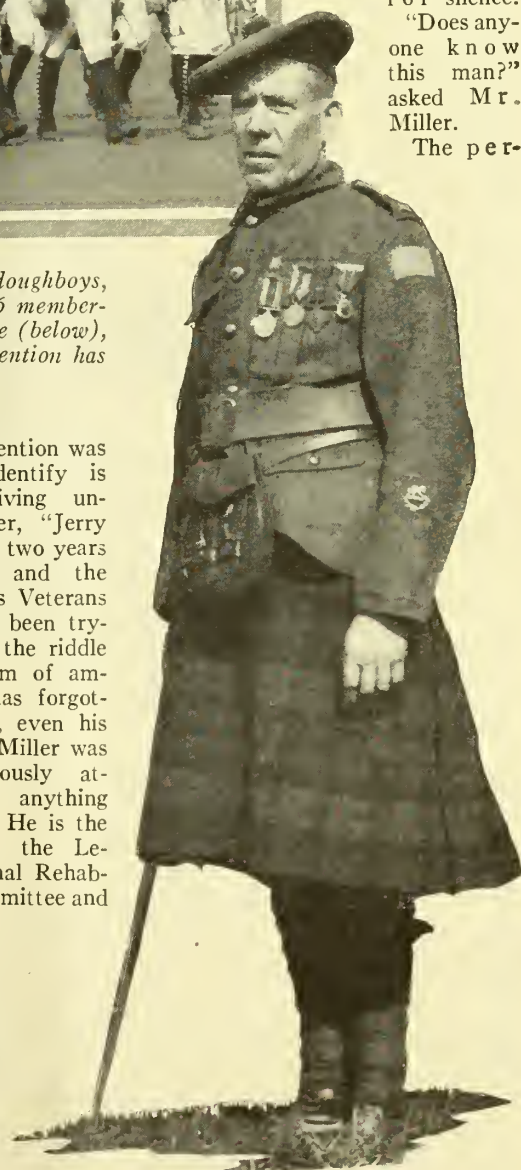
A ripple of laughter swept the stands and obliterated the rapid words of the colonel. A parader in a 40 and 8 suit was leading a white mule. “One step ahead of prohibition,” read a placard on the mule. Pershing leaned over and in French explained the idiom and Colonel Picot laughed too.

“And that I hope you will bring to Paris. It is in such informal ways that peoples come to know each other and to retain old friendships.”

Seven hours of moving panorama, of history made and in the making, a wonderful display of Americanism in all its fine phases.

The Marne taxicab, a venerable Renault piloted by a poilu in a brown spade beard and a straight-stemmed pipe. Soldat Sedley Peck, a native of California, served with the French and American armies and now lives on a houseboat in the Seine. . . Virginia with a series of magnificent historical floats preceded by the Richmond Light Infantry Blues. . . Mississippi, reconstructing the glamorous Forties with ladies in crinoline and gentlemen in bell-crowned beavers. . . Sergeant Alvin York

son the convention was asked to identify is America's living unknown soldier, “Jerry Tarbot.” For two years the Legion and the United States Veterans Bureau have been trying to solve the riddle of this victim of amnesia, who has forgotten his past, even his name. Mr. Miller was not consciously attempting anything spectacular. He is the chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee and it is a part of his work to solve such problems. But the newspaper correspondents who were on hand to tell the world





Old Glory, one hundred and thirty-six strong, at the head of the Pennsylvania delegation. This effective display of massed colors won a great hand all along the line of march

about the convention told it about Jerry Tarbot, too. He has been identified—twenty different ways. But possibly one of these identifications will prove out, and a mother whose boy is “missing in action” will have restored to her a son.

The parade was succeeded by carnival on Broad Street and no one seemed to go to bed. There was no more dodging traffic. The amiable policemen put up ropes and as much of Broad Street as was required was the Legion’s playground. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday nights. Whatever one did the night was not complete without an hour with the revellers on Broad Street. One might go to a 40 and 8 “wreck,” a division reunion, a blowout of the Auxiliary or what-not, but sooner or later the whole party would pour into Broad Street. Two hundred Legion bands, at one time or another, made the music. The incomparable clowning of Happy Wintz and the Hamm Brothers. The old gray mare, which Oklahoma took from Texas in a membership contest. Fred Patzell of Nebraska with his hog call. This was an innovation. Montana’s Powder River yell and Iowa with its corn song have furnished the leit motif for other convention revels, but the honor this year was Nebraska’s.

On the subject of hog calling there are three schools of thought, which can be rendered phonetically in these letters of the alphabet:

Whoo-oo-i-ee!

Poo-oo-i-ee!

Poo-i-gg-ee!

Mr. Patzell, an expert on this item of Americana, prefers the first named, not from any prejudice of his own, but because he says that by actual test at the Omaha stock yards it brought the most hogs.

It was like celebrating Armistice Day, and Philadelphia was for it, just as the Philadelphia Legionnaires who told us to come said it would be. They joined the party in Broad Street. The show was theirs as well as ours.

Some of the boys were holding a reunion at a club in Locust Street. At three in the morning

there was a knock at the door of the room they were in. A gentleman was there, an elderly gentleman, a faithful representative of conservative Philadelphia society.

“Boys, I can’t sleep with all this fun going on next door to my house,” a bit ruefully, it seemed.

The boys said they were awfully sorry and would pipe down on the instant.

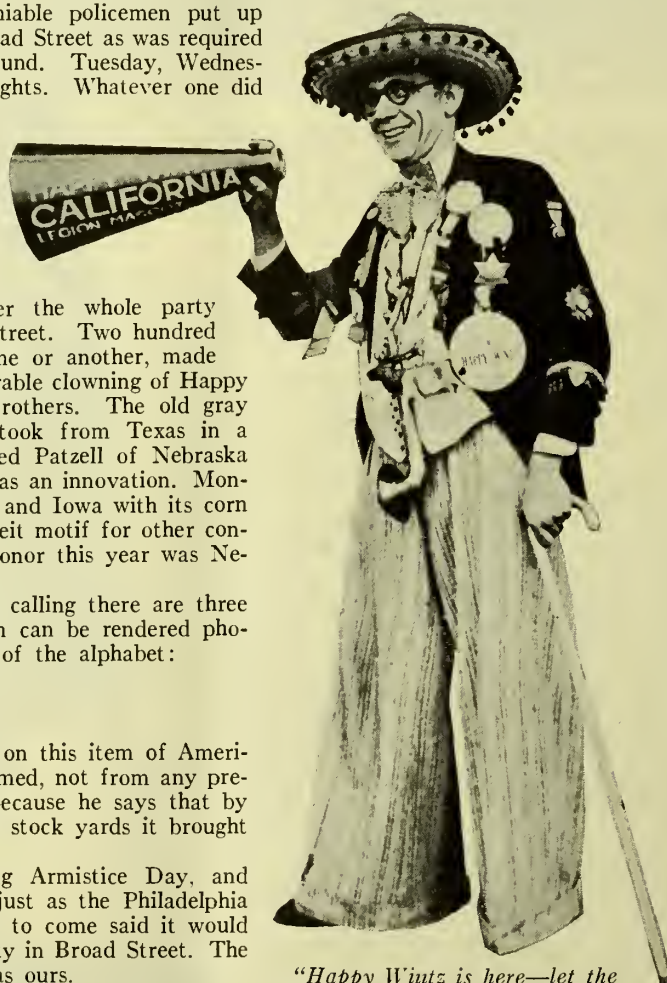
“But I don’t wish to sleep. I want the fun to go on, but I’d like to join you.”

On Friday afternoon the convention began to demobilize. The visitors went to their rooms and packed their grips, and tried to tell their Philadelphia buddies and other hosts about the royal time they’d had. The visiting bands played their last tunes on the march to the railroad stations. Chairs and rugs were restored to their places in the hotel lobbies. The proud old doorman at the Ritz said he regretted the end of the most eventful week of his life. That night Broad Street was still roped off—though there was no need of it on our account. In front of the Walton a Philadelphia band played the Merry Widow Waltz and a blockful of couples danced on the asphalt. Half of them were Philadelphians. This made us very, very happy we came.

Harry Gardiner paused over a midnight oyster stew at Curran and Meade’s in Chestnut Street to say goodbye to Happy Wintz and promise to be on hand next year to climb the Eiffel Tower.

And Harry Gardiner ought to have every chance in the world to climb the Eiffel Tower next year because The American Legion in Philadelphia put the final stamp of approval upon the arrangements which have been made for holding the Legion’s 1927 National Convention in Paris.

As everybody knows, there had been quite a bit of talk that the Paris con-



“Happy Wintz is here—let the convention begin!” said the old timers at Philadelphia

vention might be called off. Notwithstanding the fact that the Legion's France Convention Committee had arranged for the steamships to carry thirty thousand Legionnaires to France next September, notwithstanding the fact that the committee had reserved hotel accommodations in Paris for that many Legionnaires at that time, speculation had persisted in the newspapers right up to the time of the Philadelphia convention—speculation whether the Legion would call off all its elaborate plans and not go to Paris after all.

The Philadelphia convention demonstrated that the Legion is practically unanimous in its determination to go to Paris next autumn. The arrangements made by the France Convention Committee were approved and the committee was directed to continue its work. Evidences of the Legion's sentiment were the enthusiastic greetings the convention gave to Colonel Yves Picot, president of an organization of disabled French World War veterans, and to Jacques Truelle, another French disabled veteran who spoke as the official representative of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Both Colonel Picot and Monsieur Truelle told of the wonderful preparations the French Government, the French World War veterans' societies and French citizens generally are making to entertain the Legion next autumn.

Further evidence of the sentiment in Philadelphia was the applause which swept through the crowds watching the parade when the old French taxicab, veteran of the Marne, chugged along under its own power, its driver apparently a bearded poilu, but in reality one Sedley Peck, once of California, now a member of Paris Post of the Legion, who had spent months acquiring the whiskers which gave the final touch of seeming authenticity to his make-up.

Formal expressions of the feeling with which France awaits the coming of The American Legion next autumn were messages from Gaston Doumergue, President of France; Raymond Poincare, Premier; Aristide Briand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, which were read to the convention.

In adopting its resolution on the Paris pilgrimage, the Philadelphia convention cleared up any doubt which may have remained as to the legality of holding an American Legion convention outside the United States. It voted that the convention in Paris should assemble on Monday, September 19, 1927, remaining in session in Paris until Friday, September 23, and should re-convene in New York City on October 18th "to take action upon all reports, resolutions and other business, remaining in session in New York City until all the business of the convention has been disposed of."

The certainty that the 1927 convention would be held in Paris helped make the election of a new national commander one of the most exciting contests ever seen upon the floor of a Legion national convention. After twenty ballots had been

cast for five candidates without a decision, the convention, on the twenty-first ballot, elected to lead the Legion in 1927, and to head it on its pilgrimage to France next autumn, Howard P. Savage, of Chicago, former Commander of the Department of Illinois and, at the time of his election, National Executive Committeeman from Illinois.

Mr. Savage was born in Iowa, educated himself, and, after graduating from college, started work as an engineer of the rapid transit system in Chicago. He has risen to the post of general superintendent of maintenance of way of Chicago's great elevated system.

Mr. Savage entered service in the World War as a lieutenant, assigned to the Fifty-fifth Engineers at Camp Custer. He served with that regiment in France until the middle of 1919. His genius has expressed itself in his service for the Legion in

his own Department. He built up Elevated Post, composed of employees of the rail system for which he works, from fifty-four to 540 members. He was president of the Cook County organization of the Legion and Senior Vice-Commander of the State before filling the two highest offices of his Department. He is known for his unusual capacity for winning the loyalty of those whom he leads. In his speech nominating Mr. Savage, Ferre C. Watkins, recently elected Commander of the Department of Illinois, paid him a remarkable tribute

"I have attended many conventions," said Mr. Watkins. "I have seen touching ceremonies. But when a year ago he left us, fifteen hundred strong, sturdy men of Illinois stood in a ten-minute demonstration and with tears streaming down their faces pledged themselves to that Illinois leader, Howard P. Savage."

The election was mainly a test of endurance between the Departments supporting Mr. Savage and those lined up behind J. Monroe Johnson of South Carolina, a member of the National Executive Com-

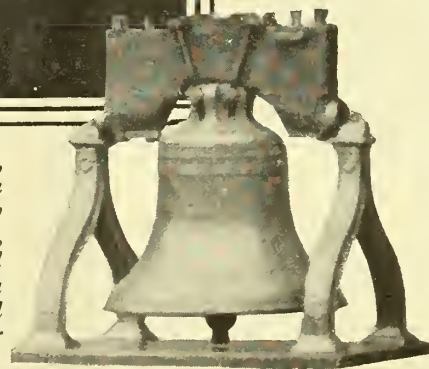
mittee and of the France Convention Committee. Mr. Savage received the solid support of most of the larger Departments, including Illinois, with sixty-four votes, Iowa with forty,

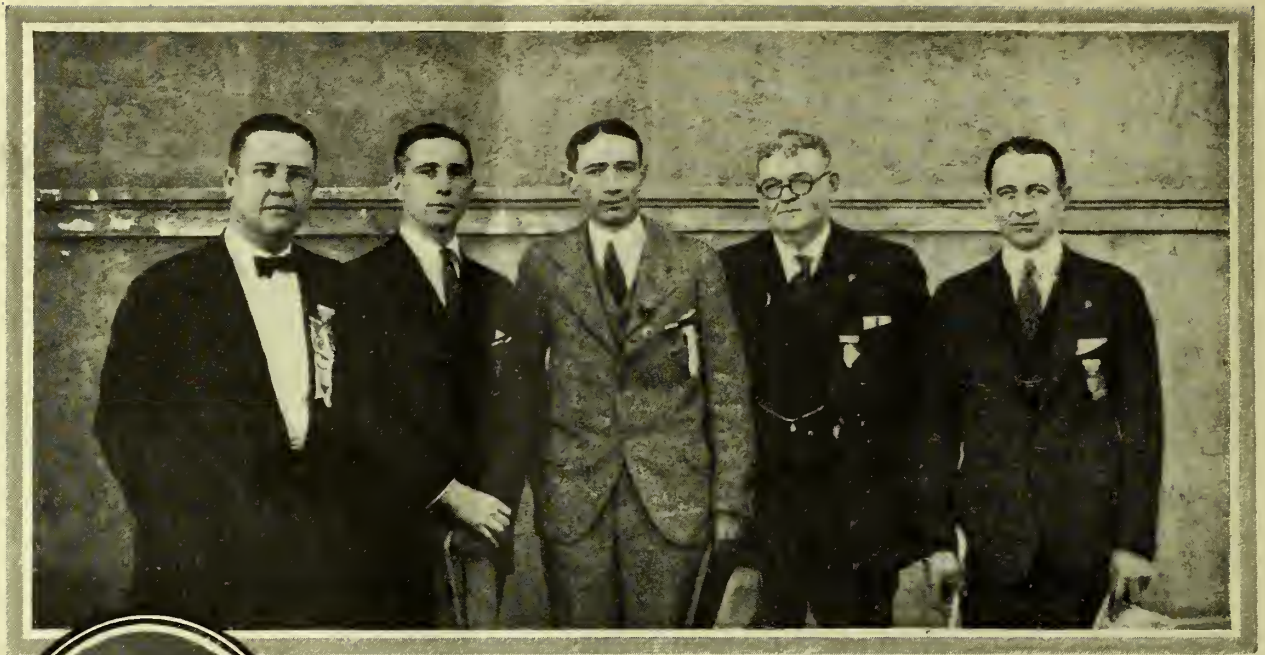
Massachusetts with thirty-eight, Michigan with twenty-three, Minnesota with thirty-three, New York with sixty-seven, Pennsylvania with sixty-one and Wisconsin with thirty-two. Mr. Johnson received on the first ballot the votes of forty of the fifty-seven Departments. On the twentieth ballot he still held the votes of thirty-five Departments, although splits had occurred in the votes of a few of the Departments which were supporting him.

The other contenders were Thomas Amory Lee, Past Com-



National Commander Howard P. Savage, known to his Illinois buddies as High Power—a photograph taken immediately after Mr. Savage's election. In corner, the replica of the Liberty Bell supplied by the Nebraska Department to make a loud speaker out of the well-known gavel used in calling the convention to order





Front! The National Vice-Commanders as they snapped into it for the camera man a few moments after the ballots had been counted. Left to right, John E. Curtiss, Lincoln, Nebraska; Stafford King, St. Paul, Minnesota; J. G. Sims, Maryville, Tennessee; John G. Towne, Waterville, Maine, and Tom Busha, Helena, Montana. In oval, the new National Chaplain, Reverend Joseph L. N. Wolfe of Philadelphia



mander of the Department of Kansas, Jay Williams, Past Commander of South Dakota, and E. E. Spafford, Past Commander of the Department of New York.

To those watching the balloting it seemed that Mr. Lee and Mr.

Williams were being kept

in the race by the hopes of their supporters that the convention would fail to get behind either Mr. Savage or Mr. Johnson. Mr. Spafford's name did not appear after the fifteenth ballot. On the twentieth ballot the vote was as follows: Johnson, 421; Savage, 491; Lee, 83, and Williams, 34.

As the twenty-first ballot was proceeding, Mr. Johnson took the platform and announced that he withdrew his name. He was quickly followed by Mr. Lee and Mr. Williams. Mr. Savage's election was then made unanimous.

The convention elected these National Vice-Commanders: Tom Busha, Helena, Montana; John E. Curtiss, Lincoln, Nebraska; Stafford King, St. Paul, Minnesota; J. G. Sims, Marysville, Tennessee; John G. Towne, Waterville, Maine.

Reverend Joseph L. N. Wolfe, pastor of St. Barbara's Catholic Church of Philadelphia, was elected National Chaplain. He served in France with the 109th Infantry of the 28th Division and was cited and decorated for bravery.

At a meeting of the National Executive Committee held after the National Convention, James F. Barton of Iowa was re-appointed National Adjutant. Robert A. Adams of Indianapolis was re-appointed National Judge Advocate, Robert H. Tyndall of Indianapolis National Treasurer and Eben S. Putnam of Massachusetts National Historian.

While the election of officers for 1927 and the final approval of Paris as the 1927 convention city

were the outstanding interests at Philadelphia, many other actions affect the Legion's activities during the coming year. Space will not permit a discussion here in detail of all the actions taken, and such a discussion would be superfluous since a printed copy of the summary of convention proceedings was mailed to every post of The American Legion immediately after the convention. More and more Legion posts have adopted the custom of holding a meeting at which the printed report of the national convention is read in whole or in part, so that post members may be made familiar with the tasks which the National Convention has set for the organization.

Some of the actions taken at the convention are of general immediate interest. For example, there was the selection of San Antonio, Texas, as the city in which the Legion's 1928 National Convention will be held. Miami, Florida, and Denver, Colorado, competed with San Antonio for the honor of being the 1928 convention city and Detroit, which had also been considered, announced that it would present an invitation for the 1929 National Convention. San Antonio was chosen after the convention committee on the time and place of the 1928 convention had reported it was unable to make a choice and had recommended that the convention itself vote on the cities presenting bids. A roll call was then held



The Forty and Eighter behind the smile is Charles A. Mills of Miami, Florida, the boxcar outfit's Chef de Chemin de Fer—commander in chief—for the new year



Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley of Menomonie, Wisconsin, (below), the business genius of the Auxiliary's poppy program, elected National President. Above, the five National Vice-Presidents: Mrs. J. Y. Cheney, Orlando, Florida; Mrs. C. E. McGlasson, Lincoln, Nebraska; Mrs. Walter B. Beals, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. J. E. Barcus, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Mrs. Walter L. Davol, East Providence, Rhode Island

and San Antonio, receiving the largest number of votes, was declared the choice.

Another convention action which attracted widespread attention and has been imperfectly understood in some quarters was the refusal of the convention to adopt a resolution in favor of a permanent court of international justice. The convention's committee on resolutions presented a resolution which, recalling the fact that the Legion in its 1925 convention at Omaha had adopted a resolution recommending immediate adherence of the United States to a permanent world court, urged that this recommendation be reaffirmed. Francis J. Good, chairman of the Resolutions Committee, urged the passage of the resolution on the permanent court, and a minority report was submitted by Harold Schradzki, Judge Advocate for the Department of Illinois during the past year. Mr. Schradzki contended that the world court proposal had become recognized as a political issue and was being exploited by candidates who favored or opposed it, so much so that any Legion action on the question would inevitably be hailed as support of or opposition to these candidates.

Gilbert C. Bettman, Past Commander of the Department of Ohio, contended that the world court question is a public one and not a political one, urging adoption of the resolution. Delegate M. D. Williams of Missouri said: "I am absolutely against The American Legion taking any position on any debatable political question at any time. In my opinion as a Legionnaire we will do very well in the future if we will attend strictly to American Legion business and cut out so much 'resolving'."

It was evident that in voting down the resolution, the convention took no stand either for or against a permanent court, but that it reaffirmed a policy which has been evident all through the Legion's history—that the Legion will not permit itself to be divided on controversial questions which are not strictly within the field of the organization's main interests.

As if to emphasize that its action on the permanent court of international justice should not be construed as a retirement of the Legion into a shell of isolation on public questions, the convention adopted another resolution calculated to make the Legion one of the nation's principal agencies for good citizenship. This resolution was as follows:

"Resolved, that every post be urged to use its facilities to create a forum for the full, free, open and two-sided discussion under non-partisan auspices of all public questions, . . . provided, however, that such discussion shall in no way commit the post or the Legion as an organization to any position or policy."

Another action testifying to the civic consciousness of the Legion and placing an obligation for action upon all the posts of the Legion was the unanimous adoption of the following resolution:

"That during the coming year the outstanding objective of The American Legion shall be community betterment, and to that end that each and every one of the more than 11,000 posts shall dedicate itself to accomplish that undertaking which shall in its judgment most advance the welfare of the community in which it exists, so that generally, during the coming year, we may exemplify the ideal of our organization expressed in the Preamble to our Constitution, of service to community, state and nation. . . ."

This resolution directed that National Headquarters prepare an outline of community activities in which posts may best engage and that careful records be made, nationally and in each department, of the results achieved by posts in community work.

Closely allied with the aims set forth in the community service resolution were several other actions of the convention; one authorized a continuance of the campaign of political education being conducted by the National Americanism Commission in conjunction with the National Civic Federation, the main purpose of the campaign being to get as many citizens as possible to take part in politics and to vote. Another directed a continuance of the Junior Baseball Championship series for boys, each Legion post to help organize baseball teams among the boys of its community,



the best teams of separate communities, districts and regions to compete in elimination tournaments and the tournament winners to play in the national series. The fact that four boys' teams representing communities in widely separated parts of the country took part in the first Junior World's Series played in Philadelphia during the convention aroused much new interest in the boys' baseball program.

Still another action, important from the standpoint of every individual post, was the adoption of a resolution directing the National Americanism Commission to draw up a plan by which Legion posts shall effectively co-operate with the American Red Cross in time of disaster or other emergency. The resolution called attention to the fact that the National Americanism Commission has prepared a handbook, "The American Legion in Time of Disaster," which gives directions for post procedure in time of great emergency. It recommended that every post perfect its own organization for rescue and relief work so that it will be prepared for action without delay if its community or one adjacent to it is overtaken by disaster.

The Philadelphia convention marked a turning point in the development of the Legion's child welfare program, because of the adoption of the policy that regional billets shall be discontinued eventually as temporary and permanent homes are developed in each State. The convention voted that the three existing billets be used only as clearing houses to care temporarily for children until permanent homes may be provided and that plans be prepared for the eventual disposition of the billets when their further maintenance shall be deemed inadvisable. The convention recommended that in each State efforts be made to obtain the enactment of legislation for the protection of all children, asserting that the enactment of this state legislation in States where it has not been provided is the most important aim of the Legion's child welfare program.

While the Legion's own convention was being held in the huge auditorium on the Sesqui-Centennial grounds, The American Legion Auxiliary was holding possession of the Elks Club in Philadelphia, only a few blocks from City Hall, and stray Elks who happened to wander into the building unawares found themselves surrounded by the brightly-garbed Auxiliaries from all sections of the United States. Especial brilliancy was given to the sessions of the Auxiliary by the attendance of many of the delegates wearing the scarlet capes and the scarlet caps of the La Société des 8 Chapeaux et 40 Femmes.

Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, retiring President of the Auxiliary, reported that the organization had increased its membership this year to 247,000, a gain of more than 43,000 members over the year before. Membership increased in forty-seven of the fifty-three departments.

The proposal which attracted most attention in the Aux-

iliary's convention was one brought forward by the Heredity Committee, a proposal that membership in the Auxiliary be opened to all lineal female descendants of World War veterans. The adoption of this recommendation would make of the Auxiliary a continuing organization much the same as the Daughters of The American Revolution. Action on this proposal was postponed until the meeting of the Auxiliary's National Executive Committee in January, 1927.

The Auxiliary convention voted to eliminate the historical service record which has appeared on the reverse side of the organization's membership application blank. The convention also made provision for the designing of a grave marker for use on the graves of members of the Auxiliary.

Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley of Menomonie, Wisconsin, was elected National President of the Auxiliary for the new year. Her election was largely in recognition of her remarkable record as chairman of the National Poppy Committee and as President of the Wisconsin Department in 1923. Mrs. Macauley reported sales of \$1,600,000 worth of poppies in all the States this year. In her year as Department President, Wisconsin's membership was increased by 3,500 members and the State rose from forty-seventh place in percentage increase to first place.

Mrs. Macauley is the wife of Judge J. W. Macauley and is the mother of a son, Robert Henry. She is a member of many other women's organizations. An ancestor came to America on the Mayflower and early members of her family founded Springfield, Massachusetts.

The vice-presidents elected were: Mrs. J. E. Barcus, Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. W. B. Beals, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. J. Y. Cheney, Orlando, Florida; Mrs. C. E. McGlasson, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Mrs. Walter L. Davol, East Providence, Rhode Island.

Following the Auxiliary's convention, the National Executive Committee elected as National Chaplain, Mrs. Mabel D. Stark, of Pittston, Pennsylvania, a gold-star mother. Miss Emma Hadorn was re-elected National Treasurer. Mrs. Frank Fleming, Augusta, Georgia, was elected National Historian. Mrs. Lucy Boyd, of Indianapolis, was re-appointed National Secretary.

Philadelphia being the cradle city of the Forty and Eight, the Seventh Promenade Nationale of the Legion's fun-making society fittingly proved to be the best ever held by the box car voyageurs from all parts of the United States. With business sessions held in a club in the business center of Philadelphia, with a night parade in which thousands of fantastically-costumed Forty and Eighters marched and drove locomotives and box-cars, with a huge initiation held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia had a good chance to learn just how much the Forty and Eight counts in Legion affairs. Forty and Eight chapeaux were everywhere.

Reports submitted to the convention showed that Forty



One imagined that even the bronze statue of William Penn, atop the City Hall, thrilled as the bands and the flags passed by below and the dirigible TC-5 hummed overhead

and Eight membership this year had increased to 32,449 and that eighty-two new voitures had been chartered. Ohio was awarded a bronze statue as a prize for obtaining the largest number of new members. Illinois was second in the prize membership contest. Voyageur William C. Mundt of Bloomington, Illinois, who signed up 509 new members, was awarded first prize, a plaster statue, in the individual member-getting contest.

Charles A. Mills of Miami, Florida, was elected Chef de Chemin de Fer, to lead the Forty and Eight in the coming year. Sous Chefs de Chemin de Fer elected were: Spence S. Eccles, Logan, Utah; Pelham St. George Bissell, New York City; A. Squillacioti, Boston, Massachusetts; Dr. David Townsend, National Sanatorium, Tennessee; Frank W. Kee, Chicago, Illinois; Harry J. Hinck, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Other national officers elected were:

Correspondant National, Charles W. Ardery, Indianapolis, Indiana; Commissaire Intendant National, N. Carl Neilsen, Seattle, Washington; Avocat National, John P. Conmy, Fargo, North Dakota; Conducteur National, S. C. Crockett, Montgomery, Alabama; Gardes de la Porte Nationaux, Harry Cochran, Elkhart, Indiana, and Dr. J. Iredell Wyckoff, Merchantville, New Jersey; Historien National, Paul J. McGahan, Washington, D. C.; Aumonier National, Reverend Father E. J. Gracey, Lakewood, Ohio, and Comis Voyageur, Sedley Peck, Paris, France.

A remarkable membership increase was reported at the national convention of La Société des 8 Chapeaux et 40 Femmes, the newest of Legion-affiliated societies. Mrs. J. E. Barcus, retiring secretary, reported that, starting with a membership of 146 at last year's national convention, the society grew to 500 members in six weeks and had enrolled several thousand members of the Auxiliary during the course of the year. The convention voted not to seek formal indorsement from The American Legion Auxiliary at Philadelphia, but to continue organization efforts in all the States. It contributed \$200 to The American Legion Auxiliary Unit of Paris (France) Post for use in assisting war orphans.

The following new officers of the 8 and 40 were elected: Le Chapeau National, Mrs. Freda Kramer, Madison, Wisconsin; Les Demi Chapeaux, Mrs. Charles Seymour, Binghamton, New York; Mrs. Francis Laughlin, Orlando, Florida; Mrs. Alice Gill, San Francisco, California; Mrs. Marion Doob, Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. Bertha Lawrence, Hiawatha, Kansas; Secretary, Mrs. Lillian Ludlow, Westfield, New Jersey; Treasurer, Mrs. Bulah Donovan, Rochester, New York; Historian, Mrs. Hazel Dudgeon, Welch, West Virginia; Master of Ceremonies, Mrs. J. R. Irwin, Paris, France; Sergeant at Arms, Mrs. J. E. Whitmire.

Three new national trophies, offered by Past National Commanders, were awarded to Departments at the Philadelphia convention. The James A. Drain trophy, offered to that Department having the most outstanding record of service to community, State and nation, was awarded to Wisconsin. The John G. Emery trophy was awarded to Delaware as the Department having the highest percentage of membership thirty days before the convening of the convention as compared with its average membership for the four preceding years. The John R. Quinn trophy was given to West Virginia in recognition of that Department's sportsmanship in yielding to Idaho the

Henry D. Lindsley trophy which had been awarded to West Virginia on a technicality in the membership contest which ended March 1, 1926.

Idaho received the Lindsley cup on the platform of the convention hall where all the cups were handed to the winning Departments by National Commander John R. McQuigg. The other National Commanders' cups were awarded as follows. The Frederick W. Galbraith trophy, to the Department of Florida, for the best convention travel record; the Franklin D'Olier trophy, to the South Dakota Department for enrolling the highest percentage of the eligible service men of its state; the Milton J. Foreman trophy, to the Department of Wisconsin, for winning the annual inter-department rifle match; the

Hanford MacNider trophy, to the Department of Idaho, for attaining the highest percentage of membership over its last year's membership.

The Philippine Islands won the North Carolina Department trophy, offered each year to the Department outside the United States enrolling the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership.

The Department of Minnesota won the "Little Brown Jug," a trophy awarded each year in a Minnesota - Michigan contest to the Department enrolling the most members in advance of the first day of the new membership year.

Illinois won the cup which was offered as a trophy in the heavyweight membership contest which it fought out with New York and Pennsylvania. Illinois's membership of 57,000 represented an increase of ten thousand over 1925.

Symbolizing the victory of the Oklahoma Department over the Texas Department in a membership contest, Texas formally transferred the Old Gray Mare to Oklahoma in a ceremony held in front of the convention platform.

In his report to the convention, National Commander John R. McQuigg reported that the Legion's membership on September 11th, was 673,229, which was 79,614 more than on the corresponding day in the year before. Mr. McQuigg also reported that the Legion's membership was larger than it had been at any time since December 31, 1922. The convention gave a share of credit for the big membership gain to three Legionnaires who were awarded highest honors in the individual member-getters contest. Frank B. Gigliotti of Rome (Italy) Post was awarded the first-prize medal. He was credited with getting 1,310 members. William C. Mundt of Bloomington, Illinois, was winner of second place. He enrolled 901 Legionnaires. Fritz Blumenthal, in third place, had a record of 763 members for the year. (Continued on page 58)



The Queen of the Florida Float, Miss Louise Otter, of Miami, and Mrs. Carl Fisher, of the Auxiliary Unit to the Oshkosh (Wisconsin) Post, wearing one of the "Oshkosh b'gosh" jumpers. Everybody else from Oshkosh wore one



KEEPING STEP

THERE are eighteen posts in the New Mexico Department of the Legion in which the Johns and Bills and Georges who make up a good percentage of the names on post rollcalls elsewhere are lacking. These posts are composed solely of Spanish-speaking World War service men, according to Bronson M. Cutting, Department Adjutant. And Mr. Cutting adds that in eighteen additional posts in his department practically all, although not quite all, of the members speak Spanish. A study of the names of post officials shows these given names: Nicodemus, Jose, Jesus, Demetrio, Pedro, Juan, Pablo, Refugio, Gregorio, Benito, Tiburcio, Canuto, Onecimo, Fidel and Liberto.

I TAKE pleasure in calling to your attention another unusual post of the Legion—John H. Slaughter Post of Springerville, Arizona," writes A. J. Dougherty, Past Commander of the Department of Arizona. "This post is located at a summer resort—a small center—in the midst of eighteen hundred square miles, from which it draws members. During my visit to Springerville as Department Commander, from forty to fifty men assembled for a banquet, and they came from twenty miles around. The post has already landed as members almost every cow puncher in the eighteen hundred square miles who served in the World War.

"Raymond A. McKelvey, post commander, is a disabled veteran with a delightful family who is making a gallant struggle to come back to health after spending many hours in the North Sea where a German submarine had knocked the bottom out of his happy home, a sub-chaser. Just as an example of the spirit of the post and its commander, here's an extract from a recent letter:

"We landed another new member. He lives eighty miles

from here, away up in the Mangus District, and we had to go after him on horseback. There seems to be one other place about twenty-nine miles out of Springerville where, we believe, there are a couple of cow-punchers who are eligible—and I believe when we get them we'll have them all."

A one hundred percent post in the midst of eighteen hundred square miles! Isn't that something to challenge the 1927 member-getting efforts of posts which don't have to go after them on horseback. Can any other post cite a better mopping-up record?



The Legion's Paris Convention next year will mean Old Home Week to Mrs. Otis S. Powell and her two daughters, Jacqueline Marie (left) and Andrée Lorraine. Mrs. Powell, who was Mlle. Andrée Marie Martinot, is a native of Nancy, and the daughter of a captain in the famed Chasseurs Alpins. Mrs. Powell and her two daughters are all members of the Auxiliary Unit to Hempstead (New York) Post of the Legion

WHEN the executive committee of Richland Post of Columbia, South Carolina, held its first meeting in 1926, it celebrated the fact that for the first time in its history the post was out of debt. Then somebody happened to mention the fact that, while the post had kept on year after year building up its own membership, it hadn't done anything else which would cause people outside to think well of it. What could the post do that would exemplify the spirit of Legion service? After considering a number of suggested undertakings, the post finally voted to erect an American Legion shack at the Ridgewood Camp of Richland County Tuberculosis Association. Shack isn't a very good word to describe the building which Richland Post provided. Photographs show that it is a staunchly-built little cottage. And Legionnaire Ellison Capers, who is secretary of the State Board of Public Welfare, writes:

"The shack, complete and furnished, cost approximately \$2,000. Richland Post paid out \$1,500 and the balance is represented by gifts.

We built the shack according to the specifications and regulations of the camp, but we placed in it a great many things not found in other shacks at the camp—a radio and a victrola being examples. Since erection the shack

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has been occupied a good part of the time by service men, pending completion of their hospitalization arrangements by the Veterans Bureau."

WHAT American Legion post banner was the first to be taken from the United States to the battlefields of France? Donald F. Duncan Post of St. Joseph, Missouri, claims this distinction for its own post banner and it cites the fact that on July 4, 1925, the post banner was draped on the monument erected by the State of Missouri at Cheppy in the Argonne to commemorate its sons' service in the 35th Division. The banner was carried to France by the post chaplain, Reverend S. D. Bartle, who was commissioned by the post to visit the battlefield in France to hold a memorial service. Chaplain Bartle was assisted in his ceremony by representatives of Paris (France) Post.

IN Alexandria, Virginia, the old Presbyterian Church cemetery, hidden from the daily sight of the city, had been neglected. No burials had been made in it for several scores of years. When men had ceased coming to it to tend the graves nature began to try to hide the evidences of their thoughtlessness. Fallen branches of trees, a dense thicket and tall weeds hid most of the ancient headstones from sight. So it was until recently, when Alexandria Post of The American Legion decided that those who lay buried in the old cemetery

deserved more than usual care from present citizens of Alexandria. The Legionnaires cleared the fallen timber, cut the underbrush and weeds, and lifted headstones which had fallen. They made of the cemetery a pleasing spot, where citizens, reading the inscriptions of the headstones, could take thought of the earliest days of the United States. For among the graves saved by the Alexandria Legionnaires from eventual loss are those of John Carlyle, one of the founders of Alexandria and quartermaster general of Braddock's army; Dr. Craig, Washington's personal physician and surgeon general of Washington's army during the Revolution, and many other notables.

WE played Santa Claus to twelve hundred and fifty children last Christmas," reports W. C. Wilson, Historian of Exeter (California) Post, who suggests that other posts might get some help in planning their Christmas activities this year from the experiences of his own outfit. He adds that Exeter Post has seventy members in a town of 2,600 persons and that "what we did, almost any post could do."

"In our work we supplied forty-seven Christmas trees to homes which otherwise would have lacked them and we decorated our town with one hundred and twelve small trees and a large community tree," says Mr. Wilson. "The post commander named five members on a Community Christmas Committee. This committee invited every organization in Exeter to send a representative to a special meeting. In thirty minutes



The American Legion Auxiliary is Santa Claus's quartermaster, as proved by this photograph showing the gifts thirty-three Texas Auxiliary units gave to service men patients in William Beaumont Hospital at El Paso last Christmas

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all the plans were made and approved at this meeting and everybody waited to know his part of the job.

"Several weeks before Christmas, Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary traveled on trucks to the mountains fifty miles distant. United States Forestry officials helped us obtain one hundred and sixty small pine trees and one large tree, forty feet high. We erected the big tree and decorated it with lights and ornaments. We placed the small trees at fifty-foot intervals along the business streets, fitting them into the holes which had been made for flag-poles in our system for uniform flag decorations. Merchants decorated the trees which were placed in front of their stores, and each tried to have his tree look better than the rest.

"Three Sunday schools and one grammar school took charge of the celebration on Christmas Eve. Two women's organizations made 1,500 pop-corn balls. The town council donated \$25 and placed a truck at the Legion's disposal. Other organizations and many individuals were generous in giving money and materials we needed. The Auxiliary Unit did the work of sacking the candy and fruit.

"For the celebration on Christmas Eve a temporary platform was built at the base of the tree. Our program was just the kind any post would give—singing of carols by the children, the arrival of Santa Claus in an automobile camouflaged as a sleigh and appropriately decorated, the distribution of the bags of good things to eat, and so forth.

"The entire affair won praise from everybody in town and our post got more satisfaction out of it than from anything else we ever attempted. I am telling about it in the hope that other posts which may have passed up the opportunity of taking leadership in providing a Community Christmas celebration may be reminded to do so this year."

CECIL Post of Elkton, Maryland, isn't

the first American Legion post to establish a free ambulance service for its community, but Thomas H. Bartilson, post historian, believes that what his post of ninety-six members has done may possibly suggest a new activity to some other posts. "Cecil Post," relates Mr. Bartilson, "raised \$7,500 in its com-

munity in a single month to make possible the purchase of the ambulance. The ambulance was badly needed because there was no ambulance nearer than Wilmington, Delaware, or Baltimore, Maryland. The people of our county acclaimed our enterprise. The schools, fraternal orders, women's clubs, the Red Cross, industrial plants, all helped in our campaign.

"In the first three months of operation the ambulance made forty-three trips, including trips to Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia. The service is free to the people of the county, its maintenance depending upon donations, and expenses have

been kept down to an extraordinarily low point because the Legionnaires who man the ambulance serve without pay. The post has been divided into driving crews of six men, with a chief in charge of each crew. Each crew is on duty for a month at a time. The post feels that it is more than repaid for the time and energy it gives to the ambulance service by the feeling which its work has inspired among citizens of its county."



Chief J. J. Snow of the Iroquois Tribe of New York State (left), who served in the Y. M. C. A. during the war, meets by chance I. B. Mitten, of Batavia, New York, a brother Iroquois—chance meeting number nineteen thousand, eight hundred and forty-one at the Philadelphia National Convention

IN Waterville, Maine, as in every other town and city in the United States, anxious parents had been wondering what more could be done to make children careful while playing in the streets and while exposed to the hundred and one perils elsewhere which modern children must face. In the days when whaling ships were using Maine's ports, no father or mother had to pay much attention to romping boys or girls. A horse would run away once in a year, perhaps, but there was no constant traffic danger to claim a growing death toll of the unwary. But in this day, every mother is haunted by visions of heedless childhood dashing under swift wheels. The automobile has become the juggernaut of childhood.

George N. Borque Post of Waterville, sensitive to the needs of its community, concluded it

ought to do something to try to reduce the number of traffic accidents. It borrowed an idea which had worked in Worcester, Massachusetts. It organized the Waterville Safety Club, open to all children of school age. After quite a bit of newspaper publicity, a pledge was published in the newspapers. It was

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announced that any child signing the safety pledge and handing it to his teacher would be given a badge provided by the Legion. He would be permitted to wear the badge as long as he was careful. If a child wearing a badge was observed playing carelessly—dashing across a busy street without looking both ways for automobiles, for instance—the badge would be withdrawn, to be re-issued only when his teacher advised.

All Legionnaires became leaders in enforcing the safety badge idea. So did the members of the police and fire departments, the school teachers, parents and many of the older school children. There was a noticeable decrease in hooking rides, playing marbles in the streets, promiscuous snow-balling and the like.

"The idea appealed to the gang instinct in the youngsters," reports H. C. Marden, Chairman of the post's Safety Club Committee. "Our city has 16,000 inhabitants, and 660 children enrolled in the Safety Club the first day the pledge appeared in the paper. The second day enrollment jumped to 1,330. On the third day it was 2,048, and on the fourth day it was practically 100 percent of the children in the primary and grammar schools. The newspaper printed the names of the children enrolled each day.

"In connection with the campaign we conducted a slogan contest, offering prizes for the best slogan based on the letters A, B and C. The best slogans submitted were: 'Always Be Careful,' and 'A Better Community.' After the slogan contest ended we held a parade in which 4,000 children marched.

"One result of our work has been the adoption of a course in safety education to be given in the schools, from kindergarten to seventh grade. As another outgrowth of the campaign for children, we conducted a campaign to promote more careful driving."

TWELVE thousand persons attended the aerial circus held at Garden City, Long Island, New York, under the auspices of the Nassau County Committee of The American Legion. Evidencing governmental appreciation of what the Legion is doing to promote aviation, Assistant Secretary of War Hanford MacNider, Past National Commander of the Legion, and F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War in charge of aviation, flew from Washington to attend the circus. The events included three races, a pursuit formation demonstration, parachute jumping, sky-writing and the catching of a baseball dropped from a speeding plane at a high altitude. The profits from the aerial circus will be used by the Nassau County Com-

mittee to endow several beds in a Long Island hospital and to finance the post's relief work among needy veterans and their dependents.

LEGIONNAIRE Gayle H. Somers is a teacher of history in the high school at Fostoria, Ohio. "It is my personal opinion," writes Mr. Somers, "that every veteran who is a teacher should be commissioned in the Officers Reserve Corps. I hold a commission in the infantry and have helped several other teachers in receiving reserve commissions.

"In the World War I saw boys and girls who had been my students in a little country school serving as volunteers. It was one of the proudest moments of my life when a battery was passing me and a soldier waved his cap to me and called: 'Hello there, teacher.'

"I do not want to see any more war and I tell my class that in just so many words. I believe the question of world peace is at once the biggest ideal and the most sinister threat that the world has ever attempted to weigh. In the history classes here during the past two years we have studied the proposition very carefully from all angles. This year seventeen boys

in the history classes signed up to go to the C. M. T. C., with the idea of completing the four-year course and receiving commissions eventually.

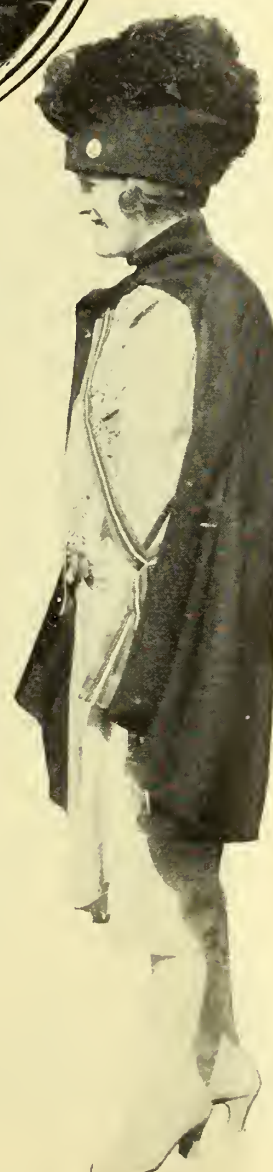
"Now and then a parent objected to having a boy go because of purely pacifist reasons. I always made a personal call in such a case and explained to the father and mother the purpose of the National Defense Act. In nearly every case the boy went to camp."

ANY American Legion post which has used the full ritual found in the Legion's Manual of Ceremonies in initiating new Legionnaires knows the solemnity of the initiation. Candidates who have entered Rainier-Noble Post, Seattle, Washington, this year have had especial reason to recall their initiation ceremonies, because those ceremonies were conducted by an initiation team composed of four judges of the King County Superior Court—Charles P. Moriarity, Malcolm Douglas, Charles H. Paul and John A. Frater. This judicial initiation team has also conducted initiation ceremonies for many other posts in the Department of Washington.

HERE is some news which will interest the scores of Legion posts which are operating rifle clubs. Next year at Rome the team of the National Rifle Association will try to win (Continued on page 60)



Sedley Peck of Paris Post, with the beard he grew in order to look genuinely French, driving one of the original Battle of the Marne taxicabs in the Philadelphia parade. Below, Mrs. Freda Kramer, of Madison, South Dakota, elected Chapeau National of La Societe des 8 Chapeaux et 40 Femmes



THEN AND NOW

*Identification of Unknown Dead—
A Former A. E. F. Chorus Girl Makes Report—
Outfit Reunions in Paris will Vie with National Conventions—*

IF OUR recommendations bore any weight, we would suggest that citations be issued to those Then and Nowers who have responded to the requests for information regarding comrades lost or killed in action during the war and regarding cases of unlocated dead listed in this department. We have stated before, but it bears repeating, that this is a service which only service men can render and we know that we can count on the continued co-operation of our readers. The office of the Quartermaster General has asked our assistance in the following additional cases:

First Division and 35th Division: Identification of the bodies of four unknown American soldiers who were killed the latter part of September or the first part of October during the drive in the vicinity of Baulny is sought. The four men in question were buried in a valley near Exermont in the cross-road section of an unimproved cross-road, two branches of which lead to Chaudron Farm and Baulny. There were two rows of burials in this temporary cemetery, the first row containing twenty-three graves and the second thirty-three graves. The bodies in the second row are the ones in which the office of the Quartermaster General is interested. A Red Cross searcher's report on file from a former comrade states:

"We were going up to take positions on Hill 269 and when we were past Charpentry I was some fifty yards from Private Boyer, and as the enemy was shelling that area heavily we had scattered out and were resting. A shell dropped and exploded in a group of three men which killed him and his his two comrades." A high school ring with the inscription "M. H. S. 1910" was found on

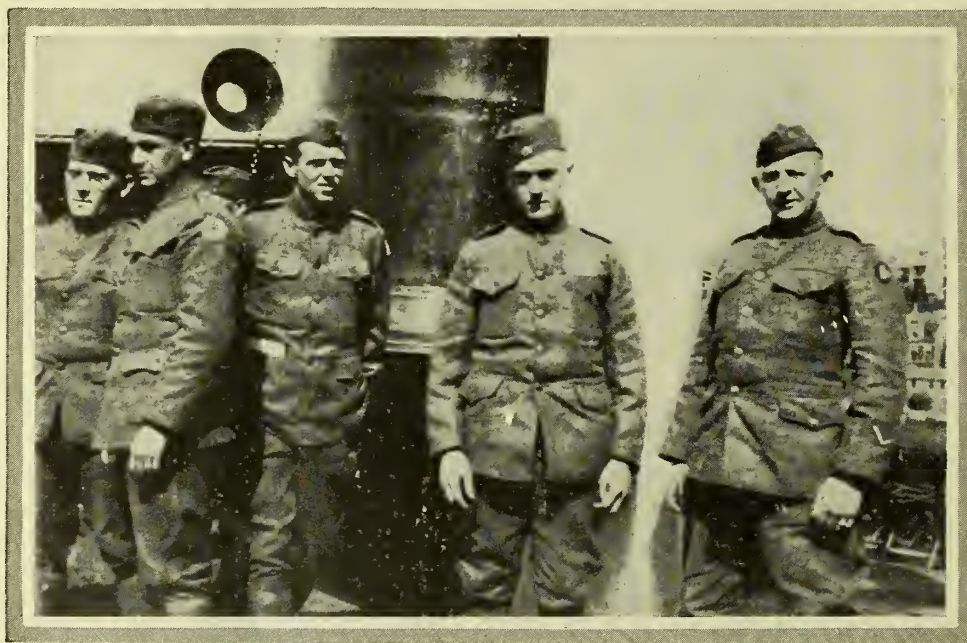
the unknown in Grave 16 of the second row above referred to; also a leather belt, leather gloves and evidences of leather puttees were found on the body, which was about five feet, ten inches in height, weighed about 160 pounds, with the right leg mangled below the knee, one upper front tooth broken off. The body of Private Lowell Boyer, Headquarters Company, First Machine Gun Battalion, was buried in Grave 17 of the second row adjoining.

The Cemeterial Division, Office of the Quartermaster General, is particularly anxious to have the following information:

Name of organization that made these burials; the name of the chaplain; the name of the soldier buried in Grave 16 as an unknown; whether the description of the unknown found in Grave 16 would fit Lowell Boyer, reported in Grave 17; names and organizations of the other two men killed by the same shell as Boyer and the nature of their wounds, also place of burial; place of burial of Lowell Boyer, also of Benjamin Rosen of First Machine Gun Company; name of any man of organization who was wearing a ring with the inscription "M.H.S. 1910," and possibly wearing leather belt, gloves and puttees.

Another case is that of an unidentified American soldier, presumably an officer, whose body was buried by the enemy, in United States uniform and overcoat, no shoes, face down, in a wood west of Fismes, Commune of Fismes, between the railroad track and the Vesle River near the Château du Diable. A small medal attached to a crucifix found on the body reads "Officers Iron Battalion U. S. R., Aug. 19, 1917, Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 15, 1917." The body was recovered in 1925 from the above location by the American Graves Registration Service, Q. M. C., in Europe. The inscription on the medal mentioned above evidently has reference to the school conducted

at Harvard University, Cambridge, by Colonel Azan of the French Army and a group of French officers. A course in trench warfare was given at Harvard by these officers to which especially selected reserve officers were sent immediately on their graduation on August 15, 1917, from the training camps. The members of this school, which developed a real esprit de corps, often referred to it as the Iron Battalion. It is hoped that



Who was the photographer of this group, which had its picture taken apparently while steaming up (or down) the Rhine? Note the little touch of German background at the extreme right. The negative, mailed to Mark A. Messner of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, meant nothing to him, and he wants to know. Note the Lorraine cross insignia of the Seventy-Ninth Division and also the mark of the Army of Occupation

some former member of this battalion will be able to furnish a roster of the men who composed it. The bodies found with this body were those of men who were reported missing in action the last part of August, 1918, and for whom no burial data had previously been located.

J. P. Foley of Youngstown (Ohio) Post of the Legion is asking the assistance of former comrades of Merle C. Alexander in obtaining first-hand information regarding this man's death. Alexander was killed in action at Château-Thierry on June 6, 1918, while serving with the Fifth Regiment of Marines, Second

Division. The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded posthumously for his valor in this action. The information is desired by his relatives.

Former members of Company I, Fourth Infantry, Third Division, are requested to furnish what information they have regarding the death in action of Corporal Ralph Alexander. He was killed on July 24, 1918, at five o'clock in the morning by a direct hit of an enemy 77 shell. His body has not yet been located. This request is made on behalf of Alexander's father, James W. Alexander of Moundsville, West Virginia.

IF difficulty is being experienced in locating and identifying the bodies of men who fought with American forces, consider the unknown American dead who fought with the French or other Allies before we entered the war. A case of this kind is reported in the following letter from Legionnaire Ray Anderson, minister of the First Presbyterian church in Wichita, Kansas: "Doctor Julian S. Wadsworth, Director of the Methodist Memorial at Chateau-Thierry, France, is desirous of communicating with some one who knew Lieutenant Manderson Lehr. Lieutenant Lehr was flying for the French on July 14, 1918, at Chateau-Thierry. His plane fell and he was killed. There is no record of him in Washington because he served with the French. The French records show him killed in action and unidentified. Doctor Wadsworth believes he has located this man's body and the plane in which he was killed and will be glad to get in touch with the man's parents or friends. He thinks that Lehr's home was in Kansas but is not sure."

According to a history entitled "The Lafayette Flying Corps" in our library, Manderson Lehr's home was Albion, Nebraska. He enlisted in the French aviation service on June 3, 1917, attained the rank of Sergeant and was at the front with the corps from November 21, 1917, to March 15, 1918. On March 15, 1918, he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the American air force but was attached to a French squadron from March 15 to July 15, 1918, on which latter date he was killed in action near Chateau-Thierry.

DID Comrade Martin J. Sheehan's request for information regarding the song "Somewhere in America She is Waiting for You," which he heard in an A. E. F. all-soldier review, bring any response? We'll say it did. Sheehan's hazy recollection that he had heard this song sung by the Mo-Kan Minstrels at the Palais de Glace in Paris is wrong, take it from Comrade D. D. Bachman of Chicago, formerly a private in Section 611 of the United States Army Ambulance Service with the French Army. And Bachman ought to know, because he was one of the chorus "girls" in "Let's Go," a (Continued on page 78)

The BULL'S EYE

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, humorist, actor, and screen star.



"BULL" DURHAM PREVENTS CRIME, says WILL ROGERS

AMERICA has solved the crime problem. We don't catch 'em.

They will hang you on circumstantial evidence, and acquit you on a confession.

A murderer engages his alibis now before he buys his Gun.

Robbers are shooting the ones now that haven't got anything. They claim their time is worth more than your life.

I had a friend held up and he borrowed some money from the robber, so he would have something to give him.

There is only one thing that will stop the crime in this country and that is that it will get so common that a decent crook won't care to stay in the business.

That's what is making the big travel to Europe these days. It is so they can be robbed by a new set.

Present robberies and killings are all by dope fiends and amateur sheiks, not a one of whom ever smoked "Bull" Durham. It takes a steady nerve to roll "Bull" Durham. Seeing a man use it is the surest sign that he is a real American.

Will Rogers

**You can't
smoke Taxes
—why pay
for them?**

The tax on 2 bags of "Bull" Durham is 2½¢. 2 bags of "Bull" Durham make 100 cigarettes.

The tax on 100 machine made cigarettes (5 packs of 20 each) is 6 cents per pack—30¢ in all. 13 times the tax you pay on 100 "Bull" Durham "Roll Your Own" cigarettes! And if you know tobacco you'll smoke "Bull" Durham anyway.

2 BAGS FOR 15c
**Make 100 of the
World's best
Cigarettes**



"Bull" Durham is the finest Virginia tobacco—properly aged and seasoned
"Roll Your Own"

"BULL" DURHAM
tobacco

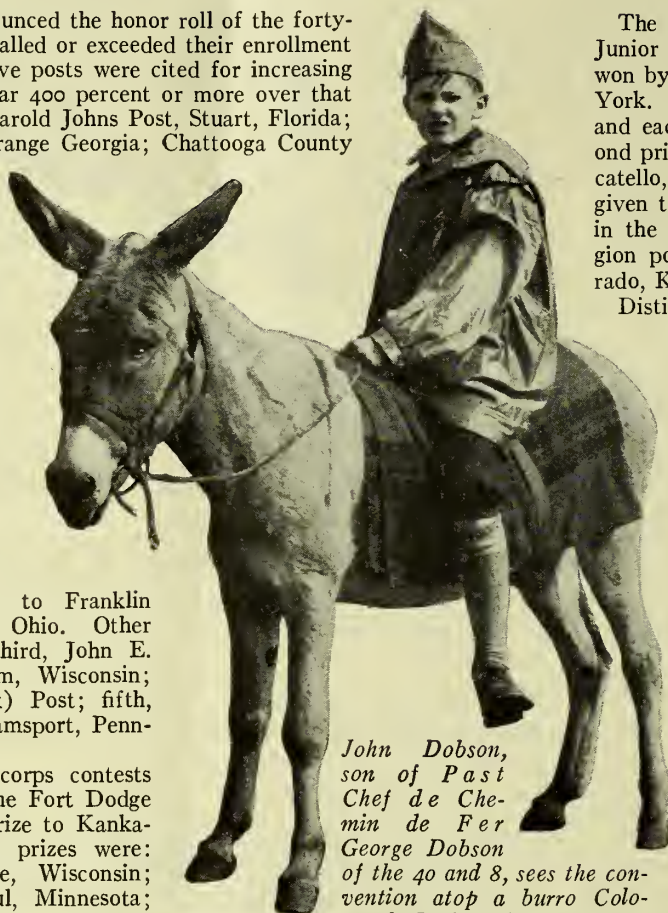
William Penn, We Are Here!

(Continued from page 51)

Commander McQuigg announced the honor roll of the forty-eight Departments which equalled or exceeded their enrollment of the preceding year. Twelve posts were cited for increasing their membership for this year 400 percent or more over that of last year. They were: Harold Johns Post, Stuart, Florida; Baxter L. Schaub Post, LaGrange Georgia; Chattooga County Post, Summerville, Georgia; Troy D. Barnett Post, Griffin, Georgia; Ware County Post, Waycross, Georgia; Rosedale (Kansas) Post; Roosevelt Aurora Post, Aurora, Illinois; Irwin Blix Post, Begley, Minnesota; Theodore Bazon Post, Moberly, Missouri; Beppo Arnold Post, Greenville, Mississippi; Amory (Mississippi) Post; Chris Hanson Post, McCook, Nebraska.

In the band contests, Monahan Post Band of Sioux City, Iowa, won first place. Second prize went to Franklin County Post of Columbus, Ohio. Other prizes were as follows: Third, John E. Miller Post of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin; fourth, Batavia (New York) Post; fifth, Garrett Cochran Post, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

In the drum and bugle corps contests first prize was awarded to the Fort Dodge (Iowa) corps, and second prize to Kankakee (Illinois) Post. Other prizes were: Third, Post 76 of Racine, Wisconsin; fourth, Post 80 of St. Paul, Minnesota; fifth, Post 326, Shelby, Ohio.



John Dobson, son of Past Chef de Chemin de Fer George Dobson of the 40 and 8, sees the convention atop a burro Colorado Legionnaires brought

The first prize in The American Legion Junior World's Series baseball games was won by the boys' team from Yonkers, New York. The team was awarded a silver cup and each player was given a medal. Second prize went to the boys' team from Pocatello, Idaho. Participating prizes were given to the two other teams which played in the series, the teams sponsored by Legion posts in Springfield, Ohio, and Eldorado, Kansas.

Distinguished speakers at the convention included Legionnaire John J. Pershing, Legionnaire Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, Admiral Robert E. Coontz, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Sergeant Alvin C. York and Peter J. Brady, who conveyed a message from the American Federation of Labor, which had been holding its annual convention in Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Brady, who is the head of a labor bank in New York city and one of the best known men in organized labor, told the Legionnaires in the convention that the Federation he represented had voted its endorsement of the Citizens Military Training Camp and of the Government's national defense policy.

"The importance of that action—its importance to you and its importance to us—lies in the



The Legion gentlemen from Mississippi and their ladies with top hats and crinoline bring an 1840 atmosphere into the hustle and bustle of the convention city

fact that The American Federation of Labor, through its officers, through its convention, is the only labor movement in the world that is standing as a solid and definite and positive part of its Government for the maintenance of that Government's supremacy," Mr. Brady declared.

Judge Landis, dictator of organized baseball, pleaded for united Legion support for the Junior World's Series baseball games in 1927. At a banquet during the convention week, attended by all the boys of the four teams which played in Philadelphia, the boys presented to Judge Landis a surprise gift—a box of his favorite golf balls.

Sergeant Alvin C. York in an address on the convention platform praised the conduct of Legionnaires in Philadelphia during the convention week. The convention voted its endorsement of the Alvin C. York Industrial Institute at Jamestown, Tennessee, the school which Sergeant York has founded for the education of the young people of the mountains about his own home.

In addition to the decisions made by the Legion's National Convention at Philadelphia which are mentioned earlier in this article, the convention took the following actions:

Instructed the National Commander to take steps to induce the United States Census Bureau to include on the next census blanks questions that will result in the compilation of the names and addresses of all service men in the United States, this compilation to be made public.

Revised rules for national membership contests, specifying that registered mail marks showing time returns were mailed shall be considered in relation to official closing date instead of the date of arrival at National Headquarters.

Opposed ratification of the Geneva gas protocol by the United States Senate.

Specified that after the 1927 national convention in Paris national conventions shall consist of three days instead of five.

Urged every Legion post to display on the walls of its post clubhouse or club-room a picture of Woodrow Wilson, Commander-in-Chief of America's forces during the World War, and directed that National Headquarters sell to posts pictures of a uniform size.

Made Bennett C. Clark of Missouri a Past National Commander of The American Legion, in recognition of his service as Chairman of the Paris Caucus in the organization's founding days.

Recommended the continuance and extension of the Legion's national radio broadcasting plan, each department to give an official program; a schedule of department programs and a set of general instructions prepared by radio experts to be distributed by National Headquarters.

Directed that a program of organization and membership increase be continued in the coming year.

Approved a report by the committee of Legionnaires (*Continued on page 60*)



Where campfire dreams come true

FRANCE CONVENTION

and CONVENTION TOURS

There's a Long, Long Trail over which we have often dreamed of sailing toward the realization of an abiding wish. In trench and dugout such dreams prevailed in the Long Watches of the Night. American soldiers saw something of the Old World in the days of their gallant strife. Now Peace casts its benediction upon a new-made world.

The Great Privilege of Peace is the freedom to travel over the pocked and pitted face of the world to the Ports o' Heart's Desire.

The France Convention of the American Legion will convene in the beautiful City of Paris on September 19th, 1927; the heart of the Legionnaire will thrill as he marches from the Tuilleries, through the noble Arc de Triomphe, on to that white and tranquil Field of Honor—the Long Trail's End.

But before and after the Convention, which closes on September 26th, legionnaires who have and who have not seen something of France, will wish to see the historic world around it—England, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Spain, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, Austria, Italy and beyond—a panorama of color and life beyond one's most avid dreams.

Whatever you legionnaires may have seen during the War is as nothing compared with what our world-wide organization—the world's largest and foremost Travel Service—can show you before and after the France Convention. We have plans of a legion of round-trip tours in all directions, occupying from two to six weeks and costing from

\$175.—up

to cover all expenses, transportation, hotels and excursions.

Send for our illustrated book of American Legion Tours and you will avail yourself of the greatest opportunity to explore Europe at its best season in leisure and comfort.

We invite you cordially to consult us freely

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ON FROM PARIS!

An unusual opportunity confronts those who will attend the Convention of the American Legion in Paris, September 17-25, 1927.

Thirty-two tours, all starting from Paris, have been planned to meet to the last detail the needs of the Legionnaire, his family and friends.

Most of these tours are classified, as to prices, in three grades, permitting ample leeway in expenditure. Even the most economical grade, assures good accommodations throughout and the Series A tours, although representing the last word in travel service, are surprisingly low in cost.

Itineraries include France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and Austria and provide for three modes of travel: private automobile, motor coach and rail. Special itineraries will be arranged for those desiring to take independent trips.

All sight-seeing will be done in limited groups, assuring efficient management and individual attention.

There are other advantages which those who take these tours will enjoy. A few strokes of your pen, an envelope, a stamp and in a short time Uncle Sam will be speeding the booklet giving full details on its way to you.

FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO.

(An American Organization)

**1440 Broadway
New York**

William Penn, We Are Here!

(Continued from page 59)

who attended the 1926 congress of FIDAC held at Warsaw, Poland, in September, the principal recommendations of the report being that adjustments of inter-allied debts be not permitted to disturb friendly relations among nations and that settlement of debts be made on principles taking into account the relative sacrifices sustained by each country in the common cause as well as financial and economic ability to pay.

Authorized the National Rehabilitation Committee to carry on vigorously a campaign for the reinstatement and conversion of Government insurance.

Approved a large number of recommendations of the National Rehabilitation Committee for changes in laws and regulations on insurance, disability compensation and ratings, hospitalization, vocational training and other matters under Veterans Bureau jurisdiction.

Reaffirmed the Legion's opposition to any modification of laws restricting oriental immigration.

Voted that Congress should be petitioned to make the flag code adopted by the conference of sixty-eight patriotic societies under the auspices of the Legion the United States official flag code.

Urged extension of health education and physical training for school children.

Recommended that the National Americanism Commission as one of its primary activities encourage the adoption of The American Legion School Award plan, under which medals are be-

stowed upon outstanding boys and girls of the graduating classes of grammar schools.

Demanded immediate passage of the Tyson-Fitzgerald Bill to give disabled emergency army officers of the World War the same retirement rights possessed by other disabled officers of that war.

Urged passage of the Johnson-Capper bill known as the Universal Draft Act, for the elimination of slackers and profiteers and as a measure of preparedness.

Expressed the Legion's resolute stand for military training in high schools, colleges and universities and pledged Legion opposition to pacifists, radicals and others who are endeavoring to stop this training.

Reaffirmed support of National Defense Act of 1920.

Recommended that Departments and posts use their influence to obtain construction of aviation landing fields in their communities.

Recommended appointment of a committee of nine Legionnaires to study the proposal of organizing for national defense one Government department with secretaries of equal importance for land, sea and air forces and for munitions.

Recommended the construction of submarines as one of the best and least expensive types of ship for general defensive and offensive operations, and adopted other recommendations for betterment of the Navy.

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 55)

back the championship of the world which it lost at St. Gall, Switzerland, this year when the Swiss team did a little better shooting. The title had been held by the Americans for the four preceding years. M. A. Reckord, Executive Vice-President of the National Rifle Association, asks us to pass along the word that it will cost about \$15,000 to send its team to Rome next year and any contributions will be gratefully received. Mr. Reckord's address is 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

THE Circulation Manager of the Monthly is a cavalryman. He first dug a spur from one of Uncle Sam's boots back in the Spanish-American War. Why walk when Uncle Sam will furnish a cheval? The Circulation Manager is a philosopher. Right now he has a plan which he thinks will save Legionnaires a quarter of a million hours—more or less—of unnecessary thinking. He believes he has devised the painless Christmas. No more worrying about what to give Uncle Bill or

Brother Tom for Christmas. No more worrying about what to give anybody. Simply send the Circulation Manager a dollar and the name of somebody on your Christmas list. Send ten dollars and ten names if you want to. The Circulation Manager will see that your Christmas gift of a year's subscription to the Monthly is properly announced to the person who gets it. And the January number of the Monthly, providing you send your order in time, ought to reach him on Christmas Day or thereabouts. There's a coupon on page 84 in this issue that will help you if you want to join the C. M.'s painless Christmas club.

JOHAN A. BOECHAT Post of Buffalo, New York, is one Legion post that doesn't believe that a post library should consist of antique numbers of popular magazines and the unpopular fiction works which are not good enough for anybody to carry home. Boechat Post, according to Commander R. P. Blakeslee, has gone a *(Continued on page 69)*

(Continued from page 13)

talking to Valentine about French children.

"You don't know how crazy I am about them. All the fellows are. They're so good, with their grave little manners."

Chadborn began hymning the children of the war in a sort of rhythmic prose he admittedly only used when very drunk. It was endless. It turned its attention to all generations who had anything to do with the war, and to death "that breaks the body from the exquisite soul."

No one was listening to him.

"Have you an exquisite soul?" he demanded of Maude. When she did not answer, he tweaked her hair. She squealed, and Mac told him to get to hell out of there.

He again began his grimacing in the mirror.

"Somehow I haven't the look," he sorrowed. "I suppose it's because I've never seen anyone killed; that must be a great help."

Mac stood up and eyed him as much as to say that he'd endured this insect about long enough.

"Is that supposed to be funny?"

"Yes, it was," Chadborn admitted, sloping into a gesture of humiliation.

"I've seen people killed," Mac said heavily. "I saw little Jack Potter killed who'd lived next door to me since we were kids. I used to lick him when I was a youngster—" his mouth worked queerly.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" Maude asked. When Valentine told her she said something no one but Valentine understood, something very gruff. It made Valentine pat her big, capable hand.

"We've all lost so many," Valentine explained. "When I was having my first love affair I knew seven boys, my friend's friends. They were sweet to me, like brothers. They're all dead. My friend died first, then the rest, one by one. We were so—so mad and so happy."

"I saw a chap killed," Tom said. "Mary Calder; we'd trained together for months. He was an observer. The pilot fell out doing a loop and Mary couldn't get into the driver's seat. He tried while he was falling. We stood and watched him; there wasn't anything we could do. He was way outside the machine trying to get in; he'd have done it, too, only his hand caught in a chain. It was the gamest fight you ever saw. Someone inside the Y. M. C. A. who didn't know was playing the piano, 'I Wish My Paw Was a Janitor Man.' And there we stood watching that."

"You needn't think seeing people killed is funny," Mac said, thumping back doggedly to his anger at Chadborn. "When the kid was killed a shell tore off both his feet. He sat yelling with pain, yelling with it. There wasn't anything heroic (Continued on page 62)

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HG3—Lady's 18K white gold, petal design, hand engraved, exclusively pierced; fiery genuine blue-white diamond. \$75.00 \$6.08 a month

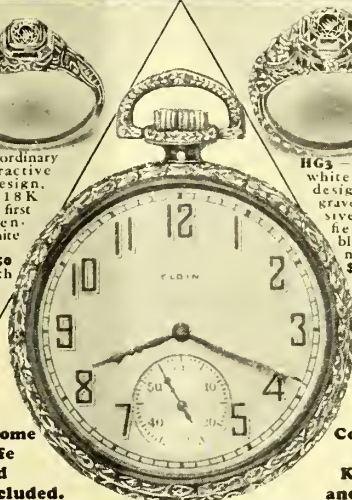


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Handsome Knife and Chain included.



HG6—Nationally known Elgin movement, thin model, 12 size, beautiful design, 20 year guaranteed green gold filled case, hand lettered silver dial; complete with knife and chain. Guaranteed, tested, accurate time-piece. \$17.95 \$1.33 a month



HG7—Unusual! Especially beautiful 18K white gold, Lady's Dinner Ring, 3 genuine blue-white diamonds and 2 genuine French-blue sapphires. \$42.50 \$3.38 a month

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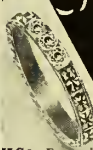
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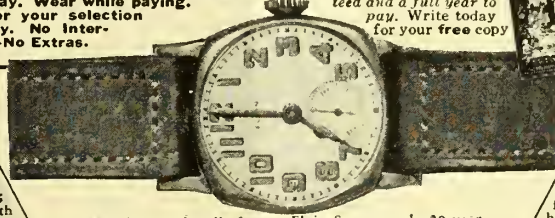
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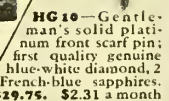
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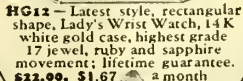
HG9—Men's nationally famous Elgin Strap watch; 20 year guaranteed green gold filled case. Radium dial for night use. Warranted tested, accurate time-keeper. \$24.50 \$1.88 monthly



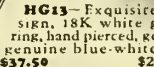
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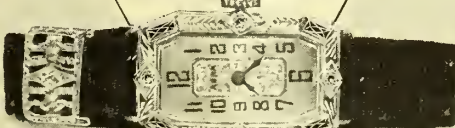
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BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

Wax

(Continued from page 61)

about it, he was hurt and he just had to give expression to—

"You needn't bellow at me like that," Chadborn almost screamed at him. "And you needn't turn on me, all of you. Do you think I don't know it's that way. What do you think I laugh for? I've suffered more imagining things than the lot of you put together. Stop nagging me, you damned fools. Shut up. Don't talk to me."

It seemed to Tom as though everything was a great deal better. Chadborn was crying, his face buried in his arms. Something was before Tom's eyes like mist rising from the earth on very hot days. Everything in the room had assumed the nobility of sculpture. He saw calmly and clearly, he was desperately happy.

Valentine leaned toward him, a lovely sleepy flower, cream color and coral. She kissed him, a brief, hot kiss, then again. He put his arms about her.

TOM was wakened by the ring of the telephone beside his bed next morning. Mac's voice greeted him when he answered it. Tom told him to come up, started the cold water running for his tub, brushed his very rumpled hair, and realized that he felt extraordinarily well.

Mac came in, musette at hip, ready for the train.

"Feeling all right?"

"Disgracefully so. Too healthy for a hangover, I guess. What happened last night?"

"I brought you here. You were pretty tight. Your friend wasn't pleased."

"Chad was right about her, wasn't he?"

Mac nodded his great head.

"What do you think about her?"

"She's a wonder. I wouldn't have guessed; I swear I wouldn't. She expects you to tea."

"Does she?"

"Going?"

"Of course. Damn it, Mac, wouldn't you?"

"You know I would. I just wanted to say—hell—you've never started that sort of thing. It's different over here, but when you get back in America—It's not worth beginning. I haven't any right to talk; only it's worth while keeping away from that sort of thing if you can."

"Thanks, Mac. Lord, that bath's going to be cold! I don't think I'll take your advice, but I appreciate it. We

don't know whether we'll go back to America; that's the point. Chad says people don't die who have life by the seat of the pants, but that isn't true. Look at Mary Calder. I told you about him last night, didn't I?"

"He was the one you saw killed?"

"He was smashed, Mac, so badly that they had to unply wires and cut things to get his body out of the wreckage; even after they'd cared for it, the coffin bled. It was just a pine box in the Y. M. C. A. I sat up with him part of the night."

"You knew him well?"

"We all did and liked him, Mac, but it was the loneliest thing in the world. There were just young men there all wanting to live themselves and forgetting him."

"It's a damned good way to die."

"I'm awfully material minded, I guess, but what I regretted most was that good fresh body of his, and all the things he'd missed."

"Well, it's up to you to decide, old man; I've got to be getting on—train goes at eleven thirty. So long."

They shook hands.

"Take good care of yourself, Mac."

"Good luck, Tom."

Tom tubbed and met Chadborn for luncheon at Paillard's.



MY nerves!" Chadborn greeted him.

"Do order luncheon, Thomas, but don't forget I'm in a delicate condition. What a success the party was! That admirable Vaudrin! I'm to see her Saturday. Such a robust girl, isn't she? And such reminiscent hair! Your Valentine is perfect. Did you—?"

Chadborn lifted an absurd and insinuating eyebrow.

"Mac took me back to the Ritz. I was very far under."

"Mac took you home? A duenna! Just the role for him, of course."

"Mac's a peach."

"You're seeing Valentine before you leave."

"For tea this afternoon."

"It is a perfect thing, this love affair. And both were young, and one was beautiful—only you're both rather beautiful."

"Mac thinks it would be a mistake."

"Oh rats, that's too much. Don't let such a moment slip by, it will remake the world for you."

"I don't see why I should. I'm not engaged or married or anything. There's no one it could hurt."

"You were wonderful last night, so

animal! I never saw you like that before. Mac makes me tired. He's, as bad as that old blue nose of a Ulysses."

"I never heard of anything very puritanical about Ulysses," Tom said.

"Why, don't you remember when he was going to sail past the rocks where the Sirens sunned themselves and sang he was afraid of what their singing would do to his men so he stuffed their ears with wax. That's what Mac's trying to do to you. I sometimes think that all our damned New England ancestors gathered from all the gardens of the world was wax to shut out the songs of the sirens."

"Will you do me a favor, Chad?"

"I daresay I will, but I shall be disagreeable about it."

"I've got a million things to do, new uniforms and a bunch of stuff to attend to. Will you drop around to the American Express and see if there's any mail there for me?"

"Having it addressed there is against regulations, I hope you know."

"I didn't; I suppose I'll be court martialed for it. Well, they've never forwarded and I've written three times. Will you go and get it and bring it to me at tea time? I'll get her to come to the Ritz with me instead of teeing at her place."

"I hoped to go with you and be tempted to buy boots, but I sacrifice myself. My beautiful nature! Perhaps it's the mushrooms. Mushrooms make me so emotional. They're playing Tosca to-night. Tosca and one's first love affair! You must go."

FOR some incommunicable reason of blood and flesh Valentine Daubigny felt more response to the look in Tom Henderson's eyes than she had felt before in her twenty-three responsive years.

The flowers he had sent her were on the piano when he came, cream colored roses flushed at the petal tips.

"I'm sorry I was drunk last night," Tom said, fingering his cap.

"I liked you like that. You haven't kissed me."

That was easily rectified.

"I like your kisses, without any moustache."

He laughed and kissed her again. Then he explained about his mail and meeting Chadborn. He could see that she was not pleased.

"Don't you like Chad?"

"Yes—but I like you best, all alone. Couldn't we stay here?"

Any one of Valentine's lovers would have thrown consideration of waiting Chadborn to the winds at such a word. Tom felt the responsibility of their going to fill the engagement he had made.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I told him to be there."

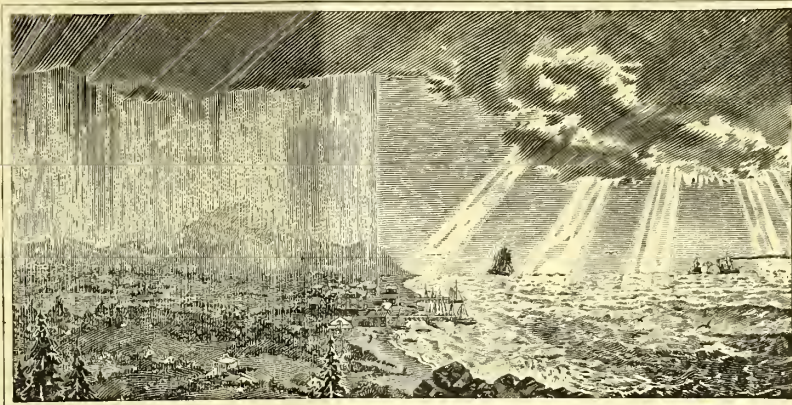
She realized that it tugged at her heart. It was as though she were his fiancée.

"You go away tomorrow?"

"Early, eight thirty-two."

"Just tonight," she said.

"Yes." (Continued on page 64)



Rain and Telephone Calls

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Wax

(Continued from page 63)

They kissed; parting seemed so soon.
"You'll be back again?"

"When I go through to the front. I've just got this monoplane course first."

"They're dangerous. Don't be hurt."
"I'll try."

They kissed again, then they went down to the street.

"Where can I find a taxi?" Tom asked, scanning the avenue.

"The concierge will call my car."

"Gad, that's marvelous. I didn't know you had one!"

It drew to the curb; she had the pleasure of a child showing a toy.

"But where in the world do you get the gasoline?" he asked, after he'd admired the trappings.

"My friend finds it for me."

"Your friend?" He said it gravely.

"He is an old gentleman" (that was rather a strong description of Henri's timid forty-seven years). "I am his mistress; didn't you know?"

"No."

"You mind?"

"Yes."

"I love you." The tightening of his grip on her hand had said it first.

Then they were at the Ritz.

Chadborn wasn't there. They found a table and ordered tea.

She had a little gold box with sugar enough for both of them; with lemon instead of cream they did very nicely.

They talked of her hat, and how ugly hats had been; and of her nose. She threatened to have it changed and he begged her not.

Chadborn arrived and after a bow and "Bon jour, Madame" began elaborating on his experiences.

"These tiresome people! Naturally they thought I was a spy trying to pry secrets from your family post. I became very eloquent, and made a rather Wilsonian speech, and finally they looked up the cause of the difficulty. It had all been forwarded but one letter which came after the rest had left. It's from your mother, I think."

"First one I've gotten, thanks immensely." Tom stuffed it into his pocket.

"Do you find him very spoiled?" Chadborn asked Valentine. "He is. It's been tremendously good for him. Why are spoiled people so attractive? I languished practically unnoticed until I went to college myself. Five sisters, great beautiful girls who bullied me! But at college I said something pert about economics and was recognized."

Valentine, completely inundated with his words, demanded of Tom what he

was saying and was told that it was not worth hearing.

"Do you find the Gothas entertaining?" he rattled on, "I wish we had the same cave; I'm sure you don't look like the women I have to stare at during those interminable raids. Really, I think they have none of the finer feelings."

"I've a pretty costume," Valentine said, "but I'm in such an ill temper; and so bored!"

"You wouldn't be if I were in the cave. I find that nothing makes me so brilliant as to get up at two o'clock and go to the cellar. I positively glitter," Chadborn knew why he wasn't being listened to.

He rose.

"When do you leave, Tom?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Well, please take care of yourself.

Don't do nose dives.

If you're sent over the lines land in some inconspicuous spot and explain that your motor broke down. I'm sure with your German you should be a great success as a prisoner. Learn to whistle *Die Wacht Am Rhein* to mollify anyone who tries to be disagreeable."

"All right."

"You were abominable to me last night; but I forgive you, I forgive you. It gave

me a real emotion. I'll send you a copy of my war book when it appears: 'Tea Rooms of the Entente.' Good bye, Madame, may I call?"

Valentine would be very pleased.

Tom held out his hand.

"Good bye, Chad, it's been bully to see you."

Chadborn took his hand, said nothing, and Tom looking up saw a queer twisted expression on his face. He gripped the hand hard, and Chadborn said, "I can't think of a good exit," and went quickly.

There was the Bois for Valentine and Tom, with the trees spectral in the silvery blue of dusk; then the Champs Elysées, the Arc de Triomphe a gray monster, an occasional light, yellow and dim as a firefly, then Voisin's for dinner, and after dinner *Tosca*.

They sat very close. Mario's voice had a passionate, disruptive note in its beauty, like tearing cloth, Tom thought irrelevantly. And when it was all over, they were like young, wild things, breathless and eager.

Outside was the confusion of motors and darkness. The apartment was near. A rose colored lamp lighted the drawing room dimly.

"There is cold chicken and champagne," she said. Neither of them was hungry.



He put his arms around her; her hand crept up to his cheek.

"Wait," she said, and left him with one of her short, hot kisses on his lips.

He got out a cigarette, touching on the letter in his pocket as he did so; he was ashamed to have forgotten it.

IN her room Valentine slipped from her sober frock into something sea colored and exquisite that swirled about her foam-whiteness like a wave. There was a peacock worked barbarically in tarnished gold at the breast; and another on the long train. She knew as she looked at her bright hair and nacre shoulders that she was headily lovely.

She had left a young adventurer holding out his arms to life and love; she came back into a room where a homesick boy sat newly under the sway of a Puritan tradition something over two hundred years old.

"Am I pretty?" she asked.

He didn't answer; he got up, pale and awkward, with his cap in his hands.

"I've got to go," he said.

"Go," she echoed, wondering if the word had some meaning she hadn't learned.

"To the hotel," he told her. "I can't stay."

She was helpless in her mystification.

"Mais—je ne comprende pas."

"I've never stayed with a woman like this. It— isn't right. I've got to go."

"I thought you loved me."

He couldn't think of anything to say; began stuttering some kind of thanks for her kindness.

"Don't go," she begged, sincere from the bottom of her heart. "Stay with me, don't go."

Awkwardly, unbelievably, he had already gone.

SHE never understood it, never could. The only reasons her vanity let her give herself were not pretty. The true one, the shock of two civilizations that had taken place in her rose-lit drawing room was as far from her conception as its embodied expression lying in Tom Henderson's pocket.

My Precious Son:

I'm so afraid you're not getting my letters; not that they amount to anything, but I want you to know how we love you. I was looking over some of the trunks in the store room yesterday and found your curls, and the report cards you used to bring home to us at the end of every month. You've been such a comfort to us, dear one, and never caused us a moment's worry; and I want you to know it now you are so far away from us, doing your part in this dreadful war.

Hazel came to dinner today with little Dick. He is a bright child and asked about his Uncle Tom. We are all so proud of you!

I've got to finish this awful scrawl and go with your grandmother to the "movies." She is very much interested in a new Pearl White serial. Isn't it funny?

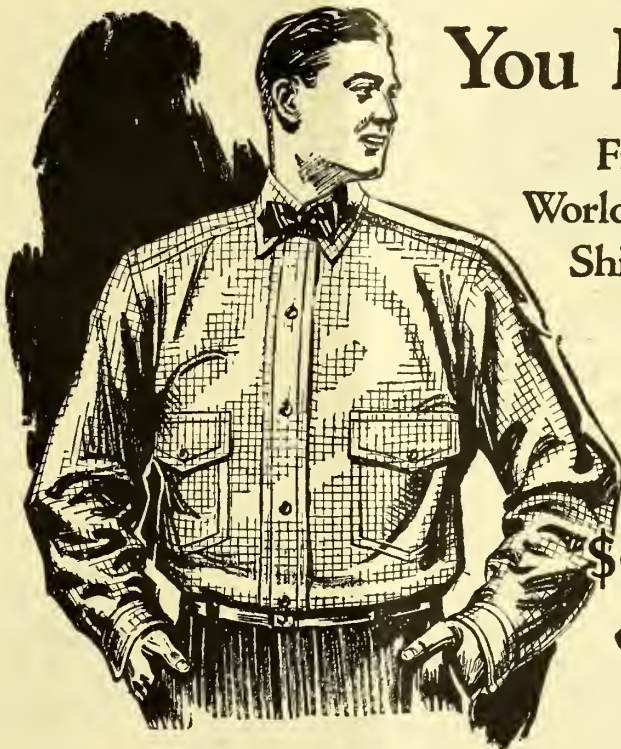
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P. S. Those blotches on your father turned out to be shingles.

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Army vs. Navy

(Continued from page 35)

a good opening for the master of the sword; who with Michie's assistance called for tryouts and put together two scrub teams which played between themselves a couple of matches of something which a careless observer might have called football. The next year the Navy challenged the Army to a real football game. This called for a grand consultation of the authorities, but permission was granted to meet the Navy eleven if it would play on the Army grounds. The liberalized Navy met these conditions and the date was set for November 29th—the first Saturday after Thanksgiving, which is still the day of the Army and Navy game.

Denny Michie had two weeks in which to organize a team and get it in shape. Actually this two weeks of preparation amounted to a couple of hours on two Saturday afternoons and forty-five minutes after the Retreat ceremonies on ten other days. But Michie was ready on time and at fifteen minutes after two o'clock on Saturday, November 29th, 1890, there



was a shout from the Army side of the improvised field as the little cadet and his men jogged into view on the infantry plain.

They began to toss and kick the ball around as the Navy players were doing. But the exhibition was not the same. Their greenness and nervousness was apparent to anyone who had ever seen football players at work. Their white canvas suits were brand new, their gray and gold stockings and tasselled stocking caps without spot or blemish. Their shoes were the regulation cadet issue, with cleats added, and neatly polished. This spick regalia presented a significant contrast to the battered and business-like-looking outfits the Navy people had on. The Army team outweighed the Navy by an average of eight pounds to the man. That was a bigger advantage than it would be now with less line pounding and more open play. With the exception of Captain Michie and Kirby Walker, who played quarter, the soldiers were all strapping big fellows, and Murphy—"Bull" Murphy—the left guard was more than six feet tall and weighed 224 pounds, all muscle.

The referee's whistle called the teams from their practice at half past two. The Army won the toss for choice of kick-off or goal. It chose to take the offensive and let the Navy kick off.

The teams took their places. The Navy was not confident of victory. It was certain of it, and a trifle bumptious in that certainty. Captain Emrich and his players fairly swaggered to their stations. The Army was ill at ease. Every

man chewed gum as hard as he could. They hitched at their caps and stockings.

"Colonel, did you expect to win?" Half suspecting that I had framed a foolish question, I put this query, a few weeks back, to ex-Cadet Joseph T. Crabbs, who at the moment just mentioned was on the line in the left tackle's position.

I was right about the foolish question. The colonel regarded me with a tolerant smile and fished for words to answer me as pleasantly as he could.

"My friend, what expectations do you suppose we entertained? But I know what you mean. Our ignorance of the game, our lack of training. We had men on the line and behind it who had never worn a football uniform until that day. But no, these disadvantages did not occur to us. We knew we were expected to carry the ball over the Navy's goal line and to keep the Navy from carrying it over ours. We thought we could do those things. It is a part of the culture of West Point."

Michie had a few tricks, too. Instead of calling numbers for signals he had drilled his team to respond to military commands. Infantry commands for certain types of plays, cavalry commands for others, artillery commands, and so on. The Navy would stick to numbers, he thought, and be confused by their opponents' stratagem.

The Navy kicked. The Army received and started to run the ball back. First down.

"Column of companies, first company squads right!"

The Navy listened unmoved and when the ball was passed, nailed the runner in his tracks. Twice, thrice the Army failed to gain. The surprise signals were a washout. Navy's ball.

The teams knelt for the scrimmage.

"Heave around," called Johnson, the Navy quarter. "Let—her—luff!"

The ball was snapped, the astonished Army line buckled and a Navy half-back went through for a gain of twenty yards. Emrich gave his opponents no time to recover from their confusion. He overwhelmed them with a dazzling display of superiority in every branch of the game.

"Splice and main brace!" and the Navy tore a hole through the Army center.

"Tack ship, and prepare to board!" and a Navy half-back circled an Army end.

After four minutes of play the bewildered Army stood in the shadow of its own goal posts. But there it took a brace and held the Navy for downs. Army's ball.

"Draw sabers!" The Army was too eager. Off side. Five precious yards forfeited. Then a fumble and the Army lost the ball.

The chances that the Navy would score on one play seemed as good as fifty to one. But it did not score on one play. Nor on two plays or three plays. The stunning effect of the salty signals had worn off, and with the courage which is a part of the culture of West Point the Army line held and got the ball again.

This check was disconcerting to the Navy, and Captain Emrich passed the word to hold the Army in its tracks. On the next play the ball was passed to a rangy Army lad from Tennessee named Timberlake. A Navy tackle lunged at him, but he brushed him off. Another Navy tackle encountered Timberlake's stiff arm and went rolling away like a tumbleweed, and the Army man was gone. Twenty, thirty, forty yards he ran before a Navy player coming from behind brought him down. The Army rooters went wild. A minute later little Michie dodged through the whole Navy line for ten yards. Pandemonium on the Army side. Silence on the Navy side. The erstwhile experts at cheering had lost their voices. The Navy's confidence began to ooze. Another such play and the Army would score.

The Navy, however, had a reserve of experience on which to draw. The Army had had some good luck. It had made a couple of good plays, and was fighting in dead earnest. But that is not all there is to the game of football. The Army men were slow and clumsy. Their interference blocked the runners. Their plays were as transparent as glass. Failing to gain on the next two scrimmages the cadets got rattled, there was another fumble and a Navy man fell on the ball.

But the Army held again. Failing to make progress by rushes the Navy was obliged to kick. The Army returned the kick, and the Navy began running the ball back.

"Reef topsails!" and fifteen yards were gained around an end. A neat and easy play, which made the embattled Army mad to see hard won ground retrieved with such trivial exertion. "Wear ship!" and five more were ripped off through center.

"Blood on both sides," wrote the correspondent of the New York Times, "is now hot. The Navy is ferocious and the Army reckless. They come together with a great crash and the Navy is hit on the nose. The blood flies out and flecks the white jackets of the Army. Down on the hard earth both sides go, now one on top and now the other. There is not much football in the struggle, but the fighting is immense."

Emrich ended the hand-to-hand work by getting away for a run which took the ball deep into Army territory, where trench warfare was resumed. The sportswriters had never seen anything like it. "The Army is desperate," said the Times man, "and fights wildly, recklessly and without (Continued on page 68)"

Don't you think?

IT IS by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't



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Army vs. Navy

(Continued from page 67)

concerted action. It rolls the Navy in the dust, jumps on it and tries to squeeze it into submission—but it cannot get the ball. Finally the mass goes over and the Navy has a touchdown." Emrich made it.

But the Navy worked for that touchdown harder than it had dreamed of working. A strong wind was blowing and Emrich failed to kick goal, losing two possible points. Score, Navy 4, Army 0.

The midshipmen made short shift, however, of the second touchdown. The Army kicked off and the Navy ran the ball by effective smashes into its opponent's territory. There the Army held and Michie made slight gains, but Emrich picked up the ball in an Army fumble and ran it over the line. Again he failed to kick goal. Score, Navy 8, Army 0.

The Army now took to kicking tactics and by this means kept the ball in the center of the field for a while, until Althouse, the star Navy fullback, carried it up to the twenty-yard line. Emrich tried a field goal, but failed. The captain's kicking was off that day. The Army continued its spurt and by a series of rushes again carried the ball to mid-field, but this time it fell into the hands of Johnson, the Navy quarter. Breaking out of a melee of arms and legs the quarterback tore down the field with only one Army man in his path. But the hostile sentinel was Kirby Walker—the second smallest, but according to one sporting writer the nerviest man on the field, excepting only Emrich, whose grit was "unsurpassable." Walker tackled Johnson, but the midshipman was going so fast he simply picked up the cadet and carried him across the line as he would another football.

With three touchdowns registered against it in quick order the Army fought better than before and more coolly. Another long run by Timberlake carried the ball into Navy territory. The Navy kicked it out, but the Army perseveringly carried it back again and the first half ended with the ball on the Navy's thirty-yard line. Score, Navy 12, Army 0. But it would have taken an ardent Navy partisan to have said the game was won.

In the second half the Army went back to do or die and did a little of both. The new uniforms were white no longer, stockings were torn and both teams long ago had forgotten about their comical skating caps which lay abandoned all over the field. For strenuous play the second half made the first half seem like a warming-up exercise. Walker was knocked unconscious four times. Three times they brought him to and he kept on fighting. The fourth time they carted him off to the hospital,

dead to the world. Emrich was laid out three times, and three times resuscitated. After one scrimmage an observer counted one man having his arm jerked into place by a surgeon, one having his leg pulled, three being revived by artificial respiration and others stretched out waiting their turn. A bloody nose did not even get wiped.

"If this game becomes popular in the Army," said an officer on the side lines, "it will be a good thing. Promotion will not be so slow. It is quicker than old age and about as fatal."

The athletes had no dearth of encouragement from the gallery. "Punch his eye!" "Break his neck!" "Step on his face!" were suggestions offered.

Michie fought to the last ditch and the last second, but Emrich was always ready for him. In a few years both of these young men were to give their lives in their country's service in foreign lands. And the men they led have contributed more to history than perhaps any other twenty-two men who ever faced each other on a football field.

Timberlake, Murphy, Ames and Walker also won glory on the field that day and in next week's *Army and Navy Journal*. But these uncoordinated flashes availed nothing against the discipline and skill of the Navy team and such individual stars as Emrich, Laws, Johnson and Althouse. The outstanding star of both teams was Emrich. He got two touchdowns and kicked the goals in the second half against an aroused Army team. Runs by Michie and Murphy and kicking by Timberlake raised momentary hope for a score in the breasts of the Army, but the Navy was there in the pinches. The game closed with the Navy quite adequately on the defensive and the Army grimly pounding away for the touchdown it was denied. The sun was sinking behind the Highlands and the score was Navy 24, Army 0.

A spruce-looking old gentleman with a hint of a roll in his gait and a touch of gray in his whiskers was standing against the ropes when the final whistle blew.

"Splendid, splendid," exclaimed Admiral Stephen B. Luce. "A game like this gives nerve and wind to a lad!"

The Navy's most distinguished opponent of football had struck his colors. Some less agile minds clung to their doubts. One suggested that indulgence in athletics might lessen the desire for academic pursuits.

"Never mind, never mind. Those are the men I'd want in time of action."

The old seaman jerked his thumb in the direction of twenty-two grimy figures who in the failing light were trooping off of the infantry plain.



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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 60)

long way toward establishing a real library of books having especial interest to men who served in the World War.

"When we learned that the publishers' stock of the reprinted Stars and Stripes, the official A. E. F. newspaper, was almost exhausted, we wired a remittance for one of the bound volumes," relates Mr. Blakeslee, who adds: "So it will be with other World War books and pictures—many of them will go out of print. We are trying to keep ahead of the procession. At present we have bound volumes of The American Legion Weekly for 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925 and 1926. We have a number of illustrated sets of books on the World War, collections of war photographs and such-like. Our library is not intended solely for amusement, but for inspiration and information as well. Any post should find that a post library will draw members to meetings. In ten years the library, if proper selections are made, should be priceless."

ROBERT E. BENTLEY POST of Cincinnati, Ohio, got all set to win a world's series of baseball games this autumn. It gave up its dream of glory only when the Cincinnati Reds missed landing the championship honors in its league in the last days of the playing season. Had the Reds won, it might have been an all-Legion team that would have represented Cincinnati in the world's series. "Ten 'Reds' are Legionnaires," writes W. A. Burlingame, Executive Secretary of Bentley Post. "Eight of them belong to our post, while Wally Pipp belongs to the post in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Bubbles Hargrave's post is in Minnesota. While the boys are playing the games over around the big stove this winter, let them try to figure out any other team composed of Legionnaires which could beat this one—our own: Zitzmann, ss; Walker, cf; Bressler, 2nd base; Hargrave, 3rd base; Pipp, 1st base; Picinich, rf; J. May, lf; Land, catcher; Rixey and Mays, pitchers."

THE winter between 1924 and 1925 was a cold one for the old people of the Pennsylvania Memorial Home at Brookville. The men and women there had been cold other winters, too. The furnace, good in its day, was worn out. Hence when the mercury fell these Civil War veterans and their wives and daughters often had to use a shawl or coat to keep from shivering. It was merely a case of inadequate appropriations from the State Legislature. Demands on the amount allotted for each two-year period were so great for running expenses that there was nothing left for improvements.

Last winter a fine new furnace was installed, one of modern type that is advertised in the (Continued on page 70)

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing LAXATIVE

Chew it Like Gum

A harmless laxative in a delicious mint-flavored chewing gum tablet. Children love it.

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F. L. Warnock, Greentown, Ind., writes: "I received the Metrodyne in good shape and am more than pleased with it. Got stations 2000 miles away." C. J. Walker, Mariposa, Calif., writes: "I believe that these one-dial sets are going to be excellent sellers. I had no trouble in tuning in stations enough to satisfy anyone, so you will please send me more sets." Thousands of similar letters received.

The Metrodyne Single Dial is a 7 tube Tuned Radio Frequency set, approved by America's leading radio engineers. Highest grade low loss parts, magnificent walnut cabinet. Exposed metal parts are finished in 24 karat gold. Genuine bakelite panel, artistically designed in gold. Easy to operate. Only one dial tunes in all Stations. Dial is electrically lighted, 1,000 to 3,000 miles on loud speaker. Powerful volume—clear, distinct reception. Shipped to your home for 30 days free trial.

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The moment you put on this wonderful, new, self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but, better still, you should actually grow thinner day by day. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

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This new, wonderful Weil Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker and cheaper. It not only reduces your waistline when you put it on, but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. In a few weeks inches and inches of fat should actually disappear.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys and is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 5812 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 69)

magazines, and the old folks kept warm. Did the legislature appropriate money for this? No. Did some wealthy individual, knowing the plight of the old folks, contribute and make this possible? No. The American Legion did it, through George T. Rodgers Post of Brookville.

Unofficial thanks came from blind Susie Gallagher, she who proudly threads a needle with her tongue when visitors come. Susie was smiling one of her broadest smiles when she said: "You know I can't see you dear boys—I'm going to call you boys—but I tell you last winter I could feel the nice warm heat that you gave to us, and I thank you, every single one. God bless you, is my prayer."

The first step to get a new furnace for the home was taken at a post meeting in April, 1925, at Brookville in the Legion Hall. What the post could do for the community was being discussed. "By

gosh, fellows," spoke Bill, who works in his father's furniture store, "have any of you ever been over to the Memorial Home—it's awful the way they have to suffer with the cold because of the old heating plant. If we could only do something."

"That's a disgrace—away out of date, and I'm not talking business either. It's so bad on cold days that the women just have to sit there and shiver. We ought to get something stirred up." This from Maurice, the plumber-member.

The one-armed attorney-member, in his usual vigorous manner, informed the post that it couldn't get an appropriation from the legislature until the session of 1927, "and maybe not then—damn it all."

As frequently done when heavy duty heavens in sight, the buck was passed to the post's executive committee. The committee visited the home and found conditions just as bad as had been de-



Blackhawk Post of Chicago after a long search found these descendants of Chief Blackhawk, himself. They are Chief Pushetonequa, a grand nephew of the historic warrior, and Dewey, the living chief's own nephew. From the Sac and Fox reservation at Tama, Iowa, they came to Chicago to attend the post's pageant

scribed. It decided the post should raise the money.

A benefit was held. It yielded \$1,000. A country editor went as delegate to the Department convention in Erie and had a resolution passed. It authorized the post to ask other posts to help, since the home is the only one of its kind in Pennsylvania and open to the whole State. The Department Adjutant mentioned it in his bulletins, and 45 posts contributed a total of \$411.50. The contribution of \$100 from the Montgomery post of Du Bois aided materially. Maurice, the plumber-member, gave his services without charge. Another member helped materially by staging a benefit game of baseball with Bob Shawkey and Wally Schang as the battery. Bob was born at Sigel, a town eight miles from Brookville, and on his way to a hunting trip in the fall, stopped off at Brookville, bringing his battery mate with him.

And all that explains why this winter, the same as last one, there will be plenty of heat at the Memorial Home in Brookville.

OUR apologies to David S. Powell, who was Commander of Pettis County Post of Sedalia, Missouri, when we got a letter from him telling of a mighty big thing his post did for its county. It was some months ago that Mr. Powell wrote, and we are sorry we weren't able to pass along what he told us sooner. "Our courthouse burned in the spring of 1920," Mr. Powell relates. "There had been two attempts to put over a bond issue to rebuild the courthouse, but both had been defeated. Then a committee of Pettis County Post appeared before the county court, sponsored a bond issue, had it approved by the court and carried the issue to the people. An overwhelming vote in favor of the building resulted. At the request of the court, our post took charge of the dedication ceremonies."

WINTER is the season for post debates and lining up next summer's activities. Here is an idea from the voiture of the Forty and Eight at Cambridge, Ohio. "In the spring of 1925 we had a longing to go to the country for recreation and entertainment," writes E. E. Gwynn, correspondent. "We rented a farm house and twenty acres of ground four miles from Cambridge and we made it our summer headquarters. Members supplied rugs, tables, chairs and other furnishings and the Auxiliary unit took charge of the furnishing and decorating. We laid out tennis courts and a baseball diamond. We also provided tents for camping so that members and their families could spend vacations at the farm. The experiment was so successful the first year that we rented the farm again this year. I believe any post can solve the problem of keeping things going in summer by trying our plan."

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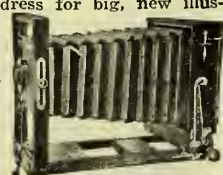
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A Personal View

(Continued from page 42)

wise mutual endeavor should mean more and more for us for the same amount of labor. We shall be worthy of the more leisure we have if we know how to use it in better living, more instruction and improved citizenship.

THE BEST CONVENTION yet—the best until next year. A Legion nearly seven hundred thousand strong, an Auxiliary

The Best Until Next Year

keeping pace. More of a factor in the lives of members, a greater national influence to be carefully guarded and well used. Commander McQuigg has only to point to the record. We know that we shall hold all we have and march on from that under the new Commander, energetic and progressive, young in vigor and years, who knows the road to France of old, and has won conspicuous success in civil life while he has been a wheel-horse in the fraternity of veterans.

THAT LOCAL WISEACRE of gloomy liquid foreboding who said "When ex-soldiers get together to celebrate they're bound to go on a bust,"

Why Paris Need Not Worry

had no sympathetic ears except those of the bootleggers who found the Convention a dud. "Where do they get this stuff about ex-service men imbibing too freely of the synthetic?" asked an hotel clerk. "It belongs with the idea that all the cattle in Texas still have long horns," I replied. I did not see one drunken or disorderly Legionnaire. In Paris we are going to show the average American tourist how to conduct himself abroad.

OLE BILL AND Alf of "The Better 'Ole" are in the movies. Ole Bill was in the British uniform, but he is a soldier who belongs to all soldiers, a human being who belongs to all the world.

'Ere 'e Is, Ole Bill Again

Bruce Bairnsfather, who created him, arranged that. I ached from laughter over Syd Chaplin's impersonation of 'im. The sausages 'e served the German general! Ole Bill, 'imself, and little Alf and their 'oss!

ALWAYS SOMETHING to stir me, broaden and nationalize me in the local and departmental Legion papers. Who, if

On with the Good Work

not the writer of this page, should realize what a lot of work goes into them from gathering and writing the articles to proof-reading and going to press, as Roy Hill of the *Muskegon Legion Air* reminds us. From a high altitude Lipsey of the

Pike's Peak Legionnaire is out with a blast of candor on post and Legion faults. A community light beats on each post. By its standard the community judges the whole Legion. Improvement is not all with the Monthly. The other Legion publications are setting the pace for the magazine of the whole Legion.

I READ It all through as if it were one story, this book of many stories, "Modern Aladdins and Their Magic," by

A Happy Idea in Books

Charles E. Rush and Amy Winslow. In style perfect for its purpose of revealing the wonder world in which we live, it tells us how paper, glass, steel, rubber, all the things which we use in our daily life, are made. I learned much that was new to me; what I already knew was minted again and came out as shining new coin. A happy thought in books, a double investment. Elders who buy it for the youngsters cannot help reading it, too.

INSTALLMENT BUYING AMOUNTS to \$6,500,000,000 a year in our country. Fear is expressed that "easy terms" may

Doing It on Easy Terms

be overdone and of a financial crisis if hard times should compel a sudden cessation of payments. Against the fear, we must remember that work makes wealth and prosperity. What men have to pay for they will work to pay for. Credit is the basis of production and trade. A mortgage on farm, home, plant or machinery is installment buying. Wisdom in this as in all things. Are you getting your money's worth in utility or pleasure? No wisdom in buying a luxury when months of grocery bills are unpaid. Bankers and installment salesmen, on the watch, should prevent piling up bad debts.

WE THINK OF Christ as the Man of Sorrows. But His was the supreme giving, and there is light in giving. "To

The Day of Light and Giving

everything there is a season" (Ecclesiastes 3). "A time to weep and a time to laugh." Christmas is the season of giving in honor of Christ's birthday; the season of giving to honor the giving of Him to the world. The smiles of children arranging their little presents and over presents received and the smiles of weary searching shoppers and attendant clerks; the light of the Christmas candles, of the street lamp in the alley and from the farm house window across the snow—all express the joy which is His joy, over His giving.

The Lost Santa Claus

(Continued from page 21)

is very boyish. I am sure he is a good man."

She had observed something else about him, too. His French was without the slightest trace of a foreign accent, or even of any of the provincial French accents. He was well-mannered, but without the Frenchman's ultra-polite deference; his face, in repose, had an Anglo-Saxon sternness but his eyes were merry and the lines around his eyes and the corners of his mouth were indicative of more smiles than frowns.

An hour after they had finished their tour of the village she thrilled when the battery lined up in the street for Retreat and she saw the section chiefs report to Bill Brandon, saw him in turn report to the captain. Yes, undoubtedly this fellow was a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

Soon after this she saw him leave the carriage house, mess kit in hand, and disappear through the gate. "He goes to eat," she thought, and for the life of her could not refrain from following him, for she had never seen troops at mess. The battery kitchen had been set up in the center of the Place de la République, so she sat with Marcel Villmont on the bench in front of his shop and watched the mess line form, watched the men, squatted on their heels, partake of the evening meal.

"They have meat and white bread and conserve," she breathed to the ex-soldier. "Also potatoes and beans."

"And coffee such as no Frenchman ever drinks," Marcel added sadly. "The aroma of it maddens me. Ah, they are a rich race, these Americans. They have sugar in their coffee."

"But no," the girl cried incredulously. Poor thing! It was more than two years since she had tasted anything more sugary than saccharine. "Tell me of this Sergeant Brandon."

"His father sent him to the Beaux Arts in Paris to study architecture. He was there four years and then when the war came the splendid fellow joined our ranks with the remark that a fight worth while was any man's privilege. When his own country joined us he was discharged from our service to fight under his own flag. He will doubtless be given a commission. Ah, he is a dear rascal, that Beel Brandon."

The first sergeant joined them presently. "You will, perhaps, count it an experience to have dinner with American soldiers tonight, Mademoiselle?" he announced, and laid his full mess kit and coffee cup on the bench beside her. "Marcel is also our guest and all of Plauzat is our mess hall." He went away, to return with dinner for Marcel,

then brought some for himself. They ate merrily, chatting the while, and to the girl it was a wonderful experience.

In the morning he came to the kitchen of the chateau with a loaf of white bread, a couple of pounds of sugar, a jar of preserves, a third of a slitch of bacon and a carton of cigarettes, handed them to her woman of all work and departed immediately. Not to be outdone in courtesy she came to his orderly office later and presented him with a quart of fifty-year-old Armagnac. He opened it immediately and drank to her beautiful eyes! Truly, he was a devil. And when he had finished smacking his lips at the rare treat he said:

"Here are a thousand francs. I want you to go to Paris and bring back a man who makes the very best cork legs in the world. He is to measure Marcel Villmont for the legs he left at Verdun.

I do not know who this man may be or where he may be found so that I leave to you. I may not go myself and neither may Marcel, so if you will perform this errand for us you will be making two men very happy. I shall pay all of the expenses and you must ride first-class and stay at the best hotel in Paris. I must have Marcel's cork legs finished and ready to strap on on Christmas eve."

The girl's eyes grew round with wonder. "I have never been to Paris," she almost gasped. "Ah, Monsieur, how wonderful you are! What a great, kind heart!"

"Nonsense. The little fellow got his legs smashed crawling out into No Man's Land to give me a drink when I lay there with a machine gun bullet through both hips. I try to pay my debts. You will go?"

"Oh, Monsieur Beel Brandon," she cried and commenced to weep with excitement. "But surely I will go, and gladly."

She went and was gone a week, but she brought back with her a man who measured Marcel's stumps and told the cripple he was going to have made for him, in Clermont-Ferrand, a pair of padded leathern shoes for the stumps. They were to cost two hundred francs and were the gift of Sergeant Brandon. When the cork legs arrived, however, it was to Brandon they were delivered by the same man who had taken the measurements. And they arrived on the afternoon of December 24th, 1917.

All day long there had been much excitement in Plauzat. A large fir tree in Laurette Consigny's neglected little park had been strung by the Americans with wires and tiny red, white and blue electric globes, leading to a cluster of dry cell batteries. (Continued on page 74)



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The Lost Santa Claus

(Continued from page 73)

and the tree had been decorated with the usual Christmas tinsel ornaments. Long tables had been set up in the Place de la République and a double staff of battery cooks and kitchen police had labored manfully all day preparing a wonderful Christmas dinner for the battery and the citizenry of Plauzat.

Ah, what a meal that was! The battery commander made a speech, which Monsieur le Sergeant Beel Brandon translated, amid roars of laughter and the shrill ecstatic cries of the demiorphans of the village. It was the desire of the Americans (he explained) to enact the role of St. Nicholas to the French people, to give them the greatest gift of all—peace and future safety.

The regimental band had been borrowed from Headquarters in Coude and played a medley of French and American airs during the meal. There was singing, and clog dancing, Monsieur le Sergeant Beel Brandon played the banjo and sang ludicrous poilu ballads, an ex-vaudevillian in khaki juggled plates and potatoes and a lighted lamp and a string of empty cigar boxes in a most marvelous manner, a violinist of no mean ability played and the village curé with Mademoiselle Consigny and Marcel Villmont sat at the first table, the skipper's guests of honor. And when the stars came out in that chill Christmas eve, lo, a tall figure dressed as Santa Claus appeared suddenly in the Place de la République and in an extraordinary basso profundo voice invited everybody to follow him to the grounds of Mademoiselle Consigny.

There the fir tree blazed in glory and under it Santa Claus stood, and presented a gift to every child, while Marcel Villmont, very happy and not a little pompous, called the name of every child in the village. French children are very easily pleased. Almost any kind of toy will delight them and there was a little doll for every little girl and a painted tin toy engine or top or whistle for every little boy, with clothing for the destitute and an envelope with a ten franc bill for all the mothers and a box of chocolate candies for the young girls. The climax of the fete came, however, when Santa Claus set out a huge chair that had been in the Consigny family for five hundred years, and two privates lifted Marcel Villmont into it; whereupon a stranger appeared with a bundle, unwrapped it, produced two wonderful cork legs and proceeded to adjust them to the ex-poilu's piteous stumps.

A silence fell on the audience then, for the cripple was weeping. When the last strap had been adjusted Santa Claus lifted Marcel Villmont to his newly-acquired feet and steadied him.

"Now, little comrade," said the voice of M. le Sergeant Beel Brandon, "we will walk again, if you please."

But Marcel Villmont, being French, embraced him first, then with awkward faltering steps and leaning on his old comrade's arm, he walked around the Christmas tree, while the cheers of villager and Yankee rent the air. Of course the French wept copiously and Laurette, scanning the American faces, saw a suspicious brightness in most of their eyes. "A race given to repressing their emotions," she thought, "but sound and kind at heart."

When Bill Brandon tore off his Santa Claus cap and whiskers he had to kiss forty-odd children and as many young girls. He was the hero of the hour. Then the call to quarters went and the Christmas party was over; when the villagers and the men of the battery had filed out the gate Santa Claus Brandon stood under the Christmas tree with Laurette Consigny, and for the first time since she had met him he appeared to have lost a modicum of his accustomed poise. There ensued a silence and to break it the girl again thanked him and the battery for her Christmas present—nothing more romantic than a hundred pound sack of white flour!

He did not hear her. He was looking at her with a thoughtful, faraway look in his brown eyes, yet he was acutely conscious of her vital personality, of the glorious jet black hair, parted in the middle of her beautifully shaped head and crinkling a little at each temple; of the lustrous, tragic black eyes, the thin, arched nose, heritage of a long line of thoroughbreds, the lovely red lips with their childish droop, the slim white hands with their long fingers, clasping and unclasping under his scrutiny.

"Monsieur, you are a very wonderful man," she murmured presently.

He ignored that. "Marcel tells me you are the last of your line."

"Laurette," he said, "you dwell in this ruin, in prideful poverty, a recluse. You have no social or intellectual contacts, you are young and beautiful and virtuous and imaginative. Somehow, I've gathered the impression that against the walls of this ancient town your soul beats like the wings of a captive bird. You are like a lovely flower blooming in a desert—and what is to become of you?"

She raised her clenched hand. "Somehow, some way, some time, I shall leave Plauzat," she cried passionately. "I am stifled, Monsieur. Ah, I am so lonely—"

"Come here," he commanded, and because he was accustomed to being obeyed there was no denying him.



There, under that giant Christmas tree, the first that had ever been in Plauzat, she leaned against his great breast and wept out her agony of loneliness and despair, separation and heart-break.

"I love you," said M. le Sergent Beel Brandon huskily. "Tell me I'm not altogether out of luck, Laurette."

"I adore you, Yankee," she breathed. "Hurrah for my little Frog," he cried and kissed her. His broad back against the Christmas tree he held her long to his heart, soothing and comforting her, but through the sudden, almost unbearable happiness, that came to both as he talked and planned of their future, a single word, like a rapier, stabbed. War! He was a soldier, and presently he would go away. And after that—

Echoing and reverberating among the ancient houses a bugle call throbbed sweetly. Brandon stiffened. It was First Sergeant's Call—and just before Taps! He knew what that meant. He must report immediately at battalion headquarters, for instructions of some sort, and at this hour of the night that call could mean but one thing. They had been expecting it daily—orders to march out, to entrain at St. Martre de Vere for some unknown objective. De Souge, perhaps, for it was known now that the training center at Clermont-Ferrand was not effectually organized to care for all of the regiments sent up into that area for their final training.

Laurette felt him tremble. "What is it, beloved?" she whispered.

"I must report to headquarters," he said and led her to her door.

She did not sleep that night. From her window she saw there was much activity in the carriage shed, lights burning until midnight, the captain and soldiers entering and leaving. Camions rumbled up and down the Rue de Commerce. At three o'clock in the morning she heard First Call, then Reveille, followed shortly by Mess Call, for during the occupation of the village she had learned them all. Men came to the carriage house and removed the field desk and other equipment, and when they were gone she saw Brandon standing in the carriage house door gazing across at her house, the light behind him. She slipped on an old cloak and came across the little park to him.

"We march out in half an hour," he told her. "I don't know where we are bound, but when I get there I'll write you. I wanted to marry you before we left, but there's no time now. There goes Assembly! We—we've got to say good-bye, darling."

"Ah, no," she whispered. "Au revoir!"

"God grant it," he answered and crushed her to him. A kiss—another kiss—and M. le Sergent Beel Brandon was gone. She heard the gate slam be-

hind him and the sound echoed like a blow on her heart. Later she heard the measured crash of hob-nailed marching boots on cobblestones, and when it had died away all of the love and life, all of the gaiety and high spirits and human contacts that had come to dull old Plauzat a month before had vanished, never to return.

Plauzat had gone back to the ages.

FOR two months she received a letter daily from Bill Brandon. He was training at De Souge. Then his regiment went up into the zone of operations and the letters came infrequently. Just before the Armistice they ceased.

For a long time Laurette refused to believe the portent of this silence, but when Christmas came and with it no word of M. le Sergent Beel Brandon, she knew at last that, whatever had happened to this man who had flamed across her dull world with the brilliance of a meteor, he was lost to her. All she had left to cling to was the memory of one glorious Christmas eve that had ended in despair.

So Laurette created for her Santa Claus a little shrine in her heart and on days when her lonely, pinched life seemed scarcely supportable, she was wont to go down to Marcel Villmont's shop and talk to him of the lost Beel.

Well, like Marcel Villmont, she too had her war-time memories now, but time did not soften them. On the contrary, as the Christmas of 1919 drew near they became more poignant, and for this reason. In the haste of departure before dawn that Christmas morning of 1917, the Americans had not bothered to strip the fir tree in Laurette's grounds of the tinsel ornaments, the wiring and tiny colored electric globes the mad spendthrifts had had sent up from Paris. These gauds had served their purpose once and were of no further use to the troops; therefore they had been abandoned to whoever cared to possess them. Fortunately, the instinct for possession was strong in Marcel Villmont, and the following morning while gingerly trying out his new legs it occurred to the fanciful fellow that there were two spots in France he would never forget while his memory served him. One was the spot where he had lost his legs and the other the spot where he had regained them! With the instinctive Gallic aversion to travel he realized he would never see Verdun again, but Mademoiselle Consigny's little neglected bit of park-land, where he had experienced the merriest Christmas of his dull life was but a hundred meters distant, so, in a reverent spirit, he hobbled there and found the lights still burning on the tree. Thereupon Marcel Villmont did an amazing (Continued on page 76)



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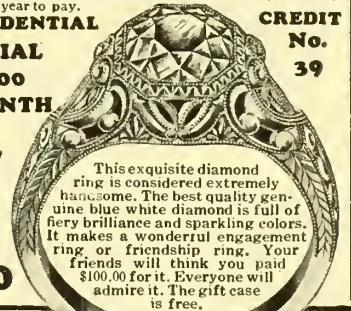
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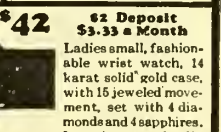
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The Lost Santa Claus

(Continued from page 75)

thing. He removed his priceless cork legs and climbed that tree, carefully stripped it of its decorations, strapped on his cork legs again and carried all of the gay trappings to Mademoiselle Consigny's house, where he begged her to preserve them for use on future Christmases.

"It would be a pity, Mademoiselle," he explained, "if we did not dress the tree each Christmas to keep alive the memory of those fine fellows who gave Plauzat the only stirring up it has had since the hosts of Julius Caesar marched through here to give battle to Vercingetorix where the great statue to Vercingetorix stands on the hill yonder."

So, on Christmas eve of 1918 the fir tree was again dressed and while the knowledge that the war was over brought a meed of happiness to Plauzat, the modest Christmas festival arranged and managed by Marcel Villmont was sadly lacking in the snap and vigor and prodigality that had characterized the notable fete staged by their transient guests of the year before.

The cripple's pride, too, had been somewhat marred by the fact that he had been forced to buy new dry batteries to light the tree and pay for them himself! Nevertheless, once a Frenchman becomes obsessed with a romantic idea he does not abandon it readily, so with a sigh the legless man purchased new dry batteries and dressed the tree again at Christmas of 1919. But this time the villagers made but a poor response to his enthusiasm. The reconstruction period had set in, the franc was wavering and France, taking stock of her losses, was chilled as she regarded, in the cold gray light of a year after, the unlovely aspects of her Pyrrhic victory. There were no presents for the children this time, so Marcel did a truly magnificent thing. He journeyed via the motor bus to Clermont-Ferrand and spent a hundred francs on fireworks. They made a meager display and the entire lot did not last five minutes, but Marcel, like his poor fireworks, flamed magnificent for a brief period, and he was content. When the audience had gone home to bed he sat under the great, illuminated fir, in the same great chair he had occupied while Santa Claus Beel Brandon had strapped on his cork legs, and talked with Laurette of the red-headed one who would never return. And while they talked, while the hot tears welled up in Laurette's heart and the sense of desolation, of loneliness, of fear for the future almost strangled her, the gate in the wall opened and closed with a sharp rattle and a tall figure, garbed in the ragged uniform of an American soldier, walked slowly into the circle of light cast by the tiny multi-colored globes.

"I'm looking for a place," he said haltingly but in perfect French, "and I don't know where it is. I can't remember what village it was in, but I was there once and there was a girl there and I loved her and something happened and I lost her. That is, I got lost. I've been looking for her in all the villages in France—oh, for such a long time. You see, I can't remember. I've been lost somewhere. I've been sick—but a little while ago as I approached this village I saw rockets. So I pressed on and then I saw this tree all lighted up—and something—I don't know what—made me come in. I seem to have seen this tree before. I'm on the trail of something. Tell me, Monsieur, if you please, is there a girl here—a girl with black hair—a girl named Laurette?"

The man commenced to sob childishly. "I'm looking for a village and there's a girl in that village," he reiterated. "I want to find her and I can't. My brain won't work. I've been in the dark a long time and I'm coming back into the light so slowly—and that tree—it's strange, but I seem to know it—all lighted up like that—tell me, Monsieur, I implore you—"

"Sacre nom de Dieu!" yelled Marcel Villmont. "It is our Red One, it is our comrade, Beel! It is our lost St. Nicholas—still lost! Oh, my poor friend!"

He sprang up, quite forgetting his cork legs, and fell on his nose, which entailed some time and difficulty getting up. And when at last he found his cork legs again Laurette Consigny had M. le Sergeant Beel Brandon's red head down on her loving heart and was saying to him things he could not quite grasp, the little tender things women say to their men when their men are stricken.

"This is Plauzat, beloved," Marcel Villmont heard her half shout presently. "Here is your Laurette."

"Plauzat? Laurette?" He dropped his head in profound thought, the dawning light of remembrance on his face. "Yes, that was the place. Plauzat. And the girl—yes, she was Laurette. A beautiful girl—a good girl—and so poor and lonely in this damned, ancient, stupid hamlet. And I loved her. I wanted to come back. I wanted to write but I couldn't remember. I'm lost. Nobody knows me. I can't find my regiment. Where is the United States Army? They didn't kill all of us, did they?—no, no, they couldn't! They never saw the day they could whip us." He was talking English now, and swearing horribly.

"Beel!" the girl commanded.

"Here," he answered as if at roll call. "First Sergeant William Brandon reports. Where's my battery? Where's my skipper? What's happened? Am I the only one left?"



"Yes, thank the good God," Marcel Villmont assured the man. "They were good fellows while there was fighting to do but a devil of a nuisance to us before it was all over." He removed Beel's overseas cap, and ran his fingers through the thick red hair. "Ah, Mademoiselle, he has been nicked on the head with a fragment of shell. There is a soft spot here. Evidently some of the bone is gone—and yet this terrific rascal lives and in time he will remember. He is the victim of shell shock or amnesia. Here, Beel, my friend. Wake up! It is I, Marcel Villmont, who commands you."

"You go to hell," M. le Sergent Beel Brandon retorted, "you were killed at Verdun." And then, quite suddenly, he wilted, and collapsed in a sitting posture on the grass, shaking his head slowly from side to side, smiling vacuously, doubting, wondering, half understanding, muttering to himself. Marcel called two neighbors and they got him to Laurette's chateau and tucked into bed. He was quite penniless but sanitary.

On Christmas morning Marcel Villmont, dressed in his Sunday suit and accompanied by Laurette, got him into the motor bus for Clermont-Ferrand, where the strange trio boarded the train for Paris. In Paris Laurette called on the American ambassador and explained the situation with the result that the lost Santa Claus was taken to a hospital forthwith and placed under expert medical care. Here a tiny splinter of bone was removed from his brain and by the time his parents arrived from the United States he was almost as well as he had ever been. In his wanderings he had, apparently, had semi-lucid moments and from a medley of these a story was patched out. It was probable that he had decamped from some military hos-

pital—a French hospital, probably, since there was no record of him in any American hospital, field or base, and with the sub-conscious urge to find Laurette tugging at his befuddled brain, he had wandered aimlessly over France for months, his uniform and his ability to speak the language securing for him food and lodging wherever night overtook him. In the course of his Odyssey fate had brought him back to Plauzat and the sight of the fir tree, ablaze with Christmas lights, had awakened a dormant memory.

A purposeful person, always, was First Sergeant Bill Brandon. The instant his overjoyed father had relieved his financial stringency he insisted on marrying Laurette, and of course Laurette, having nothing better to do and being perfectly mad about the red wanderer anyhow, meekly accompanied him to the Madelaine, where, for his obvious decencies, a stolid little man with two cork legs was permitted to give the bride away.

As for the Chateau Consigny, it has been left to the centuries to deal with as they will. Beel said he wouldn't give two hoots in a hollow for it anyhow. And Plauzat still squats in its somnolence, waiting for another war, waiting for another A. E. F. to come and stir it up. As for that eminent New York architect, Mr. William Brandon, everybody admires his taste in selecting such an exquisite French wife, but what they cannot understand is his idiocy in hiring a French valet with two cork legs and bringing him to the United States! If you should seek information on this score from Marcel Villmont, however, the best you will get is a Gallic shrug and the information that Monsieur Beel is a devil and dearly loves to play Santa Claus!

Our Other National Bird

(Continued from page 31)

near my home—a plantation, by the way, where John James Audubon, the great naturalist, often hunted turkey and deer—a wild gobbler strolled out of the woods shortly after daylight and gobbled truculently. From the plantation yard his challenge was answered by the big domestic gobbler who was the feathered lord of the premises. No one was moving about at that early hour and the wild gobbler took a chance. He invaded the plantation yard, walked up to the tame gobbler, slapped his face turkey-fashion, and then lit into him with the fury of a wildcat. The tame gobbler was larger than the wild bird and fought hard; but he received the worst thrashing that he had ever experienced and might have met his end then and there if a negro woman had not appeared and put an end to the combat.

This sort of thing happens now and then where wild turkeys are fairly abundant. Still more frequently domes-

tic turkey hens, ranging along the wood-edges near the plantation buildings, are wooed and won temporarily by magnificent coppery-bronze strangers who appear suddenly from the depths of the forest. In all cases where the blood of the wild has thus been introduced in a domestic flock it is said that there is a notable improvement in the strain, the young turkeys being much harder and often attaining unusual proportions. I know of one man who went to a great deal of trouble in order to secure this infusion of wild blood in his stock. He dug a pit in a place frequented by wild turkeys, covered it over with brush, moss, grass, and other material, and then scattered corn over the surface. When the wild turkeys had discovered the bait and had grown accustomed to seeking it there, the man secreted himself in the pit and waited until a splendid gobbler was feeding just above him. Then he thrust his hand through a small opening in the (Continued on page 78)



ACCORDING to the dictionary N. B. means "Take Note" or "Mark Well." You see it printed on notices and bulletins, calling your attention to some particularly important feature. On the

HATCHWAY No-Button Union Suit

it calls your attention to a feature such as you have never seen before, or ever will see, in any other underwear. It means **NO BUTTONS**. Absolutely buttonless front and back, without a single button anywhere in its entire construction. Hatchway guarantees complete freedom from the petty annoyances and costly repairs of old-fashioned union suits. Not a button to get lost, cracked or broken; not a buttonhole to gap and tear and rip; not a single uncomfortable pull or strain in the whole garment. It's knit to fit, and stay put, without a single button.

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Albany New York

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"since I was gassed in the Argonne my throat has troubled me"

133



Among thousands of letters written by Luden users, those from war veterans are most enlightening. This one from Oklahoma is typical:

"I had been troubled with colds, sore throat, and a rasping cough — probably caused by a touch of chlorine gas received in the Argonne.

"I started using Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. In a short time my throat and nose no longer bothered me and my cough disappeared. Now I use Luden's almost daily." (Original letter on file.)

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Send me particulars about positions marked "X"
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ADDRESS _____

Our Other National Bird

(Continued from page 77)

covering, gripped the gobbler by its legs, and carried it home with him.

It is not surprising that the wild turkey and the domestic turkey interbreed readily, since the two forms are closely related. I was standing on the piazza of a plantation house one day not long ago when the most amazing-looking feathered being that I had ever seen walked calmly across the yard. At first glance it resembled a large and long-legged light brahma rooster which had been badly mauled by a gamecock, so that most of its elongated neck was entirely bare of feathers and was of a hideous dark red hue; but another glance proved that this was no rooster but a creature of a kind that I had never seen or dreamed of.

It was a male turken, the planter informed me, a hybrid produced by crossing the domestic turkey and the Rhode Island Red fowl. There were several others about the place, he said, and they, or the eggs from which they had been hatched, had come originally from Missouri, where this astonishing hybrid had been developed. They were said to be hardier than the domestic turkey, he continued, and of a superior flavor. But gazing at this one, I made up my mind that the turken, or turkhen, as it is sometimes called, was a credit to neither of its progenitors, while someone else expressed the opinion that somewhere, some time, a susceptible vulture and a romantic ostrich had met in the dark of the moon.

Perhaps the turken will prove, in time, a useful addition to the list of domesticated fowls of the air. So far

he has not supplanted the turkey in popular esteem as a table bird, nor does he seem to have lowered the market price of turkeys. He is certainly one of nature's prodigies and perhaps for that reason is entitled to our respect; but he is a poor apology of a bird beside that superb feathered monarch of our woods, the wild gobbler, who is rare today and becoming rarer only because we have not been intelligent enough to recognize his value and have permitted his wanton decimation.

The white man's civilization has done many terrible and needless things to the wonderful country which the first explorers found. The despoiling of America—the destruction of its forests, the ruin of its streams, the slaughter of its teeming wild life—is a sad story. We are waking up now and, at least in certain respects, we are turning over a new leaf. Much of the damage which we have needlessly done is irreparable, but in some cases the damage can be repaired, at least in part.

With a little care, a little wisdom, a little forbearance, the wild turkey can be brought back again to our remaining forests and to the new forest which we must create. Not long ago, in The American Legion Monthly, I made a plea for the bald eagle, the American national bird, the symbol of America's might and freedom. Let me now plead the cause of the wild turkey, "Our Other National Bird", as it might appropriately be called, a true American, the finest game bird in all the world and one of the most splendid of all feathered creatures.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 57)

play with music which was written, produced and acted by members of the U. S. A. A. S., at the Champs Elysées Theatre in Paris, and the particular song in question was one of the hits of the show. He sent us a copy of the original program to substantiate his claim. Additional information from Bachman discloses the fact that the song, together with "Let's Go," "Just a Little Touch of Paris," and "In the Latin Quarter," other hits of the soldier show, were used by Elsie Janis and Her Gang in her 1920 show on Broadway, and later published.

A letter to the publishers has brought a response that all of these songs are still obtainable. The lyrics of the chorus have been furnished us by William B. Wilson of Jersey City, New Jersey, and John Allan of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. Wilson heard the song in "Let's Go" in Paris, and Allan reports that he heard it in Nice (and adds, "Incidentally

I was stationed there five months riding a motorcycle for the M. P.'s, but trust this will not stop me from getting a copy of the song if it is available,") and that he wants to find the writer of "Take Me Back to America, Do!" which was an A. E. F. minstrel song written by a member of the M. T. C. stationed at Marseilles about December, 1919.

"During the war," writes Dr. R. E. Wobus of St. Louis, "there was a good deal of poetry written, often quite meritorious. Born, as it were, under the strain of almost unbearable conditions, it often gave vent to pent up emotions. I have in mind some very entertaining outbursts of an M. D. at Fort Riley, Kansas, describing with the terseness of the language of the soldier some of the conditions of camp and town. It would be well to unearth some of this verse and even if for the sake of the ladies and the Assistant Postmaster General it would have to be censored a bit,

it would still retain enough spice to be entertaining. Let's ferret out some of these modest laureates and their outbursts." We're willing, if some of the wartime versifiers, including the honorable pill-roller mentioned, will do a front and center with some of their effusions. We'd like it to be of '17-'18 vintage.

THE war produced not alone a deluge of songs and poetry—it produced also a choice collection of new slang words and phrases. Comrade J. C. Ruppenthal, a judge advocate during the war and now district judge at Russell, Kansas, is interested in getting a collection of these words and phrases with their definitions. He says in his letter to The Company Clerk: "As a member of the American Dialect Society, I would ask whether some of your readers will not prepare a glossary of army and navy slang for your columns? This society for many years has collected dialect, provincialisms, slang, etc., from the entire country for preservation and to contribute to the history of the English language in its American variation. I have noted hundreds of terms myself but my fourteen months in the Army as judge advocate did not give me sufficient experience with army slang to prepare a vocabulary list. Then, too, I did not go overseas. Some of these words may persist in the language in some form. Some will no doubt be forgotten in a few years and will be meaningless except as preserved by students of the language of today."

Here is a good opportunity for the slanguists to produce. Send your contributions to this collection to The Company Clerk in care of THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY, Indianapolis, Indiana. A blanket invitation is extended to everyone of every branch of service—doughboys, gobs, Marines, nurses, fliers, pill-rollers and all. We're playing safe, as now and then The Company Clerk gets a bawling out for presumably slighting some particular branch but that is due largely to former members of that branch failing to produce.

WE cannot hope to turn this department into a Lost and Found column entirely, but we intend to render such assistance as space will permit. It will be necessary to draw the line in our efforts at recovering property and state that it is probably impossible at this late date to recover such souvenirs of service in France as embroidered pillow tops, handkerchiefs and lingerie, hand-hammered French 75 cases and such like. So please go easy, men.

With the co-operation of the Then and Now gang we ought to be able to find the owners of found articles and to recover lost property. Comrade David Roy Temple of Waco, Texas, makes the following request:

"Would like very much to have you help me locate a little gift that I lost in France. While serving with Company

C, 28th Infantry, First Division, I was in the action at Cantigny, which started about ten a. m., May 28, 1918. We reached our objective about ten a. m., and after we had repulsed eight counter attacks I received a machine-gun bullet through the right shoulder. A comrade by the name of Earl Schmidt in my squad assisted me in applying first aid. He borrowed a little pearl-handled knife which was given to me while in Treve-ray, France, to cut away my clothes. I was sent to the rear without my knife and I thought if Comrade Schmidt saw this in Then and Now, he might remember and tell me what became of the knife. As I remember, Schmidt's home was in Janesville, Wisconsin."

While stationed in Trousey, France, in the Ansauville Sector, in February, 1918, reports former Wagoner F. M. Hrudka of Company A, First Ammunition Train, First Division, his outfit got orders to turn in all extra equipment. Misunderstanding the orders, Hrudka turned in also some souvenirs which he hopes to recover. These include a solid silver 17 jewel Aenere watch with a silver-toned alarm, and with the months and days shown on the dial. The watch, he advises, was bought in Desançon, France, about September 17, 1917, while his outfit was stationed in Camp Le Valdahon. With it was a woven-ribbon red, white and blue chain and a miniature 75 as a fob. In addition, he lost a black-bound New Mission prayer book with his name inscribed, and a ruby-set ring which was given to him by his mother when he enlisted. Can anyone give any information regarding this property?

NOW that it is assured the 1927 National Convention of the Legion will be held in Paris, France, get set for the outfit reunions which will be held in conjunction with it. Legionnaire Basil Woon, Paris (France) Post, is the first under the wire with a preliminary announcement.

16TH FOREIGN DETACHMENT and **NINTH SQUADRON**—Detachment, composed of Air Service Cadets at St. Maixent, France, and squadron will have headquarters during Legion convention in Paris, at Henry's Hotel, 11 Rue Volney, a rendezvous for American fliers during the war. Additional reunion of Ninth Squadron will be held near Bar-le-Duc, Address Basil Woon, 57 Rue de Maubeuge, Paris.

Co. D, 308TH INF.—Reunion, Dec. 4, Address Bill Tighe, 55 West 105th St., New York, N. Y.

32D DIVISION—Former members are requested to contribute to the fund being raised by the 32d Division Veteran Association for the purpose of erecting a monument in Arlington Cemetery, to the late Major General William G. Haan, former commander of the division. Address F. X. Ritger, 205 N. Pickney St., Madison, Wis.

SIXTH FIELD SIGNAL BN.—Former members interested in organizing a veterans' association, address H. M. Dingley, 2318 Franklin Ave., Seattle, Wash.

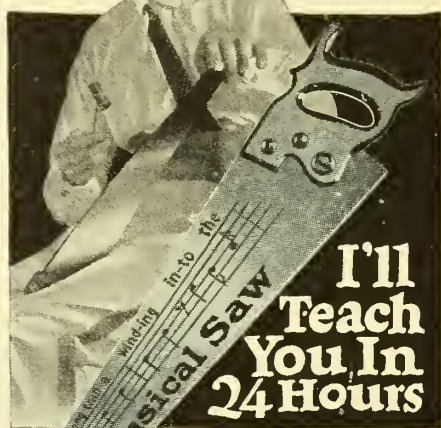
11TH ENGRS.—Regimental history is now being distributed. One copy free to each member, additional copies three dollars. Address V. T. Boughton, 1120 Myrtle Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

26TH DIVISION—Yankee Division Memorial Association is soliciting funds from former members to erect a memorial in France. Memorial will probably consist of a monument and the village church at Belleau, which will be rebuilt. Address Ralph M. Eastman, Treasurer, Y. D. Overseas Memorial, Inc., 200 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

THE COMPANY CLERK.

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However, if you have already heard the Saw, and do not want the record, ask only for my big **FREE TRIAL OFFER** with which all my pupils have made their start to fame and money. No charge; sent postpaid. Simply mail me this ad with your name and address printed along the margin.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
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The Lively Communists

(Continued from page 25)

American labor—has declared itself the enemy of the Russian principle. Many of its separate national unions, like the carpenters, expel only members found carrying a card of the Workers' Party. On the other hand a few unions with a prevailing foreign tinge, like the needle workers and fur workers of New York, show a strong open Communist influence. Here and there, probably, the Workers' Party has dropped a fraction into our schools and colleges. There must be nuclei in certain Negro societies.

Such, briefly, is the new organization; much tighter than the old, much more ingenious, much better suited for the long drive to capture the American worker. For the first time, the party is talking United States. This policy has strengthened the hold of Ruthenberg and his governing committee, of Moscow and the Third International, over the lives of the members. He who joins a Communist organization gives his political actions, many of his private actions, into the hands of his superiors. The control of an abbot over his monks is scarcely stronger than that of the central group over the members of the Workers' Party.

So much for the organization. The policy, the new orientation, which this organization will enforce, might be summarized in two American words—"raise hell." Not violent hell, note. Violences like political assassination, riots, sabotage and armed uprisings form no part of the present Communist policy in America. But disturb industrial and political conditions. Throw mental monkey wrenches into the machinery of the capitalist state. Get the workers discontented. And while doing so, persuade them that Communism is the one friend and hope. Foment strikes under Communist leadership. If you win them, do not rest content with that. Start more strikes. If you lose, you have helped create discontent. Especially don't stop at a mere raise in wages or reduction in hours. The object is not to gain personal advantage for the workers, but to rouse the proletariat, eventually to erect the co-operative commonwealth.

There are perhaps six hundred Communist nuclei and fractions scattered through the country, mostly in factories and labor unions. In forty factories or so the nuclei publish and give away "newspapers"—little four-page semi-occasional sheets, hardly more than dodgers. I have examined cursorily a collection of these amateur journals. Some of them are reasonably well printed. Some are merely typewritten and mimeographed. The editor of one appears too poor to own a typewriter; it is lettered out in pen and ink. A study of these publications exposes in little the Communist policy toward industry. As regards social revolution, they give only

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A Record Breaker!

A one reel motion picture history of the Philadelphia National Convention has just been completed. Many Posts will break all previous attendance records through the exhibition of this absorbing picture. Your Post can set a new attendance record by booking the picture for exhibition at your next Post meeting.

The Eighth Annual Convention picture is crammed full of interest for not only Legionnaires but the general public. Local theatres everywhere will be glad to co-operate for public showings. Only a limited number of prints are available for rental purposes. Play safe—telegraph YOUR order. The rental charge is only \$5.00 per day.

American Legion Film Service
Indianapolis, Indiana

a vague hint or so. They do preach general Communist principles. The greater part of the copy, however, tries to rouse discontent in the factory. The amateur editors, who often express themselves in weird foreign English, take advantage of every real grievance, every flaw in conditions, every incident which may be made to appear as injustice. One of them even makes much of the new ermine coat which the boss's wife displayed at the factory the week before. The *Chicago Worker* is the one English-language daily organ of the party. In contrast to the weeklies it is a very well written newspaper, but in a large way it follows the same policy.

Twice within the last year the "strategy of the strike" has come to the surface. As everyone knows, the hard-coal miners of the anthracite fields in Pennsylvania walked out last winter. The unions involved belong strictly to the American Federation of Labor. But the Communists had here a nucleus. During the dragging months of this struggle, they deluged the region with pamphlets attacking the bosses, holding up the Workers' Party as the one hope of labor. Eventually, conference committees of the miners and the mine owners got together and arranged a settlement. This, before it became operative, had to be confirmed by vote of the miners in convention.

During the next few days, the *Daily Worker* and all the voices of Communism tried to howl down the settlement. The conference committee had sold out to the bosses, declared the *Daily Worker* in every edition. Labor must repudiate these traitors. All who valued the interests of labor, especially all good Communists, must rise on the floor of the convention, enlighten the miners, stampede them into overturning this piece of knavery on the part of the leaders.

The convention met; the conference committee reported. The ensuing debate proved the miners overwhelmingly disposed to settlement. John L. Lewis, veteran leader of the union, was about to put the vote when a member arose and started mildly to suggest that the committee should have forced better

terms. He was interrupted by a voice bellowing from the floor:

"You're a Communist!"

"You're a liar!" said the objector.

"And you're a liar!" came another voice. "I saw you distributing Communist pamphlets last week!"

"Put him out!" roared Lewis from the platform. A committee of volunteer sergeants-at-arms moved on the objector, shot him through the door. A minute later the convention had endorsed the settlement.

So, dismally and somewhat ridiculously, ended the first attempt. The second had better success.

The textile business at Passaic, New Jersey, on the fringe of Greater New York, was a sore spot of American industry. The operatives in the Passaic mills had not shared in the general wage-advances of recent years. The average pay in the worst mills was less than \$17 a week. A born German of the pre-war variety owned the establishment where trouble first broke out; he had transferred his manufacturing interests from Germany to New Jersey only a few years before the war.

There existed among the mill workers a skeleton of unionism under the American Federation of Labor. But the leaders seemed supine. Laxity on the part of conservative labor unionism is the radical's opportunity. The Communists, apparently, saw a chance for trouble.

They seem to have planted a small nucleus in the factory. And they certainly sent over one Albert Weisbord as organizer. Usually the Communist party follows the rule set down by Big Bill Haywood for the I. W. W.—"the most intellectual person in this organization is going to be Big Bill Haywood." Weisbord is an exception. He holds a diploma from Harvard Law School. He is an able and persuasive young man, possibly with a great radical future before him.

The management of the Passaic factory in question announced a ten percent reduction in wages, and the strike burst. Weisbord emerged as its leader; he was staffed by a United Front Committee which seemed (Continued on page 82)

Put on the Badge of a Communist!

SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFULLY UNUSUAL.



The Emblem of The Young Workers (Communist) League. A striking closed fist—the Communist salute—(reproduction actual size) in gold and silver.

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GOLD, 40 cents; SILVER, 25 cents. In quantities of a dozen or more, gold \$3.60 a doz., silver \$2.25 a doz.

Rush Your Order to

The Young Workers League of America,
1113 W. Washington Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

The Communists' campaign for members is still on, as witness this advertisement in the Daily Worker, published in Chicago, which urges its readers to show their affiliation with the cause through the official emblem.

Gene Tunney Says



You are to be congratulated for the wonderful benefits you are offering to the world. I have met a number of your students and each and everyone of them has the highest praise for your course. After investigating your system myself, I joined them. If anyone is run down and wants to better himself physically and wants to develop his muscles and strength, he should not hesitate in becoming your pupil.

You have my best wishes always for everlasting success. Yours very truly, (Signed) Gene Tunney.

Liederman Says

Strong men are not born, they are made—he makes them, that is why he is called "the muscle builder." He will rebuild your body from head to foot. He will fill you full of pep so that you will have that springy step. You will bubble over with life. He guarantees to put one solid inch of muscle on your arm the first thirty days and two inches on your chest during the same period of time. Think what he will do for you in sixty days. This is not idle prattle, because Liederman is doing it every day. You want health, you want strength, you want popularity—here's your chance to get it and you can get it quick.

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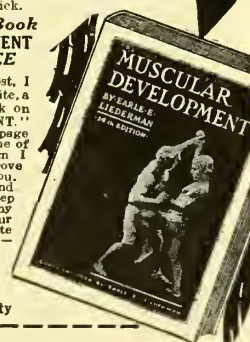
Without a single cent of cost, I will send Legion men who write, a copy of my big 64 page book on "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT." It contains over four dozen full page photographs of myself and some of my prize winning pupils whom I have trained. This book will prove an impetus and inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through and it is yours to keep after you get it without any strings or obligations. For your health sake, send today—write now before you turn this page—rush coupon.

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Dear Sir—Please send me absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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The Lively Communists

(Continued from page 81)

to show Communist leanings. The Passaic police had a strong tinge of pre-war German membership and methods, and relations between them and the factory owners seemed unduly intimate. At the climax of the affair, a squad of policemen charged the newspaper reporters with their clubs, ran them up alleys, smashed two or three valuable cameras and a \$5,000 moving picture machine. This tended to make the strikers popular with even the organization Republican newspapers of New York, and strikes are usually won or lost by public opinion. In three months the employers stood ready to talk settlement. The A. F. of L. had taken notice by now. When the governor called a conference the strikers appointed Weisbord their representative. The Governor and the A. F. of L. refused to go further in the matter until this Communist was eliminated from the situation. The United Front Committee refused to appoint any other spokesman. After months of fruitless negotiation, Weisbord managed to eliminate himself, and the A. F. of L. took over.

The strike is still on; however it ends, the Communists have bettered their position. If the strikers win higher wages—Communism will then claim the victory. Presumably some at least of the millhands will show their gratitude by joining the Workers' Party. If they lose, Communism may point to the persecution of Weisbord as an example of capitalistic tactics against the working class. And at worst, the movement has been advertised on every front page in the land. When the employers of Passaic denounced the strike as a Communist uprising, they made splendid capital for the Workers' Party. And unless American Communism dies out before the next period of industrial depression and wage-adjustment, we may see this situation many times repeated.

Nuclei are working at other sore and troublesome points of American society. The tenant farmer of the West has his grievances which he has tried to make articulate in such movements as the Non-Partisan League. The Communists have begun driving for membership in this group. It is hard to tell what the farmer thinks until he comes to express himself at the polls—and no one but the party leaders in Chicago knows how well this attempt is succeeding. In the days when it believed an immediate American social revolution possible, Moscow paid much attention to our Negroes. Here was a discontented class

—a fine opportunity for a major disturbance. Though Moscow put much energy and some money into this enterprise, Communism failed to capture the black imagination. Our Negroes are without doubt chafing at their position in our social scheme. But community of goods does not appeal to them. Even more than the white man, the typical Negro wants property. However, the Workers' Party under the new policy still harps on the wrongs of the black man; hammers at this weak joint in the American structure. They told me not long ago at Chicago headquarters that the Negro membership was only two or three hundred. Perhaps they underestimated for diplomatic reasons. An in-

formed outsider sets the figure at about four hundred. The Negro Labor Congress at Chicago in 1925 was not, as the newspapers assumed, a strictly Communistic assemblage. It represented many classes, bound together by discontent with conditions of life and work. But the Communist members took the lead, made most of the noise. The general assumption that this convention was wholly Communist served as splendid advertising for the cause.

Agitation is the watchword—agitation against every conspicuous movement of our "bourgeois" Government and our capitalistic class. When the state department got into a jam with Mexico, when the students of a New York college voted against compulsory military training, when our States refused to ratify the child-labor amendment, when the Countess Cathcart was excluded, when the Senate approved the Italian loan—on these and twenty similar occasions the Communists of New York, Chicago or other big cities hired a cheap hall, seated an audience of the converted and unconverted on boxes and planks, attacked the position of the Government, led gracefully into fiery speeches on Communist principles, and passed the hat. The intervals between crises they fill in with anniversary celebrations. The birth of Marx, the Russian Bolshevik revolution, the Paris Commune of 1870, half a dozen other high spots in radical history, are so commemorated every year. And—as a Chicago trades-union man said to me—they are great people for parties. In winter they give Communist dramatic performances and dances; in summer, excursions and picnics. The true zealot seems indeed to have no social life outside of Communism. The meetings and parties—so managed as to pay for



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themselves and leave a balance—take up most of his spare time. The audience or company at these gatherings is by no means limited to the converted. Waverers attend them; tolerant workmen from other factions; conservative beaux of Communist girls and vice versa. They serve not only to keep the members united and happy with each other, but as a means of attracting membership.

Education, both of adults and children, is another cardinal principle in the new policy. The Communist headquarters in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other great cities run night schools for adults—with an especial eye to the adult foreigner. These institutions give, basically, courses in the English language. That is part of the Americanization program. Otherwise, all instruction has for its object to impregnate the pupil's mind with Communist ideas, so that he will see the world only in terms of the Marxian theory. The curricula include lectures and study courses in the history of labor—with a Communistic twist—Marxian economics, the Marxian theory of history, and so on. The children of the members have been gathered up into the Young Workers' Party. For them the headquarters in various large cities have established Communist Sunday Schools. From one who has attended these interesting institutions, I have the following sample of methods and doctrines.

THE SUPERINTENDENT: When you children came here this morning, you passed —'s department store. Did you see anything in the window that you wanted?

A LITTLE BOY: Yes.

THE SUPERINTENDENT: What was it?

THE LITTLE BOY: A pair of skates.

THE SUPERINTENDENT: A pair of skates? I'm sure that is a very reasonable wish. When I was a boy, I liked to skate myself. Now can you tell me why you can't have that pair of skates?

THE LITTLE BOY: Because my father can't buy them for me.

THE SUPERINTENDENT: That's it. Your father can't buy them for you. I am sure he would if he could. Now can any little boy or girl tell me why this little boy's father can't buy him that nice pair of skates?

(A pause. Then a bright little girl speaks up.)

THE BRIGHT GIRL: Because the bosses have all the money.

THE SUPERINTENDENT: That's it exactly. Now why do the bosses have all the money?

He answers that question himself in words of one syllable—a first-reader exposition of Communist doctrine; a promise that when the working class rises and overthrows the bosses, every little boy will have a pair of skates. Probably no children except those of Communist parentage attend such schools. But this educational policy does solidify the movement and hold the rising (Continued on page 84)

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The Lively Communists

(Continued from page 83)

generation. The principle is that maxim attributed to the Jesuits—"Give us the boy until he is ten years old, and we care not who has him afterward."

Who or what pays for all this? For the most part, I believe, the American Communists themselves. An informed outsider estimates that the average member—who is of course a poor man—gives to the cause, in dues, assessments and contributions about \$40 a year. As I have shown, the party makes even its social activities return a profit.

Do the American Communists get funds from Russia? At times, yes; but possibly not just now. Two or three years ago the Third International made an appropriation for propaganda among our Negroes. That is the only open and certain record, though other transactions smell of foreign money.

Russia has no great sums to expend on foreign lands. The Bolshevik government is always hard put to make both ends meet; the Third International, similarly handicapped, struggles at this moment to keep up agitation in thirty other countries, all poorer than the United States. The authority whom I have already quoted on Communist finances seems to speak reasonably when he says:

"Moscow does come through now and then for a special cause or a special emergency, but not very generally. All the money it has given to Communist propaganda in America wouldn't keep Tammany Hall running in one district of New York."

I HAVE confirmed above what their most frightened opponents say about the American Communists. It is, indeed, about what the Communists say of themselves. They glory in their methods.

However, one factor which I have hitherto omitted from calculation may serve to quell the panic now disturbing many a conservative bosom. Considering the size of this country, the Communists are a most insignificantly small faction. When they split off from the Socialist Party in 1919 they numbered at least 50,000 committed zealots. In 1925, the Chicago headquarters reported 20,000 members of the Workers' Party; this year it lists 16,000. In common with most reliable authorities on American radicalism, I believe these figures accurate. Not more than 6,000 or 7,000 of the members are American citizens.

Even this estimate magnifies the strength of the fighting Communist group. Owing to a foreign political situation so involved that I shall not describe it here, the Finnish labor unions are organized under the Communist International. Members of these unions to the number of several thousand have emigrated to America since the war. Almost automatically, they have entered the Workers' Party; but they regard it only as a form of unionism. Toward

the idea of social revolution they seem less than lukewarm.

However, modern Communism has everywhere organized itself round a central group. These are the zealots, willing to take discipline from the party, to put their lives and fortunes at disposal of the Third International. In Russia itself that group numbers only 600,000. Nevertheless it seems to have the unqualified support of the Russian industrial class. For about the nucleus extends always a fringe of sympathizers who, if sufficiently interested or excited or intimidated, will act as the central body dictates. The Workers' Party represents for the United States that central group of zealots. How wide is the fringe? The vote of 36,000 in 1924 gives only a hazy indication. On the one hand, the party was stronger than at present. Further, native and naturalized members of the I. W. W. whose way of life made them eligible to register, very generally voted the Workers' Party ticket. Since the I. W. W. is syndicalist in theory and repudiates government and politics this may seem illogical. But the Syndicalists of the French labor unions do the same thing. On the other hand, one

or two industrial States like California did not admit a Workers' Party ticket to the official ballot. Again, the foreign-born and unnaturalized Communists do not of course show in the vote.

I questioned on this point the one man in service of the federal Government who has by virtue of his job the deepest insight into radical movements. At first he would give no estimate.

"Well," I said to start him, "let's set it at 75,000 adults—party and fringe together."

"Oh, that would be an exaggeration," he replied.

"Then say 50,000?" I ventured.

"I should call that the limit," said the expert.

For a time, I took this as final. Then I found data which gave me pause. The Foreign Language Information Service, a most sound authority, lists seventeen foreign-language newspapers as "Workers' Party organs". They represent thirteen different tongues, and they have a total sworn circulation of 168,000. Add to that figure 25,000 for the *Chicago Daily Worker*, and an allowance for two or three small sheets in obscure tongues not covered by the Foreign Language Information Service, and you reach a total of perhaps 200,000.

However, the foreign-language news-

papers have a habit of padding their circulation statements. A journal of this class published on the East coast used to print daily under its head, "Sworn circulation 35,000." One day it entered a system of newspapers whose circulation statements must be investigated and guaranteed—and next day the figure shrank to 12,000. Again, in several instances the Workers' Party organ is the only newspaper of its language published in its locality. Therefore, even stand-pat royalists and clericals take it. Finally, following the custom of the *Daily Worker* the party buys and distributes many copies of these foreign-language sheets as propaganda. Still, with all these allowances, the circulation of the Communist press may indicate a faction a little larger than 50,000 adults. So I shall stick to my own guess and say 75,000. That seems to me the very limit.

PERHAPS I have reached the point where I should begin to answer the question at the head of these articles:

How Red is America? If we mean by Reds the elements which look forward to overthrowing our Government and our economic

system by some form of revolution, we must confine the answer to the I. W. W., the Anarchists and the Communists; for the Socialists, of whom I shall treat in another instalment, do not endorse violent methods or physical revolution. I showed in a previous article that the I. W. W. has now about 16,000 members. This organization is dying; it has no fringe left. To that we may add perhaps 3,000 simon-pure Anarchists. Finally there are at the most exaggerated estimate 75,000 Communists, party members and fringe alike. Very well: 16,000 plus 3,000 plus 75,000 equals 94,000. To be liberal let us throw in a thousand and say the adults of the deep Red revolutionary element in the United States may number 95,000. There are 57,000,000 or 58,000,000 adults among our 117,000,000 souls. The revolutionary radicals, therefore, amount at the most liberal calculation to one-sixth of one percent of our population. If you follow the guess of the government expert whom I quoted above, the count shrinks to one-eighth of one percent.

The shooting won't begin for some time yet.

The fourth and concluding article in Mr. Irwin's series on radicalism in the United States, "The Socialists—and the Future," will appear in the January issue.

Communists Are Striving to Put Toledo, Ohio, on Map for Working Class

By J. LOUIS ENGDAHL

Headline of a special dispatch to the Daily Worker which records work being done for Communism in Toledo, Ohio.

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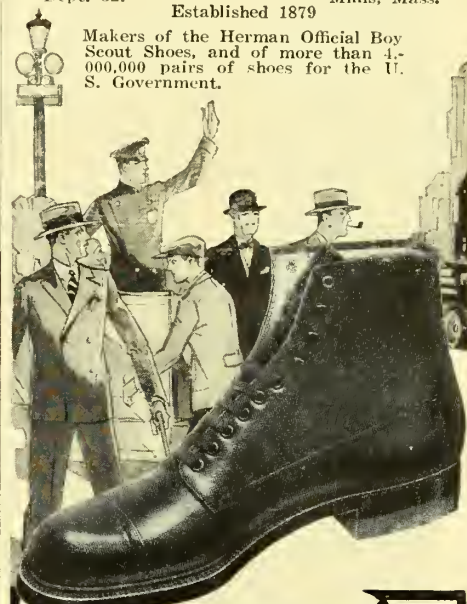
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"For the lassos will be swinging
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And the punchers will be singin'
As in the 'roarin' days gone by."

Wilson, Master Strategist

(Continued from page 17)

he was given by Congress—very reluctantly and doubtfully by some—the power to arm every man in the United States capable of bearing arms. That was "THE DAY." When the news reached London that the Selective Draft Act had been signed by Wilson, with the significance of its passage (destroying all precedents and casting tradition to the wind), Britain and all allied nations knew that a master strategist was in command at the White House. Neither Asquith nor Lloyd George, even the King, nor all together in the presence of sore need, had been able to secure such a law in Britain. They early sensed its importance and took off their hats to Wilson's military, as well as statesmanlike, genius when they read that act.

When it became apparent that the United States would enter the war—that is to say on "The Day of Decision" (Tuesday, March 20, 1917) when at the Cabinet meeting it was decided that the President should call Congress in extraordinary session to meet April 2 "to receive a communication by the Executive on grave questions of national policy which should be taken under consideration"—when that was settled, soon the world knew that Woodrow Wilson had already mapped out the vital policies for winning the war. He had been slow to take the actual step, but he had not been slow to formulate policies. The Cabinet was unanimous in recommending that course and some had wished earlier action. However, most of them were in full accord with President Wilson in exhausting every resource before the supreme one of declaring war.

Already the Selective Draft in its essential features had been prepared. Before the Cabinet had acted and the die was cast, General Hugh Scott, great officer who had been selected by Wilson to become chief of staff, had suggested to Secretary Baker that if and when war was declared the wise course would be not to depend upon voluntary enlistment but to adopt conscription. As the sure way of obtaining a "democratic army" the idea appealed to Secretary Baker. He took it to President Wilson with his approval. They talked it over and recalled the various measures that had been adopted in other wars. Both agreed that the conditions demanded a departure from the voluntary appeal, a dependence upon every citizen to render the service for which he was best fitted, with power for the Government to say what that service should be and when and how it should

be rendered. These civilian war leaders expanded the original idea of conscription for fighting to selection for every character of war service at home and abroad. When the conference ended the President said to the Secretary of War: "Baker, this is plainly right on any ground. Start to prepare the necessary legislation so that if I am obliged to go to the Congress the bills will be ready for immediate consideration." A conference of War Department officials was held, an agreement had on the main lines, and General Crowder, who afterwards under the Secretary of War ably administered it, went to work to put the measure in shape for Congressional action.

The introduction of the Selective Draft Act was the occasion for widespread and serious criticism. Conscription was a hated word to many. In his address to Congress asking for a declaration of war, Mr. Wilson recommended that the men needed for the increase of the armed forces should be "chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service." A British writer (A. Maurice Low) truly wrote: "He was staking much upon his judgment. Defeat of the measure would have been notice to Germany that the forces she controlled in America

were more powerful than the President, and that America, while dragged into the war against its will by the President, at heart was opposed to the war and would be only lukewarm in its prosecution." Wilson was, in the very beginning of the war in pressing for the Selective Draft, doing what he later advised officers of the Navy to do: "Please leave out of your vocabulary altogether the word 'prudent.' Do not stop to think about what is prudent for a moment. Do the thing that is audacious to the utmost point of risk and daring."

It had a rocky road to travel. An examination of the vote by which it passed in the House and Senate carried no suggestion of the opposition Mr. Wilson had to overcome. Without his leadership Congress might have so amended it as to have weakened, if it had not destroyed, its usefulness. President Wilson asked for it as an essential step for the successful conduct of the war. That was the argument, backed by faith in him and a desire to give him the measure he regarded as essential to victory, which secured the large majority for the measure. It passed on May 18th. So great was the opposition in Congress to the Selective Draft measure that it required a whole month for it to pass Congress. The name,



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"Selective Draft," accurately described it and got away from the ingrained unpopular feeling about conscription. It called for enlisting a million men, who were compelled to appear for physical and mental examination and to be assigned to such duty as the authorities found them best qualified to perform. It prevented, for instance, sending skilled riveters, sorely needed to build destroyers, to the western front, keeping them where they could do more toward strengthening the American fighting strength than as soldiers.

The moment, however, that the Selective Draft was enacted, there was well nigh universal acceptance. The strong resistance proved but a bubble and soon was lost in the pride which each community felt in doing its part in the great struggle. This was heightened by the fact that its administration in local communities was in the hands of civilians living in that community. In all previous operations of conscription for military service it had been carried out by soldiers who were rarely of the vicinage. There seemed to be a providence or special good fortune in the finding of superior patriots in most localities to serve on local boards. They measured up to a delicate and difficult duty in a way that converted critics of the Selective Draft into its partisans. There were few cases of partiality and injustice. The men were sent to the front in the order of their need, due consideration being paid to family obligations and the production of munitions and supplies for soldiers and sailors. When it is recalled that 26,000,000 men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were registered and examined and assigned to service, the popularity of the execution of the law can be realized today even more than in the war days. Out of this registration and previous enlistment, the American Army contained over 4,000,000 men in the latter part of 1918 (the exact number was 4,272,251) of whom over two million were in France, and the personnel of the Navy exceeded 500,000 (the exact number was 533,000).

In my "Life of Woodrow Wilson" (page 284) this appraisal was made of Wilson's securing the Selective Draft:

"The legislation providing for the Selective Draft was the outstanding constructive new method of securing recruits to carry on the war. This made it democratic to the core, calling upon all men to render the service most needed. It could not have been put through Congress except by the driving force of Wilson and his irresistible arguments. It was the first time in history that a plan of obtaining soldiers through the good offices of civilian boards had been undertaken. It was so justly administered by patriotic citizens, selected with great care, as to convince even those who had been hostile to departing from the voluntary system. Under it every man was

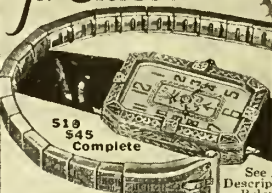
commandeered to the khaki, to the factory, to the farm—wherever he could render best service in winning the war."

Perhaps President Wilson never showed his ability to better advantage as commander-in-chief than when he nipped in the bud the well organized plan to use American soldiers as "replacements" in British and French commands. The well prepared idea of British and French leaders backed by intensive propaganda, was that as soon as American troops reached France they should be used to fill up the French and British companies—that is, if in a certain French or British formation of say one hundred men, forty had been killed or wounded and the strength had been reduced to sixty, an assignment of forty American soldiers would be made to fill the original ranks to the full number. It sounds preposterous, in the light of the great American Expeditionary Force commanded by Pershing, that such a scheme should ever have been seriously considered. But considered it was and earnestly supported, and when General Pershing reached Europe with only a few thousand troops, he was urged to abandon the idea of a separate army and let American soldiers be used as "replacement troops." President Wilson and Secretary Baker had every confidence in General Pershing and had sent him abroad with few specific orders, but all of them looked to a separate American Army, officered by Americans, to be thrown when and where they could do most to secure victory.

General Pershing had the vision to see that the replacement idea was the most impracticable military suggestion that military and civilian leaders had ever hatched. He indicated his decided opposition to the proposition. It was born of panic. But while vigorously opposed to it, General Pershing told European associates he would present it to his Government. I remember very distinctly the day when Secretary Baker brought General Pershing's cablegram to the Cabinet meeting. President Wilson spoke his mind with unwonted vigor. The very suggestion of using our soldiers as "replacement troops" and "brigading" them with English or French troops aroused his resentment. Baker felt quite as strongly but expressed himself with less emphasis.

"Pershing is right," said Wilson. "Of course, we will leave to him the disposition of our troops, where they can serve most effectively, but it must be an American Army, officered by Americans, and held together by the American spirit." His wrath at the suggestion subsiding, he went into a rather detailed statement of the situation as he saw it. Serious it was, he said, and the long struggle and heavy losses had brought war fatigue to some. "If the war lasts long, and I see no prospect for an early ending," he said in substance, "some country now engaged in fighting Germany may become so reduced and shell-shocked, it (Continued on page 88)

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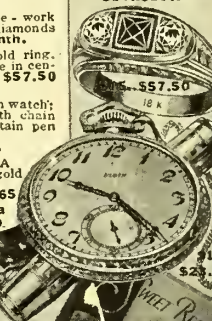
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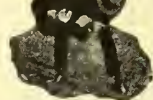
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Wilson, Master Strategist

(Continued from page 87)

may not be able to carry on. It is not at all outside the realm of possibility we may in time be required to bear the brunt of the struggle. We must be prepared for that eventuality. Therefore, we must have our own army with our own officers and our own communications and supplies." He turned to Baker, with a Wilsonian twinkle in his eye, and directed him to cable Pershing that "we will have our own army or we won't play." In that conclusion he had the support of all his Cabinet. Baker and Pershing deeply felt the necessity of that course and the results proved the Government's position was the only one that could have worked well.

Just "suppose," as children play games, Wilson had lacked the vision to take that course, and had permitted the argument of the Allies to lead him to accept the "replacement" plan, what would have happened? In the first place, instead of going overseas with the spirit of fight and victory, American soldiers would have been disheartened before they went on the field. It would have been fatal from the beginning.

There was very strong sentiment in influential circles among the Allies, instead of the United States having an American Army in France, for "the brigading of American troops with the British army." The plan was pressed by Allied leaders and favored by Ambassador Page, Admiral Sims and some other Americans in Europe. Ambassador Page, in a note to Admiral Sims, said:

There was a small dinner last night at which were present Balfour, Cecil and Reading, and the host a very important person. There was present also another man who holds somewhat radical views as to the most efficient way to employ America's man power on the Western front instead of organizing a separate Army with its own lines of communication and supply.

The gentlemen above mentioned were greatly interested in the expression of these views and highly approved of them, and the discussion turned upon the means to realize them.

During the discussion the following facts were brought out:

First—This proposition was presented by the House mission upon its return home.

Second—The President asked Pershing for his views as to the advisability of the scheme, and in case he did not approve it to state why he did not approve.

Third—General Robertson went to France to discuss the matter with Pershing and came back "much disappointed."

Manifestly, the pressure in favor of the scheme is increasing. It is becoming apparent that the bulk of tonnage assigned to transport the Army is being used to bring over material to create the facilities for handling and supplying a projected army so large that it can probably never be landed in France—at least not in time to get into the game. It is believed that the pressure now or soon will be such as to endanger the

position of those who continue to oppose the scheme. It is, of course, desirable to increase this pressure as soon and as much as possible.

The reasons in favor of the scheme are so plain and simple as to be readily understood by the man in the street.

The reasons opposed to it are purely sentimental—national and state pride and ambition for personal distinction. There is no sound military reason against it. Therefore, it is of the first importance that this matter be clearly explained to the man on the street.

It is up to you and the men of your cloth.

Of course though the Ambassador wished the matter "explained to the man on the street," the propaganda was confined to official and military circles. It made no headway in this country and General Robertson was "much disappointed" after talking to General Pershing. A public statement was made after the war that General Bliss had assented to the "replacement" idea which he denied vehemently. He said: "Not only at no time did I make any recommendation for the 'brigading' of American troops with the British army, but the truth is exactly the reverse."

I recall the incident because it disclosed that President Wilson, with great respect for Allied leaders, reached the conclusion on his own hook, and showed as great wisdom in military strategy as in leadership in domestic policies. Maybe more.

From the moment the United States entered the World War, Mr. Wilson saw the necessity of unity of command. He had commented upon the unwisdom of the several Allied armies operating without a commander-in-chief, before the United States entered the war. He believed Germany's successes were due in part to the fact that they had one real commander and that Allied reverses had been increased by the lack of such unity. But, with only a few Americans in France early in 1917, he did not feel justified in insisting upon or demanding such change in the conduct of the war.

He early let it be known, however, that such was his opinion, again showing his knowledge of military strategy. It was not until the terrible March drive (1918), when the Germans made the smashing drive that made Haig say, "My back is to the wall," that the Allies were prepared for a supreme military command. In November, 1917, Lloyd George, sharing Wilson's view, declared epigrammatically that the "war has been prolonged by partialarism. It will be shortened by solidarity. National professional tradition, questions of prestige and susceptibilities, all conspired to render our best decisive vain."

Here were the two great civilian leaders of the English speaking nations; seeing plainly that a divided command was



hopeless, and yet Lloyd George was compelled for a time to go back on his utterances because the General Staff, opposed to it, was all powerful with Parliament and the British public. The British Staff never changed in opposition until General Pershing offered the American forces in France to any service they saw fit. That act on the part of the American commander overruled the objections of the British Staff and General Foch became commander-in-chief of the Allied armies. It was Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson who led the way to a course that should have been taken in 1914.

One of the pieces of strategy—some called it statesmanship, but it was both—that showed Mr. Wilson's big vision was his decision to send Allied troops to Siberia to support the Czecho-Slovaks. It was a situation of extreme delicacy and Wilson's strategy was open to criticism. He could not explain his decision, which was not widely understood. "History, calmly reviewing all the facts, will say his policy was correct."

In nothing did Mr. Wilson display sounder military strategy than in resisting the demand that Mr. Roosevelt be given power to raise a volunteer division and be commissioned its commander. Roosevelt's request struck a popular chord. His ability and his courage and splendid spirit caught the national imagination. And yet, Mr. Roosevelt was not physically fit, a fact which he would have been the last to admit, but which subsequent events proved. It called for the discharge of an unpopular act for Mr. Wilson to deny Mr. Roosevelt's heart's desire. He said: "It would be very agreeable to me to pay Mr. Roosevelt this compliment and the Allies the compliment of sending to their aid one of our most distinguished public men."

He saw the political advantage, too, but in this, as in the whole conduct of the war, did not permit any political consideration to weigh. "But," he went on to say, "this is not the time or the occasion for compliment or for any action not calculated to contribute to the immediate success of winning the war. The business now in hand is undramatic, practical and of scientific definiteness and precision." He accepted responsibility "for the successful conduct of our own part in the conduct of the war," and did not say, as would a leader seeking to pass the buck, that General Pershing, who had been selected as commander-in-chief, did not approve Mr. Roosevelt's assignment. The nearest he came to including anybody in his decision was: "I shall act with regard to it after every step and in every particular under expert and professional advice from both sides of the water."

At first there was wide resentment, but that abated when the country saw that in no instance did Mr. Wilson depart from his policy of accepting no volunteers but to conduct the war by the agents created in the spirit of the Selective Service Act. Wilson had no conceit of military knowledge. Indeed

he disavowed it and never overruled the military strategy of the agents he had created.

I have made no allusion to the looking ahead by Mr. Wilson when in 1915 he directed the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy to prepare large plans for putting the military agencies on a strong footing, which resulted in the authorization of the biggest naval program in history, and legislation that caused large expansion in both arms of the service as soon as war was declared. He gave approval and welcome to the creation of the Naval Civilian Consulting Board, which opened the way for the Council of National Defense and the other war agencies that completely mobilized for war the industries of the country.

The chief naval contribution to victory was transportation and safe convey of 2,079,880 American troops to Europe by its cruiser and transport force. Of these, while British ships gave big aid after the March drive, 1,720,360 sailed under the escort of the United States Navy. And all this without the loss of a single soldier on an American ship on the way to France, though they sailed through seas infested with submarines, and some ships were attacked by U-boats en route. When war ended, the Navy alone brought back over 1,700,000 soldiers from France, using second-line fighting ships as transports. The Navy not only transported 2,600,000 men, passengers and troops, but it provided food for the vast army of soldiers en route, and organized the naval overseas transportation service with 490 vessels which safely carried six million tons of munitions, fuel oil, gasoline, coal and food for the American army and the Allied civilian population.

The Germans, who doubted whether the United States could furnish and train troops in time to check them, were quite confident, even if the soldiers could be trained, they could not be transported safely to France. Where were the ships? The answer to that was the supreme preparedness challenge to the Navy. It was here again that President Wilson's ability was seen. More than half a million of the troops that defeated the Germans were transported across the Atlantic in German vessels, which had been interned in American ports. He backed the Navy Department and gave authority as soon as war was declared to convert all the German interned ships into transports. German devilish sabotage sought to make their use impossible, but 557,000 American troops sailed to France in "the fleet the Kaiser built for us." Not only did President Wilson take over these ships, but led in building others, and in taking over by the doctrine of "supreme emergency" ships of other nationalities in American waters, and buying and leasing and commandeering every ship that could be utilized. The story of his initiative in the securing of ways to insure transportation of men and supplies, and initiative in air service and other agencies for carrying on the war, would fill a book.

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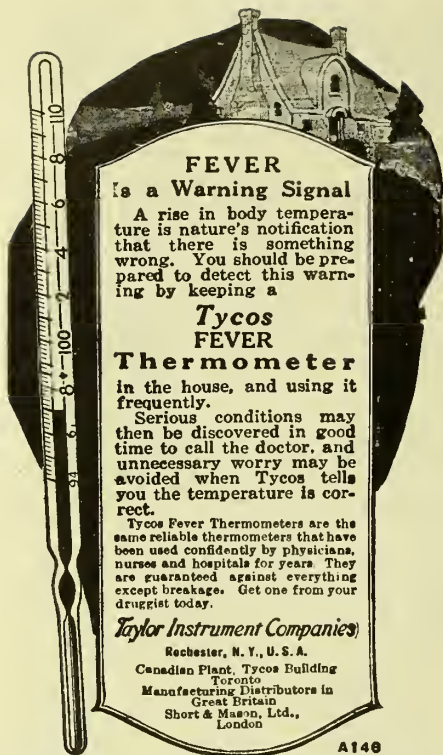
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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 39)

receive with gratification the information that I had never been a criminal. Mike, unquestionably, had the underworld feeling against a spy.

"Never mind what you don't understand, Mike," said Rose. "There are too many things that we all must understand. You and I are sister and brother, Jack. That's enough; the rest of the story is as you two have just said. We can't go into any more details. We'd merely forget them, and tangle ourselves up worse than ever. Anyway, the chances are that the people on this yacht will not be deeply interested in humble folk like us."

Her interruption sufficed to send Mike's mind into a channel that led away from the dangerous situation of a minute before.

"That's right," he agreed. "But the bullet hole in the tank?"

"We'll say," answered Rose, "that Jack fired at a shark fin, and that a wave made the boat roll."

"And that's how he drilled the hole, eh?" laughed Mike. "Well, any other story would probably seem just as thin as that. Let's hope they swallow it."

There was no time or opportunity to confer with Rose. But I wondered if recognition had led to suspicion, and suspicion to certainty. If she knew that I was a spy, what then?

CHAPTER XVII.

I AM no sailor. I can putter around with a two-cylinder motorboat, but I can't even tie a knot, as has been related in this tale. So I don't know whether the yacht heaved to, lay off, or what. All I know is that she lost headway a few hundred yards from us, and then a man in uniform bellowed at us through a megaphone.

Cupping my mouth in my hands, I made it clear to him that Mike had not waved his shirt out of sheer sociability, and orders were apparently given for a small boat to come alongside of us. Five minutes later we had been transferred to the deck of the *Bonita*.

The man who had hailed us received us in considerable state. Captain Flanders, he stated himself to be. He was a burly individual, and I disliked him at once. I suspected that his curly brown beard hid a weak mouth and chin. He looked too much of a master's man. By that I mean that, despite his wide shoulders and his air of authority, he had a gift for quick transitions of manner. His eyes had been welcoming as we landed on the *Bonita*. Then, as he took in our shabby apparel, his eyes became supercilious, to become quickly graciously condescending as the inflections of

Rose's voice informed him that she was a lady.

Mike he relegated instantly to a menial position, and ordered him forward to the crew's quarters in charge of a steward. Mike stumbled purposefully against me as he went off. He breathed a quick whisper in my ear.

"Watch your step, Jack," he advised, "and see that Miss Blaney watches hers."

It was a ridiculous warning, I assured myself. And as Flanders told us whose yacht this was, my contempt for Mike's whispered advice grew greater. For the *Bonita* was the property of Wilson Cavendish. I'd heard—who hadn't?—of young Cavendish.

Born to millions, his escapades had been the gossip of the newspapers of at least two continents for a decade. But merely because a man was wild, and sowed oats plenteously, didn't mean that a castaway girl would be in any danger at his hands. And yet this was what Mike had intimated. He had not bothered to warn me against carelessness in our relation of recent past events, for he knew that such warning was

unnecessary. I tried to set down Mike's whisper to the natural suspiciousness of his kind.

But in the cabin to which Flanders had assigned me, I pondered the situation with a gravity that should have been absurd, that I told myself was absurd, and yet that I knew was not absurd.

In the first place, in spite of Captain Flanders' quick recognition of Rose's station in life, there had been a glint of something unpleasant in his eyes as he appraised her. I'm no prude; and I have no objections to a man eyeing appreciatively a girl's figure. Lord knows the girls have no right to object to masculine appreciation in these days of generous display. But Flanders' expression was not of simple admiration for her pretty face, or for the lines disclosed by the man's garb which she wore.

In the second place, the skipper of the *Bonita* had not turned Rose over to the ministrations of a maid. One would have thought that a 200-foot yacht like this would have carried in its crew some women. Surely young Cavendish must entertain ladies occasionally on such a craft. But Flander had ordered a steward to show Rose to her cabin.

In the third place, Rose had been assigned a stateroom that opened upon a corridor or hall different from the one leading to my cabin. Yet, as another steward showed me to my room, I noted that on either side of my room were unoccupied staterooms. The latched



back doors disclosed rooms obviously, from the absence of clothing and toilet accessories, unused. It would have been more natural, it seemed to me, to assign my "sister" to a room next to mine.

And in the fourth place, I couldn't understand why the owner and his possible guests were not on deck at five o'clock in the afternoon. What I had read of life on yachts, and what I had glimpsed of yachts in Firport Harbor, led me to believe that this was the tea and cocktail hour. That none but the crew was in evidence seemed strange, especially as Flanders had said that Mr. Cavendish could not be disturbed at the moment, but would doubtless see us at dinner. I seemed to remember that Cavendish was a young man, no elderly invalid addicted to afternoon naps.

Moreover, adding uneasiness to the Mike-inspired suspicions, the steward who showed me to my cabin was not the sort to inspire confidence. He was civil enough, went to all proper pains to find me clothing, to supply me with shaving materials, and to indicate the bath. But there was that confidential manner about him that one meets in the attaches of restaurants catering to night life. In furloughs Over There I had come in contact with this type of man in the resorts of Paris, and I wondered that such a person could obtain and retain employment on a yacht of a gentleman. Furthermore, the other stewards whom I noticed seemed fit companions for mine.

I wondered if Cavendish was sleeping off the effects of a debauch.

Oh, I know that I must seem of an incredibly nervous nature, but certain things can be felt, though not described. All I can say is that I almost wished we were back in our helpless motor boat, so certain was I that the atmosphere of this yacht boded us ill.

Not even the bath and shave and the donning of fresh clothing—which by the way fitted me rather well—served to dispel my presentiment of trouble.

So I transferred my pistol from my old garments to my new ones, half sneering at myself for the precaution, yet not disdaining to take it.

Then, admiring myself in a mirror, and hoping that Rose would like me shaven as well as she had seemed to like her disreputable ally of the past few days, I went out on deck. Flanders greeted me. His manner was sympathetic and cordial, and I despised myself for my instant distrust of a man who had saved our lives.

"Miss Dorrance is in the main saloon aft," he told me. "You must be starved, too. Join her there. But remember that Mr. Cavendish will expect you for dinner later on."

I interpreted this to be a semi-jocular warning not to overeat, but to reserve something of an appetite for dinner. At the same time I felt that Captain Flanders was staring at me rather hard, as though to note the effect of his words. But I decided to quit being old-womanish. Here we were, removed from bloody brawl on the land, and the pros-

pect of death by thirst and starvation on the water, to a sumptuous yacht owned by a well-known millionaire. There had been excuse enough for worry and apprehension an hour ago, or forty-eight hours ago, but certainly there was none now.

I thanked Flanders for his reception of us. Then, a trifle hesitantly, I asked him when and where we might expect to be put ashore.

"You'll have to speak to Mr. Cavendish about that," he replied.

Well, that wasn't unreasonable. Great yachts, bound on definite voyages, cannot be expected to go instantly out of their courses to benefit castaways whose gratitude at rescue should obliterate concern for the next minute.

I found Rose in the saloon, attended by a rat-faced steward who seemed a brother in spirit to the others.

"I've been piggish," smiled Rose. "I've drunk all the coffee." She glanced at the steward, who instantly volunteered to fetch more.

She had found, evidently, no feminine garments in her cabin, or else preferred the knickers which she had worn during the past few days. But she had found a man's silk shirt, a bit too large for her, and a cravat which reduced the collar to an approximation of her size. Somehow, she had managed to carry with her, through all our adventures, those essentials to make-up without which no woman nowadays can hope to look her best. The very masquerade of her costume but rendered her more feminine.

I waited until the steward had vanished through a door, and then I snatched her from the chair in which she sat. There was no Mike present this time to interrupt us, and if she was reluctant to yield to me, she disguised it well. But it was she who at last broke our embrace, put an end to my incoherent exclamations. Women always know when to end a love scene.

And when I would have renewed it, the entrance of the steward with fresh coffee daunted me. But I contrived to send him on errands for various additions to our menu, and in his brief absences I would tell Rose that I loved her. Bravely, with none of the mock-shyness another woman might have affected, she told me that she cared for me.

Mind, I'd had time to think it all over. I'd known, when Mike had interrupted us in the motor boat, that nothing at all mattered provided she loved me. This was no tidal wave of emotion to be regretted later. Whatever she was, whoever she was, she was mine. Her past was nothing; the only things that mattered were her present and her future and they belonged to me.

And I made up my mind that I would never ask explanation or excuse of her. I know now that that resolution was silly. We are not so constituted that we can enter blindly, ignorantly, into permanency of relationship with another person without reaching back into the past. Or else (Continued on page 92)

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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 91)

the past reaches forward and touches us. But in that moment of perfect bliss I thought that solid houses could be built without cellars, and ships fashioned without keels having first been laid.

"I don't like this boat, Jack," she said suddenly. Apropos of nothing—I'd been talking incoherencies of love. Her words surprised me. For I knew that she did not refer to furnishings, or service, or the plans of the marine architect who had designed the boat.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Just a feeling, that's all."

I tried to laugh her out of the mood. "You've been through so much," I told her, "that you can't believe it's all ended."

"Ended? You mean our little difficulties with those brutes on the island? But there's much more than that, Jack, to our troubles."

She refused to elaborate on her statement and I didn't want to pry into her former affairs. And then Flanders entered the saloon. He presented Mr. Cavendish's compliments and would we be good enough to join the owner on deck?

Obviously, it was an invitation to which acceptance could be neither refused nor delayed. But I comforted myself with the assurance that Rose had not seemed to resent my assumptions as to our joint future, and that, therefore, I would have future opportunities to ascertain what she meant by her statements.

I didn't like the way in which Captain Flanders walked beside Rose, forcing me into the position of tail to their kite, but dismissed the cheap jealousy instantly. But a more violent emotion was aroused in me a moment later when I was presented to Mr. Wilson Cavendish.

We read—and do not always scoff—of love at first sight. Let me tell you that if there are attractions that manifest themselves instantly, there are also repulsions which are felt immediately. Indeed, hate at first sight is far more common than its antithesis. And if ever one man aroused hatred in the heart of another, Cavendish was the first and I was the second.

To begin with I despise thick-lipped men with tiny blond toothbrush mustaches. If a man must grow hair on his face, let him cultivate a 40-acre patch, not mere garden truck. He had, too, that smirking expression of self-importance which goes so often with short fat men, and which is in no wise mitigated by the possession of ten or twenty millions. Despite the fact that he owned a yacht at present cruising in tropical waters, his skin was pasty, innocent of

tan. And he had the inebriate's unpleasant habit of constantly wetting his lips with his tongue.

And as if this habit were not evidence enough, on the table before him stood a half-filled whiskey bottle, from which he was filling a glass as we arrived on the scene.

"Jush in time for little afternoon eye-opener," he greeted us.

He attempted to rise, but staggered and would have fallen but for the quick intervention of the steward, who eased him back into his chair.

"Slight touch of sun. Always makes me dizzy. Doctor prescribes plenty alcohol," he grinned. "Glad to meet you both. No company this voyage. Doctor said quiet. Damned fool. Man must relax. On my way to Miami now to pick up lots of companions. But now that I've run into pretty girl with brother to chaperone, why go to Miami?"

He leered drunkenly, and it seemed to me that his tongue lingered sardonically on the word "brother" as though he suspected that our relationship was not exactly what we stated it to be. I would have said something quickly resentful, but then Rose forestalled me.

"Two people don't make a party," she smiled. "Especially dull people like my brother and myself."

"Not so dull in the saloon a minute ago," declared Cavendish. "Steward told me you two were making love to each other."

Looking at Rose's crimson cheeks, my fears that had been boiling since Captain Flanders greeted us, now bubbled over into rage.

"You're the owner of this yacht?" I asked.

"Certainly am. Paid six hundred thousand at Lawley's," he boasted. "Why?"

"Because," I told him evenly, "an ownerless yacht is as pitiable as a riderless horse, and if none of your crew dare do the proper thing and throw you overboard, I'll do that little thing, and make this yacht pitiable, unless you mind your tongue."

I know—it sounds insane. But, as I've explained, I hated the man at sight. Moreover, Mike's suspicions, Rose's hinted-at fears, and my own feeling that all was not well combined to drive me to this defiant position. And I was not as impulsive as I sounded.

If the steward had seen our love-making, and if Cavendish dared comment on it and in the same breath hint at an intention not to land us, then the sooner I went to bat with him the better. The Cavendish kind, I've discovered, grow brave at another's uncer-



tainty. Nothing so disconcerts the Cavendishes as quick ferocity.

I turned to Flanders. That worthy was staring incredulously at me. More than that, he seemed waiting a word from his master. I stepped close to him.

"The same thing goes for you, Skipper," I told him.

My motto has always been whole hog or none.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FLANDERS backed away from me. But I don't believe in surrendering an advantage. The time to attack is when the other fellow is in retreat. So I crowded the skipper right against the rail. I had a sudden hunch to the effect that Flanders was the whole works aboard the *Bonita*. A sot like Cavendish could easily come under the influence of a man like Flanders.

The steward who had eased the owner into his deck chair began moving furtively towards me. Over my shoulder I passed him a warning to keep away. I noticed that color had risen to the sickly white face of Cavendish.

I was running, of course, the biggest bluff that I had ever attempted in my life. But I felt that the need justified it. I don't profess to be much of a reader of character, but recent experiences had taught me something along that line. I knew that Cavendish, besotted by his money, would have as few scruples as Kinsella. And I guessed that Flanders would not hesitate to pander to his master's desires.

Also, recent events had taught me the value of anticipating the other fellow's possible moves. I had just graduated from a school where threats were not to be met with anything but instant counter-threat and action.

Flanders managed to find his voice. "I'll order you into irons," he blustered.

"Where'll you give your orders from? Dead men don't give orders," I told him. "You order this ship to put for Miami this instant."

"What's this all about?" demanded Cavendish.

"I don't like your boat, I don't like your skipper, and I don't like you," I answered.

"Why not get back into the disabled motor boat where we found you?" he sneered.

He had me there. I knew that we owed even our lives perhaps to the crew and owner of the *Bonita*. But I also knew that Rose had been in no greater danger at the hands of Merino than she was in now. If one is lifted from the frying-pan and deposited in the fire, should one be grateful to the hand that effected the transfer?

Cavendish's leer as he told us that a steward had observed the tender scene between Rose and myself had not been an expression to inspire confidence. Out here in the ocean, the owner of a yacht could almost be a law unto himself. It might be that Cavendish would hesitate at any violence, but I had just killed

a man because of Rose. I was in no mood to deal evasively with hints.

"Because you saved our lives doesn't mean that they belong to you," I told Cavendish.

"You owe me nothing but civility," he retorted. The stress of the situation had tended to sober him. "You come aboard this boat professing to be brother and sister, and then my steward observes actions which clearly indicate a different relationship."

"And you interpret that relationship as a man of your stamp would be apt to," I said.

He would have replied to this, but I gave him no opportunity.

"We want to be put ashore. We intend to be put ashore," I continued.

Cavendish nodded to the skipper. "Let's continue our trip to Miami," he said.

Flanders nodded surlily and started forward. I stepped aside, offering no objection to his departure.

"Considering everything," said Cavendish, "you won't mind if I suggest that I'd prefer drinking by myself?"

I made no reply, but looked at Rose. She gave me an almost imperceptible nod, and moved towards the opposite side of the deck. I walked after her. At the rail she stopped, leaned against it, and looked at me with a half-smile as she said:

"The gentle influence of woman hasn't softened you much, has it, Jack?"

"Did I overplay my hand?" I demanded.

She shook her head. "I think you're absolutely right. Only, it isn't pleasant to know that one's presence is a constant danger to the man one likes."

"Loves," I corrected her.

She pressed my hand. "It's as you say, Jack. But it makes me feel—wicked. Two men are dead—"

"Let's not think of them," I interrupted her.

"And I hope never even to hear of any more bloodshed the rest of my life," she sighed. "These men aboard this boat are no better than the men we left on the island. Worse, because they've had advantages. I hate to stay here even long enough to be landed in Miami."

An idea came to me. I turned away from her and strode across the deck to Cavendish, who still sat lolling back in the deck chair. I uttered no preamble, but came directly to the point.

"One of your machinists could solder the hole in my gas-tank in ten minutes," I told him. "If you'd sell me gas and supplies enough for a couple of days, you could get rid of us at once."

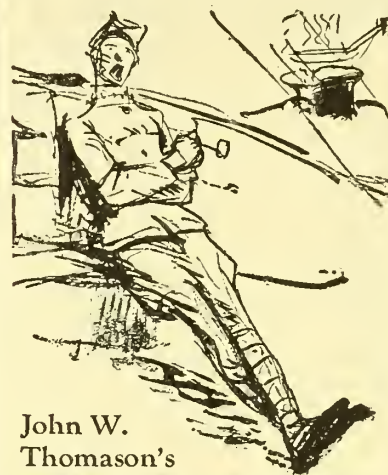
"A delightful suggestion," agreed Cavendish instantly. "You're a most unusual type, Mr. —er— Dorrance. You assume the most outrageous things. Even involuntary hosts do not always violate the laws of hospitality."

I was surprised at the clearness of his diction. But some drunkards are like that. They awake from sleep with thickened

(Continued on page 94)

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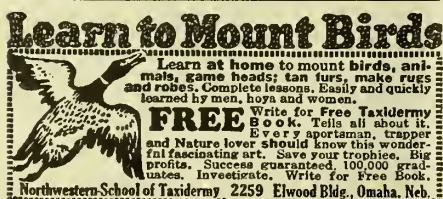
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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 93)

tongues, and liquor renders them coherent for a while.

"We won't argue about it," I told him curtly. "Will you do what I want?"

"With pleasure," he assured me.

I went back to Rose and told her what I had done. "We can do now what we'd planned to do: cruise around until the *Alida* shows up. Unless," and I hesitated, "you feel like following Mike's suggestion."

"That would be best for you and Mike—to land in Florida and forget everything that has happened. But I must return to the *Alida*," she said.

"And where you go, I'm going," I assured her.

"I can give no explanations now," she told me.

"Have I asked for them?" I countered.

"I wish," she declared vehemently, "that you would let me go off in the motor boat, and would persuade Mr. Cavendish to land you in Florida."

I laughed at her. "You and I are never going to be parted again. Make up your mind to that, and talk no more nonsense."

Cavendish walked unsteadily across the deck to us. Our motor boat had not been lifted aboard the *Bonita*, but had been towed astern. Already, in the brief time that had elapsed since Cavendish's agreement to my proposal, the motor boat had been pulled alongside and mechanics were working there. At the same time supplies had been lowered overside.

"I believe in speeding the parting guest," said the owner of the *Bonita*.

Despite his dissolute character there was something of stature about the man. He was utterly shameless. He made now no pretense that we had misunderstood him. There was a jeer in his voice, and his lips curled mockingly. If he had professed an honest indignation at my estimate of him, I would have been on my guard. But his brazen frankness disarmed me. So that what happened a little later came as a complete surprise.

He suggested that Rose might have left something in her cabin, and she was reminded that she had done so. It seems funny that so soon after vowing we would never be parted again I permitted her to go to her cabin unattended by me. But Cavendish seemed so direct in his viciousness that I never thought of treachery. Also, I was conceited enough to think that one man could terrorize a whole crew. So I let Rose go below, with my mind put at complete ease by the fact that Cavendish walked forward, in the opposite direction to that taken by the girl.

I looked down at the motor boat. Mike was in it now. He must have gone overside while our attention had been diverted by the approach of Cavendish. The members of the *Bonita's* crew who had been repairing and stocking the motor boat swarmed up the ladder now. Mike waved a gay hand to me.

"Everything's jake," he called.

Flanders came to my side. "Better see if you've everything that you need," he suggested.

I knew that I could trust Mike to have attended to that already. "What do I owe the *Bonita*?" I demanded.

"Not a cent," he answered, "but the *Bonita* owes you a lot."

There is something in vicious natures that makes it impossible for them to refrain from anticipating triumph. The glint in the skipper's eyes warned me in advance of his action. If he had been content to knock me out, and bundle me overboard, and set me adrift with Mike, he would have had no difficulty in so doing. For I was certain that our peaceable departure from the *Bonita* was a matter of seconds only now. But he must run true to type, and gloat over success before it was achieved.

I will say for him that if his character was weak, his muscles were not. The blow he launched at me would have rendered me *hors de combat*, had it landed cleanly. But he had put me just enough on guard, so that he only landed glancingly.

I didn't wait to hit him. Conceit had evaporated from me as a drop of rain upon a tin roof beneath a summer sun. I no longer thought I could subdue the whole crew of the yacht. I turned tail and ran.

Ran straight to Rose's cabin, arriving there five seconds before Cavendish and two stewards came upon the scene, and completely out-distancing the pursuing Flanders.

Rose needed no explanations. The revolver in my hand told more than a hundred sentences could have informed her. White-faced, she stepped into the corridor. Her own pistol flashed in her hand. By my side she advanced towards Cavendish and his men.

Now of all the strange adventures which I have narrated it seems to me that our escape from the *Bonita* was the most incredible of all, not even excepting that dreadful moment which came later on, when the black flag floated above the waters of the Bahamas for the first time in more than a century.

For we didn't speak one word. I think that Rose and I were strained to the breaking point, when one word



would have reduced us both to a condition of madness. As for Cavendish, he was facing reality for the first time in his sordid life.

Money does so much for the Cavendishes, that they come to hold themselves above the code that restrains ordinary mortals. Rose and I had obviously lied about our relationship. In the Cavendish scheme of things, our falsehood could be caused only by the fact that our real relationship was something to be hidden.

In absolute silence, with Cavendish and the stewards walking backwards ahead of us, we proceeded out upon the deck and to the ladder that led down to our motor boat. I sent Rose overside first, and then followed after her. I feared no last minute rush, and none came. What trickery had not accomplished, force would not attempt, I was certain. But I didn't relax my vigilance any.

We cast off without incident. Mike spun the wheel of the motor and we chugged swiftly away. The *Bonita* continued to the west, while we went northward, in the direction of the island. We felt, none of us, any certainty that we would be able to locate the island. But when Mike half-heartedly advanced the suggestion that we go to Florida and get into hiding, Rose vetoed it.

We shut the engine down to quarter-speed when night came on. We didn't know what rocks might lie ahead, barely hidden by the waters. We hung lights at bow and stern and loafed along, following the course that Mike, who professed to know the position of certain stars, laid for us.

Cavendish, intending to keep Rose on board the *Bonita*, had supplied our craft with food and water. We opened cans of meat and vegetables, which latter Rose heated on the little oil-stove in the galley. All things considered, we dined rather well.

Mike and I refused to let Rose stand watch, and this time she was not insistent. And, the night being cool, she slept in the cabin. At about two Mike, who stood the first watch, awakened me, and I took charge of the wheel. Towards dawn I sighted an island that seemed to me to resemble the one that lay south of the scene of our miniature war. Three hours later I recognized the cove where the *Alida* had deposited us four mornings ago. As soon as I was sure of this, I aroused Mike and Rose and we held a council of war.

At least, we started to debate our next move, when Rose uttered an exclamation. Beyond a low point of land was visible the bow of a boat. In another moment we beheld the full length of the *Alida*, returning to the rendezvous.

At least, that was our first impression, but when we noticed the bone in her teeth, we realized that she was not intending to stop. At full speed she shot past the point. I wondered if any of her crew had landed, and what explanation had been given by Merino of our absence.

I wondered why she was flying so swiftly from the rendezvous and why there came no deviation of her course in response to our signals.

Then I understood. Half a mile behind her, gaining with every yard, it seemed, came a cutter.

"Revenue," said Mike. "She'll catch her sure! Don't you folks wish you'd taken my advice and beat it for the mainland? Up to our necks now, that's where we are."

"The cutter won't notice us; it's after bigger game," I assured him. "We can still go back to Miami if we—"

I never finished that sentence. A bark came from the bow of the pursuing revenue boat; it sounded like the bay of a hound upon the trail. But the bay of the hound is merely a threat. The shot fired from the cutter was no mere hint of what might follow. For spray splashed fifty yards ahead of the *Alida*, and the yacht, aboard which I had crept as she lay in the waters of Lake Worth, began swinging around towards its pursuer.

"Surrendering," whispered Mike. His voice held a whimper of awe.

And then his voice rose in amazement, almost in exaltation.

"By God, she can't run for it, she's going to fight for it!"

During my two nights and a day aboard the *Alida*, I had seen no signs of armament. But I saw them now. From her bows came a puff of smoke. Perhaps the gunner on the cutter had deliberately overshot his mark by way of warning, but to his feint the *Alida* replied with a blow. A shell exploded on the cutter's deck. Fragments of wood and metal sailed into the air. The cutter replied; the *Alida* staggered beneath no feint this time, but a solid counter.

I could believe neither my eyes nor my ears. Since an American gunboat had captured a Spanish merchantman in the spring of 1898, there had been no shot fired in anger in these waters. Yet here were rapid firers going into action as though war existed on the high seas.

War? Piracy! When a privately-owned craft resisted with force of arms the attack of a government boat, that resistance was piracy and nothing less.

I was awed by the desperate qualities shown by the men of the *Alida*. Tom Relland's guess of piracy had been right. Heaven knew that I'd had proof enough of the desperation of these men: they had not stopped short of attempted murder. But piracy connotes so much more than murder.

And then the drama ended as swiftly as it had begun. The gasoline tank of the cutter exploded. I heard Rose scream. I looked at her. Her hands had gone to her eyes to shut out the dreadful sight.

Then there was wreckage on the seas, and that was all, except that the *Alida*, heiress to the bloody tradition of Morgan and Lollonois, was bearing down upon us.

(To be concluded)

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